Little By Little

Little boy lost in search of little boy found You go a wondering, wandering Stumbling, tumbling, round! round! When will you find What's on the tip of your mind? Why are you blind To all you ever were Never were, really are, nearly are? Little boy false in search of little boy true Will you ever be done traveling Always unraveling you, you? Running away could lead you further astray And as for fishing in streams for pieces of dreams Those pieces will never fit What is the sense of it? Little boy blue, don't let your little sheep roam It's time , come blow your horn, meet the morn Look and see, can you be far from home?