

Michael Peterson

"Dare I Complain"

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DARE I COMPLAIN

I?AM LIKE THE WIND BLOWING THROUGH THE TREES
FOLLOWING A VOICE CALLING OUT TO ME
DEEP DOWN INSIDE I CAN FEEL THE SOUND
WITH MY OLD GUITAR I MAKE MY WAY TO TOWN

LOOKING FOR THE PLACE
WHERE THEY TURN DREAMS INTO GOLD
WHEN ALL A BLIND MAN WANTS
IS JUST TO SEE THE LIGHT OF MORNING UNFOLD

I?AM LIKE A TRAIN ROLLING DOWN THE TRACK
TO INVOLVED TO WORRY ABOUT HOW I?M GETTING
BACK
PULLING ON THE LOAD FROM SEA TO SEA
SINGING A SONG SOMETIMES JUST FOR ME

LOOKING FOR THE PLACE
WHERE THEY TURN DREAMS INTO GOLD
WHEN ALL A BEGGAR WANTS
IS JUST AN INVITATION OUT OF THE COLD

AND I GOT LOTS OF FRIENDS
AND I GOT LOTS OF STYLE
I?D GIVE ANYTHING TO SEE YOU SMILE

I?AM LIKE THE WAVES CRASHING ON THE BEACH
STRETCHING OUT MY ARMS TO SEE WHAT I CAN REACH
WHEN MY JOURNEYS DONE JUST WAVE GOODBYE
I HOPE I MADE MORE LAUGH THAN I MADE CRY

LOOKING FOR THE PLACE
WHERE THEY TURN DREAMS INTO GOLD
WHEN ALL A BROKEN HEART WANTS
IS JUST A LOVING HAND TO HOLD

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