

## 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