

Thalia Zedek

"Songwriters And Storytellers"

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Go on songwriter, tell them of your love, life and glory.
Share with them all you've dealt in every single story.
You look for inspiration liva lost little boy;
under every tree and stone you find a lost piece of joy.
Piecing back together a puzzle of forever;
it's taking pride, before you die, at wherever you come
home to.

The quickest way home is paved in gold.
The air around you is warm;
or so I'm told or so I am told.

You're still well in my book.
All those words you write and every song that's broken.
All those songs sung strong and those songs without
words are now spoken.

You are still well, put your worries aside.

Where are you going?
What city, country or state?
California? Carolina? Or wherever I am taken by fate?
You'll find out what you need right at home with the
love.
Not in the sand, the sun, at the beach or the sea;
but on the Detroit River right at home with the love.

The quickest way home is paved in gold.
The air around you is warm;
or so I'm told or so I am told.

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