

Summer, Highland Falls

Peter, Paul and Mary

They say that these are not the best of times
But they're the only times I've ever known
And I believe there is a time for meditation
In cathedrals of our own
Now I have seen that sad surrender in my lover's eyes
And I can only stand apart and sympathize
For we are always what our situations hand us,
It's either sadness or euphoria...sadness or euphoria.

So we'll argue and we'll compromise and realize
That nothing's really changed.
For all our mutual experience our separate conclusions
Are the same.
Now we are forced to recognize our inhumanity
Our reason co-exists with our insanity
And though we choose between reality and madness
It's either sadness or euphoria...sadness or euphoria.

How thoughtlessly we dissipate our energies
Perhaps we don't fulfill each other's fantasies
And so we stand upon the ledges of our lives
With our expected similarities...it's either sadness or euphoria.

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