

Spadework

Wardrum

Give me your hope child of no regret
Lend me your eyes, show me what we get
A future's draft is on the table if you mean to last
The few remains of our dreams shine in your eyes
Run through our veins spill the tears that fill your cries
And our regrets achieved their dominance by stealth again

Heard this song, many times before
Over and over again when life was pure
And hearts were leading

The word maybe feeds our lives
Every dawn is hope
The word nothing means a lot
As a cold response
Maybe nothing could kill your ambitions
As the dream unfolds

Winds of a storm rage before my eyes
Bring me the list of your ifs and whys
The view up front is not as easy as it seemed back home

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Over and over again when life was pure

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