

To Live Is To Fly

Wade Bowen

Days up and down they come, like rain on a conquer drum
Forget most of the memories saw, but don't turn them away.
Everything is not enough, and nothing is too much to bare
Where you've been it's good and gone, all you keep is the give
and dare.

Oh, to live is to fly, both low and high
Shake the dust off of your wings and the tears out of your eyes
.

We all got holes to fill, the holes are all as real
Some fall on you like a stone, sometimes you dig your own
The choice is yours to make, time is yours to take
Some sail over the sea, some toil upon a stone.

Oh, to live is to fly, both low and high
Shake the dust off of your wings and the tears out of your eyes
.

Goodbye to all, my friends, it's time to go again
Think of all the poetry that you picking down the line
I'll miss the seas to bear, the bottle is low and the travel is
clear
But it don't pay to think too much on the things you leave behind.

Oh, to live is to fly, both low and high
Shake the dust off of your wings and the tears out of your eyes
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