

Shadow On

Michael Nau

How did a crowd get so lonely?
How did a dream get so old?
How did the role and the arms and the hands get so heavy to hold?
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How did the thread so slender?
Must be a bit hanging on
Maybe we can start over again
Before the echo is gone

If it really must be going now
If the final leaf must fall
Oh maybe it could leave at least a shadow on the wall

Up above there's a sea of love
Under heaven's control
The slower we get
The faster it stays
Then the further it goes

Guess I was just lucky to grab it
To have it to hold
Was as new as the snow
The shape of your heart
And the size of my soul

But if it really must be going now
If that's all
I'll see if it could leave at least a shadow

See if it could leave at least a shadow on the wall