

Making Plans

Above & Beyond

Time held its breath
A motionless spell of rapture
Across the room
A memory had been captured

And through the years
Though distance lay between us
I carried your torch
To illuminate the darkness

And I still lose myself
In that orange glowing moment
When your upturned face
Seemed to answer all my questions
But when I ask myself
As I do from time to time now
Where it all went wrong
Is there really any point in making plans?
In making plans

So I made my vows
In the last slow hours of morning
As I lay you down
I heard you whisper me a warning

But then we lost ourselves
In that orange glowing moment
And your upturned face
Seemed to answer all my questions
When I ask myself
As I do from time to time now
Where it all went wrong
Is there really any point in making plans?
In making plans

And I still lose myself
I still lose myself
Making plans