

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