

1000 Years

©Yeates

Vocals by Quincy Yeates

*Baritone Saxophone performance by **Jason Thompson***

When I was a younger man, never thought I could dream
Of these things in this wonderland, life is never what it seems
One decision is like a thousand swords, and the answer is never clear
Can I find it within these chords, will it take away my fears

Two hearts may beat as one, that's been always plain to see
What you'd do if that lonely son, just happened to be me
It may take about a thousand years to have this battle won
Until then we must find a cure, till the lonely days are done

Please take me to that higher place, see with unclouded eyes
Take these shackles off my face, tell me no lies
In the end there will be no more, was all of this in vain
Until then we must find a cure to take away the pain