

Dar Williams

"For Everyone"

Visit "[For Everyone](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I was pounding the streets for a friend who could find
Some hope out've hope torn apart.
I would point to my chest say Here it is, it looks real
tough.
Won't be broken again, but still it's my heart
With full-listening ears and best intention.
They so want to know and with no comprehension.
This town, such a weary place.
Love-lorn, sleepy falling race saying
Oh not that song again.
Oh no they played our song again, well
Something should be for everyone.

So out've the sun drops this man, holds my hands,
Has me over for tea and wears flowers in his hair
A friend for my heart, not like friends who say
Do alone, be alone, do it, do it, do it again.
I won't take him there.
He asked for my days without demanding.
He gave me his laughter and his understanding.
To those who loved and loved again.
Who planted flowers and trampled them, saying,
Oh not that song again.
Oh God they played our song again, well,
His song belongs to everyone.

I could spend all my days with that man, see what
grows.
And all of his smiles, as if that's what it's all about.
But I guess it's hard to keep such joy in your dreams.
Or maybe it was just me. Anyway, his smiles just ran
out.
He frowns and he says it's not my business.
He stares at his hands with no forgiveness.
He wonders what can mirrors say.
He looks and then he walks away, saying,
Oh not myself again.
Oh, no, not that song again, well
This world was made for everyone.
You gave me that.

