

## Last Bayou

Wolf Gang

Just had another change of plan, just choose another path again  
,  
Run free with the wind that changes shapes around the people who  
stand still.  
Don't ever want to be blockaded in, no prisons on my continent.  
No one I feel inclined to love so I'll go lighten on my own.

Now I see its another make or break; a little strength, a little  
leap of faith  
Jump over rules that swim beneath and keep predictions in their  
place.  
Don't care what the elders have to say, their rules don't bend  
so they just break,  
No thanks to them that it seems  
These young dreams are all we breathe.

How many years before my grave, how many chances of escape?  
How many questions can I ask to keep myself from being brave!  
When deeds are measured in their act, when thoughts are welcome  
s not attached  
When one man's dream becomes the truth and his opinion shapes the  
fact.

And so it seems that life goes on, till you wake to find it's gone  
Within the passing of a day, summer suns that blend away...  
And so I'll see you in the crowd of all the people who found out  
That our fear's just of the doubt  
These young dreams are all we breathe.

Calling me calling me, I see places left to find  
Calling me calling me, I see paths yet to align  
Calling me calling me, I see spaces in my life  
I see somewhere, some place, some times...

These young dreams are all we breathe.