

The Edge Of The World

Mary Chapin Carpenter

When you're standing at the edge of the world,
Every move is carefully planned
All it takes is one step that's unsure
To find your solid ground has turned to sand

I remember trying not to breathe
Not to speak, or make the slightest sound
As if I couldn't join this life to (freeze)
Perhaps then I could make it turn around

Coming back to who we used to be
When there was no such thing as retreat
It was if my eyes had found new ways to see
And my heart had learned new ways to beat

I'd never felt that way before (Orson's)
But what I'd give to have it back again
When time can't be persuaded or convinced
Hope is just a garden that we tend

So now I'm standing at the edge of the world
Trying to decide which way to go
Am I brave if I suddenly step forward
Or a coward if I hear myself say no?

I guess it's never been up to me
Though fate has fooled me time and time before
Like thinking I could really watch you leave
Without the need to run and bar the door