Streams of Tomorrow

By John T. Wurzer

144 bpm

C – Em – F – Em – Dm – C – G

F – G – C – Am

F- G – Am – Em

F – G – E7 – Am

F – Em – Dm – C – F - - C

There are seemingly endless streams of tomorrows lining up in front of me

Each one a chance for sorrow to become a forgotten memory

It’s my destiny to live them and my fate to make them shine

Each day a gifted treasure chest of experience divine

And while I’m hiking through that forest of revelation and desire

I want you there beside me to guide and set my heart on fire

There’s a dying junkyard of yesterdays floating inside my head

Like leaves on a cold November day, moving fast but surely dead

They’ve been dissected, resurrected, and inspected to no use

Upon reflection, their infection is more aptly called abuse

And while I’m climbing up this rock face of aging brittle days

I want you there beside me, all the time, and all the way

There is nothing on my mind I want to shut down and reboot

After years of chasing milestones, self-indulgence, pride and loot

I’ve been broken, awoken, like a subway token, rusty and stuck in the slot

How it feels to be real, I’ve tried to conceal but the psychic now says I’m not

And while I’m sailing across this ocean towards the wisdom on the horizon

I want you there beside me

You’re still the one that I’ve got my eyes on.