



So Many

So many to choose which one.
All filled with pain, laughter and fun.
Each act, each word changes the road.
It is so hard to see which way to go.

Now stepping, now calling, now looking within.
Is God really any better than sin?
Is life with two better than one?
It doubles the sadness but also the fun.

Each act, each word they do bind.
All lead to some destiny in time.
But a man cannot just stop living.
No more then stopping, taking or giving.

So many paths, which one to choose.
A bum on the road with nothing to lose.
Or a young man in college carrying books.
The roads branch out each time I look.

There's so many different things one can be.
And when I look what one is me.
Yet I know I shall find the one that one that is mine.
I've just got to take it one step at a time.