

Was There Once A Time
(Tobin Mueller)

Was there once a time
when the world was young and unafraid
when we sang of wondrous dreams
and were proud of all we made?

Was there once a time
when the world was wide and true and real,
when each word was fresh and free
and each life was held and healed?

Was there once a time when trust was simple?
Was there once a time when hope was joyful?
Was there once a time when lives went on and on and on
What we knew as love would somehow shield and conquer all?

Was there once a time
when the song came lightly to my lips
and the music danced and played
in a kind of trance-kinship?

Once upon that time
if the world breathed heavy on my back
I could find the strength to sing,
I would find a right lyric.

Now it seems that purpose is a gesture,
just a thing that habit helps to capture.
Can I find in memory the future I once knew?
Can I craft a moment into meaning without you?

One year and one day and one moment all.
One touch and one smile and I hold them all.

When life breathes in
I can feel you there.
When life breathes out again.
You're in the song I sing,
you are the memory of another time.
Once upon a time in time...

Was there once a time like that?