

504 Plan "Winter In Chicago"

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An ordinary world.
A solid site at best when
I'm staring out at a morning sun.
These things I don't need
And the music I see when
I'm staring straight into myself.

It's like life giving light
Onto words that I write
About how these things should be.
In this room, in this chair,
At this screen that I face,
My music and solitude.

I'll play it for you

And make commands on when
And where these notes should hit an empty page
And it's what I will do,
So I can see this through.
Helping me in holding on.

We wear hearts on our sleeves,
This is what we all need,
This life in the music scene,
With these friends and these kids
And the shows that we play,
All the music we call our own.

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