

# Forgone

Tow'rs

It's late March and your Christmas lights are still gutter strung

Like a dead star that's light is still carrying on

You say if you are free you shouldn't have to go and say it

Well from your mouth spills your heart a story to discredit

Forgone, forgone, it's time I be moving on

Forgone, forgone, easier said than done

The figures don't quite add up, the sum don't balance out

Your heart has found a truth, but your mind keeps finding doubt

But then the sun it cracks like a yoke upon the roof

And from the darkness, you can see good medicine's in you

Forgone, forgone, it's time I be moving on

Forgone, forgone, easier said than done

Reduced it to its edges, suck the marrow dry

The season's run its course, the road has passed ya by

But you will stand again and wear your chin held high

Sing it in refrain, oh the beauty it is to try

Forgone, forgone, it's time I be moving on

Forgone, forgone, easier said than done

Moving on, moving on, moving on, moving on, easier said than done