

[et_pb_section admin_label="section"][et_pb_row admin_label="row"][et_pb_column type="4_4"][et_pb_audio admin_label="Audio" audio="http://www.johnfitz.com/wp-content/uploads/2014/08/07-Many-Miles-To-Go.mp3" title="Many Miles to Go" artist_name="John Fitzsimmons" album_name="Fires in the Belly" background_layout="light" background_color="#ffffff" use_border_color="off" border_color="#ffffff" border_style="solid"][/et_pb_audio][et_pb_text admin_label="Text" background_layout="light" text_orientation="left" use_border_color="off" border_color="#ffffff" border_style="solid"]

I see it in your eyes
and in the ways you try to smile;
in the ways you whisper—I don't know—
and put it all off for a while;
then you keep on keeping on
in the only way you know:
you're scared of where you're going
and who'll catch you down below.

We walked down to the river
to the maples hung from shore
where we talked and laughed
and skipped the stones
that spoke of something more:
five skips for tomorrow,
six skips make a year;
ten skips and forever
there will be nothing left to fear.

*And it's one step and you turn;
two steps and you know
there's many steps that make a mile
and there's many miles to go.
There's many miles before us,
and there's many a hard won day
and too many lies that tell you why
and keep you from your way.*

We dangle over darkness,
over depths we'll never know:
making faces at reflections
and wondering where to go—
and wonder where the river goes,
and where it all began;
or to just jump in and sink or swim
for we both know that we can...

*And it's one step and you turn;
two steps and you know
there's many steps that make a mile
and there's many miles to go.
There's many miles before us,
and there's many a hard won day*

*and too many lies that tell you why
and keep you from your way.*

So don't fall for your reflection,
for what should be left behind;
a day has never come and gone
without giving back some time
there's time for what we know,
and there's time for moving on;
this ain't the time to let slip by,
for it whispers and it's gone...

*And it's one step and you turn;
two steps and you know
there's many steps that make a mile
and there's many miles to go.
There's many miles before us,
and there's many a hard won day
and too many lies that tell you why
and keep you from your way.*