

"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]

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