

These Same Stars

We will all drink to the old days
We will sing songs from the old days
Yes, we'll all drink to the old days

Sam, are you listening?
I could fill a library with your madcap schemes and wild ideas
I was reminiscing
You are looking skyward, I am trying to cope with all my fears

Oh so many lives ago
Do you think back to the old days?
Drifted out of touch, I know

Sam, I need to tell you
Those SF writers I dismissed, now I'm reading all I can
May the sun propel you
One day you'll surprise us both and say, "I've got a brand new plan"

Conversations in my head
Where we think back to the old days
All those things we might have said

When I watch the stars above me now
I always think somehow - they're your stars
Though I'm no longer so sure of you
I know the core of you - is these stars
And I like to think you're watching too
Celestial avenues - of these stars
These same stars
These same stars
Stars

Sam, once you told me
You would launch a telescope and catch a light beam into space
In the darkest cold you
Thought you could look back at us and watch our lives fall into place

All those dreams we could have shared
Do you think back to the old days?
Some things cannot be repaired

