

Crosby Stills Nash Young

"Looking forward"

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Morning has come with the first rays of sun
Breaking through our window pane
Songs fill the air but there's no singer there
Just an old wooden guitar playin'

Writing a song won't take very long
Trying not to use the word "old"
Thinkin' about takin' chances and doubts
That still linger in the cold

Looking forward all that I can see
Is good things happening to you and to me
I'm not waiting for times to change
I want to live like a free-roamin' soul
On the highway of our love

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