

## Seasons

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Running out of time  
It's half past yours and mine  
Forgetting more than we remember  
Still trying to find things we left behind in Januarys to Decem  
bers.

Here we are running through the seasons  
Here we are as day turns into night  
Here we are still looking for a reason in the stars and in our  
lives

How can we be sure what's really mine and yours?  
Wooden hearts have turned to splinters  
We just go to ground  
And as the world turns 'round, Spring to Summer, Fall to Winter

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lives

Waiting up ahead night skies turning red  
Too far out to hear the warning  
As the day falls black there's no turning back  
Sailing half-mast through the morning

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