

## Before

Richard Hawley

Here we are  
Lent to the earth by the stars  
But it won't be me  
That sets you free  
No it won't be me who closes the door on before.  
Before.

Slivers of light hang in the dark,  
Loving hands place the flowers in the vase  
But it won't be me  
That sets you free  
No it won't be me who closes the door on before.  
Before.

But it won't be me  
That sets you free  
No it won't be me who closes the door on before.  
Before.  
Before.

She said don't look at the new moon through the glass,  
Our eyes on the future that will pass  
But it won't be me  
That sets you free  
No it won't be me who closes the door on before.  
Before  
Before  
Before