

Laura Branigan, Meaning Of The Word

(Rick Palombi/Roy Freeland)

Now there's a wind blowin' leaves alone the empty street
Down by the place on the corner
Where we used to meet
Two people too proud to give
Afraid of what the heart demands
Two of a kind
We made up our minds to live
Without the ties that bind

Each to each
No surrender
Out of reach
Where not one tender sound was heard
Not a cry or a whisper
No farewell
Nothing spoken
Silence fell while hearts were broken
No one stirred
Was it love?
Did we ever know the meaning of the word?

Now there's a moon rising in the cold and distant skies
And I can feel it shinin' down like a lover's eyes
Don't know where you are tonight
Or how to tell the things we say
From what we mean
Or why we could never cross the distance in between

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