

## Hope To See

Roddy Woomble

Your face expresses the tears so seriously  
As the lamp light draws dark circles round your eyes  
And your mouth twists unexpected fade into it's natural shape  
And turns the dark into another form of light.

Time expresses itself so suddenly  
And people pass like strangers in the night.  
They're just doing what they think is right on into an older way  
of life  
Where the dark is just another form of light.

Every single thing I ever hoped to see  
I held in my hands  
In the hope I'd never turn into the man  
I'm expected to be  
And watch you holding your hands  
As lost to memory...

Dry your eyes and round circles  
'Cause you've been poured into the ocean  
On an undertow of all our lonely hearts.

The solitude feels the same  
Whoever you blame.  
Don't let darkness become another form of light.

Every single thing I ever hoped to see  
I held in my hands  
In the hope I'd never turn into the man  
I'm expected to be  
Now I know that nothing is lost to memory