

Anita Lipnicka & John Porter, Down by the lake

Down by the lake
where you used to sit
in the morning sun
spreading gold around
I can see you still
waving back to me
praising the day...
Looking at you
who would have guessed
you were turning then
the final page
of your book of life
there was no warning sign
not the slightest alert...
Did you see enough
of all that you wanted to see
did you feel loved
as much as you needed to be
would you change at all
any line in that story of yours
I stare at the view
In the window frame
seasons come and go
sun trips high and low
there's no break for a sigh
for a tear to dry
the clock doesn't wait
I wish I was strong
just enough to find
all the things that I miss
about you in me
but the road of despair
just leads me there
down by the lake...
Did you see... etc...