

# Sarah Brightman, Winter In July

Look around wonder why  
we can live a life that's never satisfied  
Lonely hearts troubled minds  
looking for a way that we can never find  
Many roads are ahead of us  
with choices to be made  
But life's just one of the  
games we play  
There is no special way  
Make the best of what's given you  
everything will come in time  
why deny yourself  
don't just let life pass you by  
like winter in July

Future dreams can never last  
when you find yourself still living in the past  
Keep moving on to higher ground  
looking for the way you thought could not be found  
We may not know the reason why  
we're born into this world  
where a man only lives to die  
his story left untold  
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