

Too Slow To Ride

Nina Gordon

from the moment i arrived until the day that i
died i was selfish and slow too slow to ride by
your side i was so afraid that i began to fade now
another bright has turned to gray and someone
else's light will take my place and though i'm
getting used to the aftertaste you know i miss
your eyes i miss your face and when the sun went
dead and the moon was up ahead i finally
figured out what i should have said to you then
and no one is to blame but we'll never be the
same there's no use in trying i can't be what i
was