

Ash Wednesday

Deacon Blue

Where would I be, Would I be standing right here
We've had such a cruel death would we be as good as to remember
a life
Would you never live the way that you did would your birth be enough
Was it just someones hard labour, A few days struggle then oblivion

And what about Peter that rock of a saint he'd never taken the hook
And kept on fishing and missing the catch but hitting the sea
And Margaret praying for the army and the souls like you and me

Lost somewhere out there in eternity, Wondering what it all means
Would it be the same, Just imagining
Not just holy water but an ocean
Not just touching but diving right in

Is this a curse it just makes things worse for the living
Struggling and burned and one calender month before giving
Giving up the ghost of Christmas past
Valentines post and easter mondays past

Could this dying be done, Would love be so concerned
Not just in starting but in ending
Not just in falling but decending, Decending