

## A Tiny Fold

Bishop Allen

I don't know how long I stayed in bed  
The day is surely dead  
And once again, I'm sleeping with the book I read  
And colorfully and candidly  
It points the way so childishly ahead

I guess I will make it through the day  
To learn I've lost my way  
And once again, my heavy heart is made of clay  
And distant shores unseen by men  
They call to me to set my sails away  
To set my sails away  
For distant shores, okay

I can't seem to fit where I belong  
I tune myself a song  
And even then, I can't quite figure out what's wrong  
And will I end a broken man whose hands half-filled  
Even though they once seemed strong?

I still have nothing to my name  
So brightly burns the flame  
And even then, I've spent my life so wrecklessly  
The stories on the page I read  
They make me seem so timid and afraid  
So timid and afraid  
A tiny fold away

And on and on and endlessly  
The promises and the pagentry  
And those who live so fearlessly  
If I could live so fearlessly  
I mark my place, a tiny fold  
And once again, I find myself alone