

What Was Mine

The Chisel

I remember the Saturdays, I spent when I was young
The lines on my face will tell the tale
I was held up by a youthful heart, I thought that I could never
fault or fail

And I still remember a time
When I knew what I had and what was mine

Now the days turn into nights as lonely as they are
The weight of the world feels like a ton
Everything good will soon pass, every man is a setting sun

And I still remember a time
When I knew what I had and what was mine