

I Wish You Well

Royal Wood

We met it seems a life ago
When youth was strong and love was bold
But now a fear has taken hold
Enough
Your eyes they held the promise of
It flew away that frightened dove
So now the push has come to shove
Enough

Won't be the one to hold your hand
I hope. I beg. You'll understand
I've drawn a line across the sand
My love I wish you well

I'll miss your simple cotton dress
The feeling in my fingertips
The taste of you upon my lips
Enough
But our home was in a house of cards
The broken glass and mirror shards
Have left their mark in deepened scars
Enough

Oh though the night is colder
All of the lies are over
No longer on my shoulder now