

If We Must Part Like This

Peter Hammill

Already there's no case for special pleading, no points to score, no blow by blow. I look around the room that we'll be leaving. Even while you're here beside me I already know I miss you so.

How soon we make our move towards hereafter where we will reap what has been sown. A shadow chills the music, stills the laughter. Promise that you'll stay forever, say you'll never go. I miss you so.

I turn my eyes, stare into the distance, the light that dies, the door that's closed. No last goodbye, if we must part like this I miss you so.

I feel so strange and restless, dislocated, I'm homesick even though I'm here at home. Nostalgic for the future, I have waited ... my shaking hands, the lump that's in my throat. Even while I'm here beside you I still miss you so.

And it's too late to make it any different; the wave that breaks, the tide that flows outrageous fate is tearing us apart - I miss you so. I turn my eyes, stare into the distance. The light that dies, the door that's closed. No last goodbye, if we must part like this I miss you so, so much. It won't make any difference to say how much it hurts, I know. No last goodbye, if we must part like this, I miss you so, I miss you so, I miss you so.