

Know

Anne Clark

All that is left
Is the saddest of songs
All I can try
Is to right all the wrongs
I cannot go
To where you have gone
Yet you were the place
That I came from

Something you told me
Stays in my head
Circles above
Like a bird overhead

Something we should have
But never was said
Goes on in the hopes
Of the living instead

Now all that is left
Is the saddest of songs
Now all I can try
Is to right all the wrongs

I watch the stars
And know that you're there
The space in the place
The foot of the stair
The light falling now
On the arm of the chair
The warm reaching sun
The chill evening air

If only we could do
If only we'd dare
To fill every void
With love and with care

Now all that is left
Is the saddest of songs
Now all I can try
Is to right all the wrongs