

## 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

My youth is slipping away  
The chorus is over  
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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