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