



# *Bright Horizon, Distant Storms*

*Tom Collins*

I still have my dreams  
At least I know by now  
They must always still be mine –  
Why do I hold them  
Quite So close to me ?

Is it still true for you  
you only reach for  
whatever you can find ?  
It's only as can  
only as can  
only as can  
as can be.

Cloud systems moving off,  
Always far beyond  
My horizons,  
Still so blue and bright.  
They move on off between their many  
Distant storms.



Still I watch them come and go,  
I wish them well  
    As they move on here  
    From my sight –  
    May they come to no ones harm.

They are but tales of many places  
That I once have heard –  
And times that always still be told.  
All through the warmth,  
And through the winter snows,  
Hardly ever never  
Ever feel that cold.

Something I have always known.  
I could have told you so long ago.

I could have told you so  
quite so long ago,

I never listened to them anyway –  
Nor did you.  
It must be sad for them  
To always have to feel  
Quite so blind.  
Why do they believe that's true  
The things they seem to think are true ?  
I'll find whatever else I can find in time.

I could have told you so  
could have told you so  
quite so long ago,



So High above them now  
I watch these hills  
Roll by beneath my feet  
Know life as it could be so  
The world will always seem  
so small from way up here  
oceans safe and warm  
so far below.

I could have told you so  
could have told you so  
quite so long ago,  
quite so long ago

I never listened to them anyway  
Nor did you –  
It must be sad for them  
To always have to feel  
Quite so blind.

Why do they believe that's true -  
All the things that they seem to think are true ?  
I'll see whatever else I can find in time .

I could have told you so  
could have told you so  
quite so long ago,  
quite so long ago



So High above them now  
I watch these hills  
Roll by beneath my feet  
Know life as it could be so  
The world will always seem  
so small from way up here  
oceans deep and warm  
so far below.

And I may reach September sometime -  
Why oh why ?  
I feel these winter winds  
Somewhere within my bones

I could have told you so  
Long ago.