

[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  
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