

# Somewhere Past The Quiet

Bebo Norman

I saw you in your mourning  
Because my room was just the same  
Through imaginary walls of masking tape  
And somewhere past the quiet  
I think I, I heard you growing up  
And I, well I don't think I'll ever be the same  
And Dad was there beside us  
He'd sing us into dreams  
Of good ole' Blue and seen old roads  
To die on  
And river days of heat and haze  
We'd run until the sun would fade  
And he'd carry us up to our beds at night

And now we see this different angle  
A second glance of life  
In a world where fathers leave their boys  
For the finer things  
I can still remember that day  
So hard it hurts my heart  
To think that we were just the lucky few  
And all along I never even knew

The light of day upon us  
But now the scenery had changed  
The Coventry was gone â??fore noon arises  
Just bigger boys with bigger toys  
And separate rooms to stop the noise  
And we, we're still too young to know the finest call

But the holidays and candles  
Brought the aging of our youth  
The burning of all the innocence  
Disguising all the truth  
But our sunburned skin kept the taste of the salt  
To fire the feelings we'd always fought  
We'd found a new companion just â??fore the fall

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In a world where fathers leave their boys  
For the finer things  
I can still remember that day  
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A season brought us back again  
Just the three of us, alone  
And if you ever see my heart fall again  
Please pick it up, and bring it home  
I saw you in your mourning  
Because my room was just the same  
Through imaginary walls of masking tape  
And somewhere past the quiet  
I think I heard you growing up  
And I, well I don't think I'll ever be the same