

Wishful Thinking

Vivian Green

All I want to do
Is wake up every morning and be happy and be care free
And all I want to do
Is love my man and make sure my family is okay
And I want to sing,
The songs that I write in my head
On a stage, in a big place
And I want to laugh
Until tears fall down my face and my abs, are aching

Is that too much to ask for, in my life, to have
Nothing but the sweetest days
Too much, for one, to have
Or is it wishful thinking

Oh I want to send
My little brother Solomon to college, with no problem
And how I hope
The children that I sponsor down in Chile
They get the money I send
And I want to fly
To Paris once a year for a vacation
With my husband
And I hope
The nation stop fighting and find sweet peace, somewhere down d
eep

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Too much, for one, to have
Or is it wishful thinking

I want my soul to fly free
Without a single worry
Fear or anxiety
Could it be possible for all I wish to have

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Nothing but the sweetest days
Too much, for one, to have
Or is it wishful thinking