

Rounds

Lamb

Learning for the first time
When it might be the last
How'd I come to be so slow
To put things in the past

I guess we all, just find our way
But some over the peace
Some would say, experience
Can never be replaced

It seems to me that as the years go by
More questions than the answers come to mind
And so it is that as the years go by
More questions than the answers tell me why

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Ever going, round and round
The circle game we're in
The more I know, the less I know
I end where I begin

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