

# Through the Door

There's a crushed blue velvet hat there in the  
corner,  
You can see it through the dust motes in the light;  
And I could wear it if I wanted,  
And someday if I'm brave I might  
Step through the door  
A door that stands between what's now and remember  
when,  
Concealing sad regrets and might-have-beens,  
Through the door.

If I could crush my fears... I'd go tonight

Brocaded drapes trail gracefully by paintings there,  
Childish fingers smudging unicorn whiteness;  
And I could paint those paintings deftly,  
And touch that graceful burning brightness  
There through the door;

A door that shelters childish dreams and carefree  
laughter,  
Of hopes for love and happily ever after  
Through the door.

There are treasures to be had - if I choose to take them;  
If I choose to tread that path - I'd gladly make them'  
And if I couldn't find my way back home Would that be  
sad?

The costumes drape a form that might be mine  
someday,  
If I lose the clumsiness some say I show;  
With a queenly grace in velvet draped -  
Serenity I'd calmly go  
In through the door.

A door that's built of secret fears of simply living  
And fears of treasured people not forgiving;  
Through the door.

I touch the frame and gaze inside that wonderland;  
If maybe it's not now, perhaps tonight.  
I'll take that step beyond the threshold  
As if it's always been my right'  
Step through the door

Forget all my fears about the possibilities  
and step through that door like it belongs to me;  
Through the door.