

Michael McGuire "The Weary Dancer"

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THE WEARY DANCER

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Brother IÂ'm weary and weÂ've still got such a long
way to go, sister IÂ'm
thirsty for those sweet lips that IÂ'll never know, mother
I know your
disappointed but donÂ't worry itÂ'll be alright, father I
donÂ't know if I can
carry this weight although IÂ'm trying with all of my
might, and if thereÂ's
any love at all left in your wrung out heart, then please
send me the
light in a shadows disguise, and if itÂ's here that the
whole must part,
then here IÂ'll wait for springs reprise.
And so often we forget what were looking for like a
dream forgets of
sleep, the sower just plants the seed without worry of
what he will
reap, the night is lost to the morning and the evening
lost again to the
night , but no one can beat the fighter the fighter who
refuses to fight.
I see you standing there with your pride so battered
and bruised, you
thought youÂ'd come out on top but now you feel like
youÂ've been used,
let me tell you a secret that everybody already knows,
the kind of
friends you keep make much better foes, you think
every thing is
settled once you make up your mind, you walk in a bed
of roses and
sleep on a bed of nails, you trust your reason because
your instincts
are blind, your constantly amazed at ho success
always fails.
And so often we forget what were looking for like a
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night , but no one can beat the fighter the fighter who
refuses to fight.
And after this journey there'll still be a quest to bare,
after all this
cheating it'll be hard to learn to play fair, if never had
an ending it
could only be now, if why has an answer it could only
be how, I'll not
raise a weapon here I just want this dance, I want you to
sing me a
song in the voice of the rain, I want you to show me the
details of
good and evils romance, I live for your whispers of
pleasure in my cries
of pain.
And so often we forget what were looking for like a
dream forgets of
sleep, the sower just plants the seed without worry of
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reap, the night is lost to the morning and the evening
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