

WITH THE WIND AT MY BACK

2-19-94
(#3)

HIT SONG

1. With the wind at my back,
now there's nothing that I lack;
oh, but this ride is such a teacher !
As I look back on it all, see the hardest times I'd fall
were always when I tried so hard to reach her.
But I know it's all a part of this whole and greater plan,
so I live with satisfaction that I've done the best I can.
2. Where'd you think you were goin' ?
With those dream seeds you were sowin' ?
Was it just for you, or was it always her ?
When you found your covers blown, stripped of trust and all alone
feeling no one could be counted on for sure.
"But don't ever stop your dreamin' boy" — that's what she always said,
"Drink that livin' cup, or be given up for dead."

[INSTRUMENTAL]

3. Boy, you're not made of steel,
there's a heart in there that's real;
don't you remember how it was when you were young ?
Always trying at your best, you stayed undying through each test
somewhere deep inside there's one last song still needing to be sung.
But maybe it's better after all, just feeling what's here and now,
there's a richness there, that fills this need . . . somewhat . . . somehow.

BRIDGE: When it's time to cash your dream-chips in
it feels so empty — don't it ?
Then, all that's left is life —
and that's when you finally know you own it.
*(It's all yours right here, right now; **
the only time there is.)

4. So if the wind is all I've got,
it doesn't move me a whole lot;
I'm the tillerman and I know now where to steer.
For no matter where I go, or how hard the winds might blow
I'll always know I've got it all, just being right here.
Maybe it's better after all, just living in the moment, now,
there's a richness there, without a care, that fills every need somehow . . .

TAG: So, when all is said and done,
it's not about who lost or won,
but did you live ? — live to the fullest ?
(really live . . .). *

Written: February 18-19, 1994 [H, C, G, M]

[END]

* Words in parentheses whispered, not sung