

Today is the First Day of the Rest of My Life

John Denver

Today is the first day of the rest of my life, I wake as a child to see the world begin.
On monarch wings and birthday wonderings, want to put on faces,
walk in the wet and cold.
And look forward to my growing old, to grow is to change, to change is to be new,
to be new is to be young again, I barely remember when.

My memories are stolen by the morning, blotted out by the sun's hypnotic eye.
I'll abide the sun's hypnotic eye.

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