

A toast

Toast the past so many stories
Raise a glass, phantom glories
Toast those who've somehow been silenced
Doors closed or no longer with us

Rue the way, rue the days
Rue those who would hold back the sea
Rue persistence, their insistence
They can resist what will be

No movement forward or back, no no
Yet standing still impossible
Movement is to be alive
No guarantees you'll survive

Open arms bullets don't help
Welcome all, listen with interest
What's said is full of surprises
If you can listen it's for the best

Uncertainty is life's pleasure
To bathe in it a luxury
Available to all, to deny it
leaves us chained to a wall

Long ago sit in a circle
Telling tales – singing songs
Some still do this, a miracle
Brings pleasure to one and all.

A7
E7
A7
C7/B7

G
D
C7
D7