

Drumfish

"To Fly To Fall"

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An issue of singular importance
A matter of great concern
Curiously I listened
And a map he handed me

Yellow brown and tattered
It was I held it in my hand
And from it came the smell of age
He began to tell me of his plan

A driven man was he
In need to silence the call
He asked me would I go
To fly even to fall

For a moment I considered
But like St. Thomas I drew back
My friend he uttered golden words
I would not join him in his task

It's always about yesterday, let it be for today
I went on from day to day
In the rut that was my life
Play it safe that's the best way
Such is the advice from my wife

The last time I saw my friend
He had fortune and fame
What a terrible pity
What a terrible shame

What decisions are the right ones
What offers should I turn down
I guess I'll never learn my lesson
There's never time like now
There's never time like now

It's always about yesterday, let it be for today

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