

The Next Time Around

Little Joy

One too many goals
That measure out your worth
To seek your weight in gold

Sat by the ivory sill
The further out you look
The further out you'll be

It's not enough to set the terms
If nothing ventured, nothing earned
Though odds are set against

In time, I'll belong to you
It's how it's meant to be

Settled on your own
Sweeping dust from stones
With a letter home

Back where the hour's long
The simplest things invite a thrill
If just by noticing at will

It's not enough to set the terms
If nothing ventured, nothing earned
It's how it's always been

E onde a sorte há de te levar
Saiba, o caminho é o fim, mais que chegar
E queira o dia ser gentil
À tua mão aberta pra quem é

In time, I'll belong to you
That's how it's meant to be
And how it's always been