

Anita Lipnicka & John Porter, One More Step

I've got no glass
The raise to my lips
Got nothing to celebrate
Got no time to sit
With you, my friend
Oh, it's getting too late
And if I don't keep on moving
I feel the earth slip beneath my feet
And if my eyes aren't 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 don't 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
There's always one more step to take
One more move to make
Life will always ache
It only lasts for one day