

Last Supper

Howard Jones

This is our last supper together
The last time we share in this intimacy
We have created a suffering circle that threatens to
Tighten and destroy you and me

Yesterday I flicked through the snapshots we
Kept to remember the tender times
Each little picture and each little memory should bring back a
smile
But now brings back a tear of regret

Letting go is so hard
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So let us love tonight, thinking now of our greatest moments be
fore we
release from this death in life drink the wine and take my hand
Is it a crime to live this lie?
I know that we will never share, share this love again

But we both must be starting again, each one of
us too strong in these chains to remain
This tug of war has weakened our purpose and
pulled us apart from beginning to end