

# Alex Lifeson, At The End

He opens the books-  
Looks at scenes from yesterday  
How they laughed and loved  
And lived before  
They grew old and grey  
Now he sits alone in his room  
And the clock ticks away  
Together they enjoyed  
All life's beauty  
And all it's fears  
The lonely cry of his soul  
Falls only on his ears  
Each page's photo marked  
With the stain of his tears

He didn't know what to do  
He didn't know what might come

Nothing was all  
That was left of him  
Nothing was left  
When she was gone

The heart has  
A memory so strong  
It remembers every right  
And every wrong  
On those pages of his long  
Lonely life  
He can only see his wife  
He said "Pluck out my eyes"  
He said "Plug up my ears"  
He said "Silence my tongue"  
He said "Take away my empty years"

One last wish  
To see her face  
One last breath  
He's calling out to death  
One last look up at the sun  
As he picks up the gun

As he steadies the gun  
As he finally aims the gun