

## Another Day

Mary Black

Hey little brother the winds of the world  
Have ruffled your soft and weakened wings  
And though I can't hold you as I look into your eyes  
I can see the film that disappointment brings  
I know it's rained upon your childhood dreams  
The games you've been playing  
Weren't quite what they seemed  
How can I tell you don't bang your head against the wall  
The wall I've been banging and praying might fall

Your time will come on another day  
And your dreams will flame and in the fire play  
On another day

I know it's hard for you to understand  
There are no flying angels come to lend a hand  
No smiling faces lined for you to meet  
It looks like that in twisted glass  
From the kind side of the street