

Pohlmann

"Thanksgiving"

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Somehow I find myself far out of line
From the ones I had drawn
Wasn't the best of paths, you could attest to that,
But I'm keeping on.
Would our paths cross if every great loss
Had turned out our gain?
Would our paths cross if the pain it had cost us
Was paid in vain?
There was no pot of gold, hardly a rainbow
Lighting my way
But I will be true to the red, black and blues
That colored those days.
I owe my soul to each fork in the road,
Each misleading sign.
'Cause even in solitude, no bitter attitude
Can dissolve my sweetest find
Thanksgiving for every wrong move that made it right.

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