

Seasons

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Running out of time
It's half past yours and mine
Forgetting more than we remember
Still trying to find things we left behind in Januarys to Decem
bers.

Here we are running through the seasons
Here we are as day turns into night
Here we are still looking for a reason in the stars and in our
lives

How can we be sure what's really mine and yours?
Wooden hearts have turned to splinters
We just go to ground
And as the world turns 'round, Spring to Summer, Fall to Winter

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Waiting up ahead night skies turning red
Too far out to hear the warning
As the day falls black there's no turning back
Sailing half-mast through the morning

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