What is left behind
It weighs upon my mind
The way things had seemed
The things that should have been
Now I've forgiven
I pray for your return
Our worlds are now so different
That once free spirit
Could be so near
That once free spirit
Will disappear
Breathe those spirit fumes
No mourning shallow abuse

[solos - Young, Evans]

What is left behind
It weighs upon my mind
The way things had seemed
The things that should have been
Now I've forgiven
I pray for your return
Our worlds are now so different
That once free spirit
Could be so near
That once free spirit
Will be missed