

# The Dream

Open Hand

As I sit by myself  
I've come from so so far away  
In such little time I have gained  
My soul my mind  
I've tried so hard to find  
Is this what I must do to get by  
And I ask myself why

Why don't you write  
Why don't you call me  
I'll wait here  
I'll find my way  
Or will you help me  
Help me share

Does she understand me  
Or listen to what I say  
Turn her back on my dreams  
Watching waiting  
No turning back

Find my way out  
No turning back  
Turn your back on my dreams  
So strong so weak  
Rest on your choice  
Is this what I must do

Decide  
Why  
I know  
Decide  
Why  
I know  
Decide  
Why  
I know  
Yeah

Why don't you write  
Why don't you call me

I'll wait here  
I'll find my way  
Or will you help me  
Help me share  
I'll find my way out  
Find my way out  
I'll find my way