

Resting Place

Oh my brothers, there's no resting place
No respite running this common race
Oh my sisters, I've found no resting place

When we were in school, the road seemed straight and clear
Graduate, find a job, retire in forty years
Get married, raise a family, live simply and happily
And rewards would accumulate
And insulate our later golden years

But downsizing, aging parents, unforeseen divorce
These accidents of life create an ever-changing course
And at best we feel our way and pray it works out okay
Ride the twists and take the turns, if anything
Around midlife we learn

I have traveled many a weary mile
I'd like to lay my head down for a while

We rule the world, we raise the bars, we make the stakes
Our generation stamps its mark on all we undertake
But our music and the Internet
Haven't revealed it yet
So don't show me the money man
I want to see that fabled
Promised Land