

SO MUCH A PICTURE OF HIS LIFE

2-24-15 (1)
(#10)

- 1. He builds sand castles that the waves will wash away
Something deep inside him knows they won't last for a day.
Though not one grain will stay, he's obsessed with building more
only to see tomorrow's washed them from the shore . . .
Only to see tomorrow's washed them from the shore.**
- 2. He invests his life collecting salvaged, scavenged things
to weigh himself down further in the baggage it all brings.
Doesn't see the folly, nor his life as broken dreams;
reduced to play it's all sand castles, washed away . . .
Reduced to play it's all sand castles, washed away.**

**REFRAIN: He -- doesn't see
sand castles wash away a part of he *
— that's not set free.
Invested all in vanity, insane way to keep sanity
from washing all away into the sea.**

**He -- doesn't see
the real life day-to-day reality
— he has to flee.
Living in a dream world for self-righteousness to save
still trapped in twisted childhood daydreamings, a slave.**

- 3. A picture of his life, his dream sand castles made of grains
Holding with a death grip all the past things he retains.
Old memories are the golden veins he fanta-sees as gifts
while his passing life the hourglass of time sifts . . .
While his passing life the hourglass of time sifts.**

**[INSTRUMENTAL: VERSE & REFRAIN SECTIONS]
[REPEAT REFRAIN]**

- 4. Footprints in the ocean's sands the tides will wash to naught
Reaching for a beached starfish — the highest thing his life caught.
The course he sought in a childhood sandbox, widened to contain
a life of chasing emptiness and saving it all in vain . . .
. . . Hoarding vanity, insanity his only gain.**

[INSTRUMENTAL TAG]

[INSTRUMENTAL OF VERSE SECTION, TO FADEOUT]

[END]

Written: February 23-24, 2015 (1)

* Second time through: "we" instead of "he"