

Sarah McLachlan, Sad Clown

A time so haunting, moonlight in the mist
Lay me down beside you, oh, as long as it lasts
From the river comes a figure, drifting slowly by
Trailing long the water, leaving softer than a sigh,
Softer than a sigh...

All the feelings, they remain like a still life
A dying swan song, forever lost your cries of glory

The rain is falling down like silence in a shroud
When all that really matters left to loose, I'm all alone,
I'm all alone...

All the feelings, they remain like a still life
A dying swan song, forever lost your cries of glory

Walking from the shadows a fear of sadness grows
Your heart is in your hands, your knowing looks
Our time is gone
My time is gone
Swan's dying song