

Ryan Harvey

"The Good Times And The Bad"

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Seems I've hoped as many hopes and dreamed so
many dreams
Seen them swept aside by weather and blown away by
men
Washed away in my own mistakes, that I use to wonder
If it wouldn't be better just to haul off and quit hoping.

Just protect my inner brain, my own mind and heart
By drawing it up into a hard, hard knot
And not having any more hopes or dreams at all.

Pull in my feelings, and call back all of my sentiments
And not be moved in any direction by any earthly event
That either causes me to hate, to fear, to love, to care
To take sides, to argue the matter at all

And yet, there are certain good times and pleasures
that
No matter hard I want to I can never forget
Because the pleasures, and the displeasures
The good times and the bad, are really all there is to
me.

And these pleasures that you cannot ever forget
Are the yeast that always starts working in your mind
again,
And it gets into your thoughts and in your eyes again,
and then,
All at once, no matter what has happened to you

You are building a brand new world again,
Based and built on the mistakes, the wreck,
The hard luck and trouble of the old one.

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