

**"JUST ANOTHER DAY"**

3-23-15  
(#18)

1. ***"Just another day — another day,"***  
that's what I hear them say.  
Life without purpose is life without life  
— living dead.  
Every day of life is a unique  
and greatest gift — of all  
Any minute without meaning,  
the thing to dread.  
    Where'd you get the notion  
    that life was cheap enough to waste ?  
    Been dead to life so long  
    you lost all its flavor, all its taste.  
    Even worse, you cultivated  
    the habit of having never lived !  
    Day-to-day you threw away  
    each day — of the greatest gift.

**[INSTRUMENTAL TURNAROUND, 4 MEASURES]**

2. ***"Just another day — another day,"***  
that's all the masses have to say.  
They walk, they talk,  
but sleep as if among the dead.  
Can they be awakened ?  
Would the shock of their loss kill them at last ?  
And forever silence  
that biggest thing they ever said:  
    *"It's just another day,*  
    it has no meaning, no value to save"  
    — may just as well have lived it  
    as a skeleton in a grave.  
    Even worse, as if a blinding curse  
    they threw away what they could have lived,  
    every minute unique  
    and one-time greatest gift.

**[INSTRUMENTAL OF SECOND PART OF VERSE SECTION]**

**(Continued)**

**"JUST ANOTHER DAY"**  
**(Continued)**

(3-23-15)  
(#18)

3. ***"Just another day — a mere day  
so I'll just throw it away."  
Just another valueless thing —  
they never understood.  
Precious beyond price, but they can't see,  
to them it meant nothing,  
would they even want it to do over  
if they could ?  
If they lay in a foxhole near their last breath  
would they realize  
that every drop of life  
is the irretrievable, most valued prize ?  
If they knew they had but one day left  
would they deem it stolen — lost by theft ?  
— the thief of their own measure, as they say:  
"It's just another day," gladly, sadly, passing away.***

**[INSTRUMENTAL: FIRST PART OF VERSE SECTION, FADEOUT]**

**[END]**

Written: March 23, 2015