

Turn The Page

Tim Hardin

Turn the page and go on, read the poetry wrong
I expect your mistakes but by now it's too late
Straight in a line that you've drawn

There we were face to face waiting each one for a taste
While the selfish design in your eyes looked at mine
Afraid to be sure not to waste

Surely we can learn the truth about ourselves
While each page you turn makes you someone else
No matter how I might hope for the small things in life
Like the things that make a reason for chasing what's right

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