

The Dream

Open Hand

As I sit by myself
I've come from so so far away
In such little time I have gained
My soul my mind
I've tried so hard to find
Is this what I must do to get by
And I ask myself why

Why don't you write
Why don't you call me
I'll wait here
I'll find my way
Or will you help me
Help me share

Does she understand me
Or listen to what I say
Turn her back on my dreams
Watching waiting
No turning back

Find my way out
No turning back
Turn your back on my dreams
So strong so weak
Rest on your choice
Is this what I must do

Decide
Why
I know
Decide
Why
I know
Decide
Why
I know
Yeah

Why don't you write
Why don't you call me

I'll wait here
I'll find my way
Or will you help me
Help me share
I'll find my way out
Find my way out
I'll find my way