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If I had the power to turn back the clock,
Go back to the house at the end of the block,
That house that was home when I was a kid,
I know that I'd love it, much more than I did.

If I could be back at my mother's knee
And there hear her loving voice speaking to me,
I know I would listen as never before,
For she knew so well what life had in store.

If only I could hear again my dear old fathers voice,
To listen as he speaks to me would make my heart rejoice.
It never did occur to me that someday it would end,
I'd gladly give the whole world o're, to hear his voice again.

Oh! what would I give for the chance I once had,
To do so much more for my mother and dad,
To give them more joy and a little less pain,
A little more sunshine and a little less rain.

But the years have rolled on, and I cannot go back
To that home down the street, be it mansion or shack,
But this is today, the hour that is here,
To do something more for the ones we love dear.

How time is fleeting, yes, passing so fast,
I cannot keep thinking, regretting the past,
A new resolution, I make now today,
By living for others, while I have today.

... Rowan Jennings

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