

HERE'S TO WHAT'S LEFT

Written by Patty Francis

If I'm being honest I'm in my November days,
The time I've had's much more than lies ahead,
The clock keeps ticking faster, the hours fly away,
I used to have a lifeline, now I'm hanging by a thread.

After years of aimless wandering,
Not nearly enough sober pondering,
And a little too much squandering,
Here's to what's left in my time account.

In matters of the heart I've ebbd much more than I have flowed,
It's been hard to know what was and wasn't true,
Many times my love reserve's been dangerously low,
Lucky I found someone who had enough for two.

After years of aimless wandering,
Not nearly enough sober pondering,
And a little too much squandering,
Here's to what's left in my love account.

I'm a joker on the outside, not always a disguise,
Mostly I used laughter as a crutch,
Could have sworn that I knew joy when it was right before my eyes,
By only looking on the surface, you only see so much.

After years of aimless wandering,
Not nearly enough sober pondering,
And a little too much squandering,
Here's to what's left in my joy account.

Now I know there's only so much I can do to buy more time,
There's an ending waiting for me there's no doubt,
But when it comes to love and joy I know I'll be just fine,
As long as I keep putting in more than I take out.

After years of aimless wandering,
Not nearly enough sober pondering,
And a little too much squandering,
Here's to what's left in my life's accounts.

After years of aimless wandering,
Not nearly enough sober pondering,
And a fair amount of squandering,
Here's to what's left in my life's accounts.
Here's to what's left in my life's accounts.