

Poor Old Lu "Now"

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Don't dream of hours gone by
Of seconds came and spent
Don't wish on distant stars
Of worlds come and went
(Oh, what do I see?)

Tripping through the moments
(And to my shame)
I've longed for years and months and days
(And daysÃ¢â€Œ!)

Don't wait for cloudless skies
When the sun breaks in between
Don't hope on fruitless things
What's in our hands, on what is seen
(Oh, what do I see?)

Tripping through the moments
(And to my shame)
I've longed for years and months and days
(And daysÃ¢â€Œ!)

Don't swim in drowning grief
Anticipating the despair
Don't choke the seeds of joy
Give them life and give them air
(Oh, what do I see?)

Tripping through the moments
(And to my shame)
I've longed for years and months and days
(And daysÃ¢â€Œ!)
Since I held the hands
(That bore my shame)
I count the years and months and days
(And daysÃ¢â€Œ!)

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