

## What-ifs, Maybes and Might-Have-Beens

Ian Anderson

We all must wonder, now and then,  
If things had turned out - well - just plain different.  
Chance path taken, page unturned or brief encounter, blossomed  
, splintered.  
Might I have been the man of courage, brave upon life's battle  
field,  
Captain Commerce, high-flown banker, hedonistic, down-at-heel?  
A Puritan of moral fibre, voice raised in praise magnificent?  
Or rested in assured repose, knowing my lot in quiet content.

What-ifs, Maybes and Might-have-  
beens fly, soft petals on a breeze.  
What-ifs, Maybes and Might-have-beens.  
Why-nots, Perhaps and Wait-and-sees.

Suppose bold woman, quite unsuited, brave in adventure, sojour  
ns wicked.  
Velvet touch and lips soft-  
centred, tossing hair, teeth bared in laughing.  
Imagine idyll Summers never-  
ending, Winter nights beside fire roaring.  
Touched by madness, filled with fondness, kissed by love, love  
without name.

What-ifs, Maybes and Might-have-  
beens fly, soft petals on a breeze.  
What-ifs, Maybes and Might-have-beens.  
Why-nots, Perhaps and Wait-and-sees.

So, you ride yourselves over the fields.  
And you make all your animal deals.  
And your wise men don't know how it feels  
To be thick as a brick... two