

# Turning Back

Ron Pope

I was awake, you were still dreamin'  
Covers rise and fall with each breath  
Half drawn shade cuts the light of morning  
Radiator laughs  
The melody moves slow then fast  
We're past the point of turning back

Winter's cold in this city of strangers  
Shuffle past on their way to God knows where  
You and me like a western sunrise  
Seems impossible in fact  
I guess "impossible" is meaningless  
We're past the point of turning back

We were moved by gravity  
We were pulled like tides  
String tied to the moon it seems  
Reaching through the night

Open eyes, the room's still a whisper  
Nearly noon, the day's creepin' up  
Let daylight fade like a lonely ember  
'Cause we ain't moving from this spot  
Holding on with everything we've got  
Even when we're off the track  
We are past the point of turning back