

Brettell, Past Has Made Space For Present

Afternoon, instincts, principles and power
And rays the power like sister islands
In all my dreams by or your helpless sights
Full sight of you in heaven without restraint
Though all pale and faint
Wasted from you spot of taint
I'm no saint
'Past Has Made Space For Present'
Why should you blame me,
Cause I fulfilled your days and you got your ways
Western seas, always free, why don't we disagree
Eastern shores, what a bore
And who will laugh there anymore
'Past Has Made Space For Present'
A wedding guest stood still
Below the table, over the hill
The wedding guest here had nothing to say
The bride just wanted her own way.