

# Last Supper

Howard Jones

This is our last supper together  
The last time we share in this intimacy  
We have created a suffering circle that threatens to  
Tighten and destroy you and me

Yesterday I flicked through the snapshots we  
Kept to remember the tender times  
Each little picture and each little memory should bring back a  
smile  
But now brings back a tear of regret

Letting go is so hard  
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So let us love tonight, thinking now of our greatest moments be  
fore we  
release from this death in life drink the wine and take my hand  
Is it a crime to live this lie?  
I know that we will never share, share this love again

But we both must be starting again, each one of  
us too strong in these chains to remain  
This tug of war has weakened our purpose and  
pulled us apart from beginning to end