

All Those Roads

Words and Music by Steven Brandick © 2006

Ballad of Patrick and Anna

Anna wasn't a fling.
Patrick thought on and on they'd be together.
Life was living a dream
walking the Danube path across from the castle
they'd buy someday and live forever
in a land of never, never.
Patrick and Anna companions and lovers
on an adventure in the old world.

Patrick came from the States
for a vacation, a change of scene.
He met Anna in a café
reading an English novel and drinking black tea.
All that summer they ran together
through the streets of never, never.
Patrick found Anna a willing traveler,
a very free spirit in the old world.

Patrick played on the streets
singing his heart out for passersby.
Anna went to school. She was
learning to speak French and hoping to fly.
In the evenings they'd lie together
trading tales of never, never
Patrick held Anna the earth stopped revolving.
Time didn't matter in the old world.

They were like two players taken from a fantasy.
They were one together and all their world a dream.
They were very young and hopelessly naïve,
but they were out there making memories
in the old world.

Patrick tired of the streets.
He felt like a beggar, decided to go home.
Anna was given her wings
and her thoughts turned to Paris and Rome.

The evenings, they grew silent.
No never, never, alone together.
Patrick lost Anna. It was there for a moment,
but vanished forever in the old world.

Anna boarded a plane
with one little bag that held a lifetime.
The runway glistening with rain
and one tiny tear rolled down her cheek
while Patrick stood by the highway
head up, thumb out, no expectations.
Patrick and Anna full of sweet memories
but facing tomorrow and a new world.

Anna wasn't a fling
Patrick thought on and on they'd be together.