

Another Day

Mary Black

Hey little brother the winds of the world
Have ruffled your soft and weakened wings
And though I can't hold you as I look into your eyes
I can see the film that disappointment brings
I know it's rained upon your childhood dreams
The games you've been playing
Weren't quite what they seemed
How can I tell you don't bang your head against the wall
The wall I've been banging and praying might fall

Your time will come on another day
And your dreams will flame and in the fire play
On another day

I know it's hard for you to understand
There are no flying angels come to lend a hand
No smiling faces lined for you to meet
It looks like that in twisted glass
From the kind side of the street