

Gone

Emily Burns

It's that time in the morning, around quarter past eight
When I'm drifting away from an unconscious state
When I'm not asleep, but I'm not yet awake
Lately it's my favourite time of the day

When I'm holding on
'Cause reality hasn't set
And you're not quite gone, yet

When my eyes are still closed, on the edge of my dreams
I can put up a fight against my memories
When my heart is at rest, and my mind is still free
But I'm seconds away from the pain seeping in

I'll be holding on
To that moment again and again
When you're not quite gone, yet

I'll be holding on
To that moment again and again
When you're not quite gone, yet