

To Try for the Sun

Donovan

We stood in the windy city,
The gypsy boy and I.
We slept on the breeze in the midnight
With the rain droppin' tears in our eyes.
And who's going to be the one
To say it was no good what we done?
I dare a man to say I'm too young,
For I'm going to try for the sun.
We huddled in a derelict building
And when he thought I was asleep
He laid his poor coat round my shoulder,
And shivered there beside me in a heap.
And who's going to be the one
To say it was no good what we done?
I dare a man to say I'm too young,
For I'm going to try for the sun.
We sang and cracked the sky with laughter,
Our breath turned to mist in the cold.
Our years put together count to thirty,
But our eyes told the dawn we were old.
And who's going to be the one
To say it was no good what we done ?
I dare a man to say I'm too young,
For I'm going to try for the sun.
Mirror, mirror, hanging in the sky,
Won't you look down what's happening here below?
I stand here singing to the flowers,
So very few people really know.
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To say it was no good what we done?
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