

## **Woodsheds**

**What do I know of broken dreams,  
Crushed hopes, unfed desires?  
Of unfruited boyhood plans to which  
All young hearts aspire?**

**Youthful thoughts in a youthful head,  
Vowed, blood-oathed at twenty,  
Dull away with each passing day  
An unfilled horn of plenty**

**A learned man it was who said  
That youth will dream and plan  
A ladder to the moon, or more  
'Til he becomes a man**

**But once he's tempered by his days  
Growing skeptical and hard  
He'll settle then, and be content,  
With woodsheds in his yard**

**What do I know of broken dreams?  
What more is there to say?  
Excuse me now as I leave this page,  
I've a shed to build today.**