

James Taylor

"Long Ago And Far Away"

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James Taylor

Long ago a young man sits and plays his waiting game
But things are not the same it seems as in such tender
dreams

Slowly passing sailing ships and Sunday afternoon
Like people on the moon I see are things not meant to
be

Where do those golden rainbows end?

Why is this song so sad?

Dreaming the dreams I've dreamed my friend

Loving the love I love

To love is just a word I've heard when things are being
said

Stories my poor head has told me cannot stand the
cold

And in between what might have been and what has
come to pass

A misbegotten guess alas and bits of broken glass

Where do your golden rainbows end?

Why is this song I sing so sad?

Dreaming the dreams I dream my friend

Loving the love I love to love to love to love

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