

Like Wildflowers

Rosie Thomas

If I place my hope in all things that pass away
What have I shown for myself?
If love shows her face, and my life's out of place
Will I be kind to myself?

Where, where will I go from here?

If it's all about timing
Then I'm right where I should be,
And there's no room for regrets
But often times I find
That my thoughts play in rewind
And won't free me from the past

So, where will I go? Where will I go? Where will I go?

If my life had its way
Oh how simple it would sway
Like wildflowers in the fields
I wish I could learn from the flowers and the ferns
How to take things as they come

And how, how will I grow?
Oh how, how will I grow?
Oh how, will I grow from here?