

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