

## Now

Poor Old Lu

Don't dream of hours gone by

Of seconds came and spent

Don't wish on distant stars

Of worlds come and went

(Oh, what do I see?)

Tripping through the moments

(And to my shame)

I've longed for years and months and days

(And days?)

Don't wait for cloudless skies

When the sun breaks in between

Don't hope on fruitless things

What's in our hands, on what is seen

(Oh, what do I see?)

Tripping through the moments

(And to my shame)

I've longed for years and months and days

(And days?)

Don't swim in drowning grief

Anticipating the despair

Don't choke the seeds of joy

Give them life and give them air

(Oh, what do I see?)

Tripping through the moments

(And to my shame)

I've longed for years and months and days

(And days?)

Since I held the hands

(That bore my shame)

I count the years and months and days

(And days?)