

202 A tempo, with force

203 204 205 206 207 208 209

I may not surf, I may not see France. But I have to know I still have the chance. And

210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217

may-be I'll make a pain-ful mis-take. It's mine, though, to take or re-fuse. And

218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225

all of the doors yet to op-en, all of the rooms a-head... They're

226 227 228 229 230 231

beck-on-ing bright, scar-y and new, But I'm stand-ing tall, an

sub. mp
cresc. poco a poco