

## Something More Besides You

Cowboy Junkies

One foot strands before the crib  
the other by the casket  
A question formed upon stilled lips  
is passed on but never asked

I guess I believe that there's a point  
to what we do  
But I ask myself is there  
something more besides you?

Two are born to cross  
their paths, their lives, their hearts  
If by chance one turns away  
are they forever lost?

I guess I believe that there's a point  
to what we do  
But I ask myself is there  
something more besides you?

This morning I awoke,  
the bed warm where it once was cold  
Small blessings laid upon us  
Small mysteries slowly unfold

Yet I still wonder is there a point  
to what we do?  
'Cause I kind of doubt  
that there is something more besides you

Although it's hard to find the point  
to what we do,  
do I dare believe that there is  
something more besides you?