



## Long Forgotten

Words by Mike Ryan – July 2004 © Mike Ryan 2004

A hard and cold December day  
I walked the path with my own friend  
Smelt the sweetness of tobacco on the breeze  
Along a long forgotten path

*What we become is what we choose  
And who's to care if the past we lose  
And throw their memory, into the wind to be  
Forgotten like them*

And through the milk-light of a dream  
I saw a hand, extending kind  
Calloused palm, broad fingers never ring-adorned  
And felt a long forgotten touch

*What we become is what we choose  
And who's to care if the past we lose  
And throw their memory, into the wind to be  
Forgotten like them*

I heard a whisper on the breeze  
Just say their names and give them ease  
Dominic, Sonny, John; another John and Jim  
For now not long forgotten men

*What we become is what we choose  
And who's to care if the past we lose  
And throw their memory, into the wind to be  
Forgotten like them*

And of their lives, not much to tell  
Just say their names; remember well  
Who they were and what they meant to you  
For now not long forgotten men

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