

Rolling The Dice

From the start I knew I could and
I knew I should,
so I wandered down this lonely,
ill-kept road

I never dreamed that I would fail
or that the dream would ever turn so pale
and carry such a load

it's always been a mystery,
this sideways run through history,
half the time, I'm half asleep

running endlessly, then stopping,
walking, hopping,
never finding steady ground to make my leap

my whole life
has been a roll of the dice
my whole life
I've been rolling the dice

I've always dreamed there was a vision
underneath this indecision,
lacking reason, finding rhyme

thinking songs provide an answer,
maybe only for a dancer
never worried about the time

believing pictures that you paint are grand,
when, given proudly to the money man
who hands them back to you

you realize again
you do it only for yourself, my friend
there's life in what you do

and my whole life
has been a roll of the dice
my whole life
I've been rolling the dice
and I roll my soul
throw it out into the cold

from the start I thought I was, simply because
I believed, and this alone, would make it so

now I'm not so crystal clear
but, I'm the captain, I must steer
I've got passengers in tow

with this knowledge, gold becomes the reason
instead, I sing this song of treason
as if to scream aloud that I'm still here

I don't believe there is an answer
for the singer or the dancer
only meaning in the footsteps and the tears

and my whole life
has been a roll of the dice
my whole life
I've been rolling the dice