

Meaning-Meaningless

Ron Pope

In the sweet embrace of twilight,
Just before the nighttime came,
All her children in the front yard,
There was laughter on the breeze.
Then a call came from her father,
In his house half way cross town,
He says, "Love, I hate to tell you,
But your mother...she's gone now."

And time, moving quickly before our eyes,
Oh why, do these moments seem to fly?

So she tries to tell her husband,
But she cannot make a sound,
And he hears through all the silence,
So before she hits the ground,
He says, "Baby are you with me"
And she opens up her eyes,
Then she says, "I lost my mother"
And a piece of her heart dies.

And time, moving quickly before our eyes,
Oh why, do these moments seem to fly?
And time, moving quickly before our eyes,
Oh why, do these moments seem to fly?
I am trapped and wondering why.

Now it's late and she is restless,
All her girls are tucked in bed,
She is searching for a meaning,
When all words feel meaningless,
And the hardest part of losing,
Is the memory of the win,
The hardest part of letting go,
Is when you know you never can.
The hardest part of letting go,
Is when you know you never can.

And time, moving quickly before our eyes,
Oh why, do these moments seem to fly?
And time, moving quickly before our eyes,
Oh why, do these moments seem to fly?
I am trapped and wondering why.
Moving quickly before our eyes.