

Something More Besides You

Cowboy Junkies

One foot strands before the crib
the other by the casket
A question formed upon stilled lips
is passed on but never asked

I guess I believe that there's a point
to what we do
But I ask myself is there
something more besides you?

Two are born to cross
their paths, their lives, their hearts
If by chance one turns away
are they forever lost?

I guess I believe that there's a point
to what we do
But I ask myself is there
something more besides you?

This morning I awoke,
the bed warm where it once was cold
Small blessings laid upon us
Small mysteries slowly unfold

Yet I still wonder is there a point
to what we do?
'Cause I kind of doubt
that there is something more besides you

Although it's hard to find the point
to what we do,
do I dare believe that there is
something more besides you?