

## For Dick

Scott Matthew

What have we made  
Besides an early grave  
We didn't resurrect  
on the third day

And this middle age  
Well it couldn't save  
The wonder of this lot  
Still it won't stop

So put me to pasture  
Send me to slaughter  
harden your heart  
To the truth  
Put me to pasture  
Send me to slaughter  
Now that I'm past tense to you

Could you write it on a page  
Will you be that brave  
To speak of all things lost  
Of things that never stop

And this middle age  
Still it couldn't save  
We didn't resurrect  
On the third day

So put me to pasture  
Send me to slaughter  
Harden your heart  
to the truth  
Put me to pasture  
Send me to slaughter  
Now that I'm past tense to you

It won't stop  
It won't stop