

Epilogue

Arlo Guthrie

And for myself I have no regrets
That time has taken what it soon forgets
A gambler's paradise in short vignettes

These stolen moments from the hourglass
A burning candle while the night-time lasts
Upon my pillow where my dreams float past

And all my memories seem to come alive
I think of everyone who still survives
And those who haven't may yet still arrive

I want to take the time to let you know
I've had a hard time letting feelings show
And through it all I love you even so

A poet's pleasure is to hear in time
The painter pictures what he's left behind
I close my eyes and it all leaves my mind

I sit alone and hear the sparrow sing
No way of knowing what tomorrow brings
I leave my solitude upon his wings