

Sam Roberts, Walking The Dead

You only miss it when it's long gone
You only hear it when it's our song
These are the echoes of the dreamtime
This is a message from another life
This is a haunting of your own mind
These are the echoes of the dreamtime

You only miss it when it's long gone

I've been waking the dead
I've been leaning on tradition
Trying to make amends
With the dead
Prayer candles that I burn at both ends
Missed opportunities we won't share again
I recognized in the touch of a friend
That I am closer to the place I began
And so far from where I want it to end

You only miss it when it's long gone
You only hear it when it's our song
Keep looking up, 'cause it's a long way down
Keep looking up, 'cause it's a long way down

And now I'm walking with the dead
An apparition trying to get ahead
Bleed some pressure from this hole in my heavy head
And there was high water everywhere
Back teeth are swimming and I wished I cared
My teeth are swimming and I wish that I cared

You only miss it when it's long gone
You only hear it when it's our song
Keep looking up, 'cause it's a long way down
Keep looking up, 'cause it's a long way down

And I feel like making a confession or running for the door
If we could heal a little bit of this broken pride, we might survive

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