

Porch Wine

Smoke or Fire

My youth is slipping away
The chorus is over
We're left single notes
To sound and to fade

There's no fixed road
There's no straight line
To merely drift is to close your eyes
The realization of great potential
Leads to the feeling of an emptiness
And what to fill it with in our time?
The tick of the clock drowns out all sound
Security leads to neglect of the future
Only death is certain

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We're left single notes
To sound and to fade
Only death is certain
We're floating downstream
The scenery changes
We remain unaware
Of the waterfall ahead

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