

Not Done Yet

I Fight Dragons

When I was young I thought I knew everything about most everything
The answers had that ring of easy truth
Tut the older I get the more that I find everything I thought was black and white
Was grey and undefined the whole damn time

Here's to the nights we spent so tired and wrecked, but we're not done yet
Here's to the dreams we had in days long past, but we're not done yet

So where do you go after you know all of the plans you made are grand mistakes
And hindsight always shows that there's no control?
Maybe you smile, sit for a while, thinking of all the places and the faces
You let pass you by, chasing the why

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Open your eyes, look at the skies, all of the stars at night are dying light
From millions of years ago, and you'll never know
So why do you think everything needs to be cut and dried and analyzed
When chaos is the rule, and chaos can be beautiful

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