

183-1000
As I sit here writing

As I sit here writing
Cool breeze on my face
Someone lies dying
A child who knows no grace
Some mother's beloved
Gone without a trace
As I sit here writing

As I sit here strumming
My dulcet guitar
Some lies dying
Muffled from afar
Some father's beloved
Wishing on a star
As I sit here strumming

As I sit here singing
A song no one will hear
Someone lies dying
Enveloped in fear
Staring out the window
They've never seen so clear
As I sit here singing

As I sit here wond'ring
What will my future hold
Someone lies dying
No shelter from the cold
A billion such stories
Most of the untold
As I sit here wond'ring

As I sit here dying
Waiting for the end
No more calculations
Nothing to amend
The choices of a lifetime
I will not defend
I will not defend