

# Anita Lipnicka & John Porter, One More Step

Ive got no glass  
The raise to my lips  
Got nothing to celebrate  
Got no time to sit  
With you, my friend  
Oh, its getting too late  
And if I dont keep on moving  
I feel the earth slip beneath my feet  
And if my eyes arent wide open  
I might fall into an endless sleep  
I wear scars  
On my body, in my mind  
They remind me  
Of who I am  
Got no place  
To call my home  
I live where I stand  
But if I dont keep on trying  
I feel my heart just might stand still  
And all those stories that kept us warm  
Now push me out into that lonely chill  
Theres always one more step to take  
One more move to make  
Life will always ache  
It only lasts for one day