All There Is

Make Do and Mend

I remember when we were so young like new sheets on the bed.
Felt the cool touch of love like it begins, just like it's neve
r going to end.
I could see the light coming off us.
Like old stars in the night there was only so much shining we c
ould do
before our light ran through.

We're all stitched up in never enough.

Is this all there is
when the mortar starts to give and the walls are crumbling in?
Is this all there is
when we forget about our breath and let the end just be the end
?

We let the feelings wax and wane.
We let the years take what they claim,
but when you're walking out the paces you never notice how you
start to change.

Listening back we hear it now,
the ebb and flow of breaking down,
the subtle whispers of an ending playing out.

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