

LAST MOMENTS

12-28-14
(#96)

- 1. It was more than a fling, seemed to be the real thing
love was growing stronger as the days passed.
My heart didn't mind that my soul began to bind,
intertwined, as one kind, with her own.
We knew from the past that these moments never last
but in our moments of glory, what we'd feel, oh! what we'd feel . . .
We would never be alone
because nothing else, not the future, nor the world, was real.**

**BRIDGE: Last moments wither away
before we got to say —
what was in our heart.
Dreams captured, unraptured, fractured
the moment she turned to depart . . .
Last moments turned to lost moments,
swept away by the tattered broom of time.**

- 2. Could we keep it, could we hold it; let the winds of time unfold it,
all that feeling that was more real than anything.
Does sensation have to last for its value to be cast
with the weight of gold and jewels that to the heart mean nothing ?
But our moments together, far outweigh all earthly treasure —
if you don't believe it, test it by the threat of her life taken:
Would I give away the whole world, to have back just the girl,
turn our last moments to lasting moments — all else forsaken ?**

[REPEAT BRIDGE]

[INSTRUMENTAL]

- 3. Even dreams will wither away, like anchored moments they don't stay
when the winds of time dictate that they should go.
When everything's uprooted, even truth and greatness looted
when nothing's left, bereft of all you used to know.
Let no moment be our last one even if all else comes undone
jettison even fond memories to keep what's real
And don't leave me with last moments, turn them into lasting moments,
moments that even the winds of time can't steal.**

[END]

Written: December 23-28, 2014