

The Longing

Tom Beck

It's the light you see
underneath the door
and the shadow of the
footsteps
on the floor

The hang up call
that you can't ignore
it's the face you cross the room
that makes your heartbeat fast

And the room reflection
in the bottom of the
broken glass
just like the night before

The noisy clock
beside your bed
even with the pillow
wrapped around your head

The voice inside
that won't shut up
the wounding in your chest
that just won't stop

It's hard to lose
the love we make
can't take the longing
we won't forget
we might forgive
we don't outlive
the longing

It's the time you spent
at the mad in here
as you can't go home
where you have to face

The stupid life you had lived and
the others have not worse living
you turn on the light
but it's still pitch dark

And the writing on the wall
is a question mark
you don't know where
and you don't know when
but if you'll ever have this
strange pitch light again

It's hard to lose
the love we make
can't take the longing
we won't forget
we might forgive
we don't outlive

the longing

The wanting
The needing
the feeling
of the reaching for
the rest of your life

It's hart to lose
the love we make
can't take the longing
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the longing

OHHH the longing
Uhhh.....