

ONE DAY AT A TIME

BACK HOME

IF I HAD THE POWER TO TURN BACK THE CLOCK,
GO BACK TO THAT PLACE AT THE END OF THE BLOCK—
THE PLACE THAT WAS “HOME“ WHEN I WAS A KID,
I KNOW THAT I’D LOVE IT MORE NOW THAN I DID.

IF I COULD BE BACK THERE AT MY MOTHER’S SIDE,
AND HEAR ONCE AGAIN ALL THE THINGS SHE TOLD ME,
I’D LISTEN AS I NEVER LISTENED BEFORE,
FOR SHE KNEW SO WELL JUST WHAT LIFE HAD IN STORE.

AND ALL THE ADVICE THAT DAD USED TO GIVE—
HIS VOICE I’LL REMEMBER AS LONG AS I LIVE;
BUT IT DIDN’T SEEM REALLY IMPORTANT THEN,
WHAT I’D GIVE TO LIVE IT ALL OVER AGAIN.

AND WHAT I WOULD GIVE FOR THE CHANCE I ONCE HAD
TO DO SO MUCH MORE FOR MY MOTHER AND DAD,
TO GIVE THEM MORE JOY AND A LITTLE LESS PAIN;
A LITTLE MORE SUNSHINE, A LITTLE LESS RAIN.

BUT THE YEARS ROLL ON AND WE CANNOT GO BACK
WHETHER WE WERE BORN IN A MANSION OR A SHACK,
BUT WE CAN START RIGHT NOW—IN THE HOUR THAT’S HERE,
TO DO SOMETHING MORE FOR THE ONES WE HOLD DEAR.

AND SINCE TIME IN ITS FLIGHT IS TRAVELING SO FAST,
LET’S NOT SPEND IT REGRETTING THAT WHICH IS PAST;
BUT LET’S MAKE TOMORROW A HAPPIER DAY
BY DOING OUR “GOOD UNTO OTHERS“—TODAY.

J