

## If I Could

Gordon Lightfoot

If I could sing like the poets and kings of this world  
If I could rise like the wind or the tides of the sea  
I would sing you to sleep my love with sweet melody  
And let you dream away till the morning light returned again  
To take you away from me

If I could speak with the tongues of the masters of old  
If I could tame all the fleeting perceptions I hold  
Would I stand in the marketplace before  
To be shouted down without any warning at all, to be stood by the wall  
And shot by the man in blue

If I could run with the grace of a sun-colored stallion  
If I could fly like the great silver jets in the morning  
If I caused the wind to change with one wave of my hand  
And if I could play the final symphony and set it free  
Would it mean anything to you

If I could stand like a rusty old man in his armor  
If I could ride the steed that he rode in his time  
I would turn his head away to the river  
And let him wander through the meadow grass, wild and free  
For everyone to see

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