

The Train of Life

Some folks ride the train of life, looking out the rear,
Watching miles of life roll by and marking every year.
They sit in sad remembrance, of wasted days gone by,
And curse their life for what it was, and hang their head and cry.

But I don't concern myself with that; I took a different vent,
I look forward to what life holds, and not what has been spent.

So strap me to the engine, as securely as I can be,
I want to be out in the front, to see what I can see.
I want to feel the winds of change, blowing in my face,
I want to see what life unfolds, as I move from place to place.

I want to see what's coming up, not looking at the past,
Life's too short for yesterdays, it moves along too fast.

So if the ride gets bumpy, while you are looking back,
Go up front, and you may find, your life has jumped the track.

It's all right to remember, that's part of history,
But up front's where it's happening, there's so much mystery.

The enjoyment of living, is not where we have been,
It's looking ever forward, to another year and ten.

It's searching all the byways, never should you refrain,
For if you want to live your life, you've gotta drive the train.

All aboard everybody!