

## Pages

## America

In this bookcase full of stories  
You find some of them are true  
Tales of love and glory  
Many lives of daring-do  
There is mystery and adventure  
They lie waiting there for you  
So step inside and find the other you

Take the high road tomorrow  
But the low road today  
Reading other's sorrow  
Might just be the only way  
The father hears confession  
While the mother's feeling blue  
These characters do what you want them to

In these pages we consume  
Lives in many colors lovers in full bloom  
And through the ages words are born  
Speaking to the senses lifting the forlorn

There's glamour and dementia  
A message from the tomb  
Staircase to the heavens  
And secrets in the room  
When you are riding on that dark horse  
To the one that got away  
There's no regrets and no dues left to pay

'Cause in these pages we consume  
Lives in many colors lovers in full bloom  
And through the ages words are born  
Speaking to the senses lifting the forlorn

Drifting down the river of the make believe  
We laugh and grieve  
Hoping for an ending of our own design  
Where all is fine

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