

THE HARD WORK OF LIVING

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I used to think that time was like a river
Flowing ever onward to the sea
But now I find it's more like a cold, deep spring
That's bound to run dry eventually
And yet I still have to haul the water
And wait for the sweet bread to rise anyhow
These things will move on without me
So I'll roll up my sleeves and I'll do it now
But the more I learn, the less I know what's going on
And all the while, the hard work of living keeps rolling on

I will never lose my thirst for the water
I will never take for granted what I have here and now
But that doesn't mean the road will be easy
It only means that I'll have to find my way somehow
But the more I learn, the less I know what's going on
And all the while, the hard work of living keeps rolling on