

# Clifford T. Ward, Discernible

Some memories I keep in a special book

And the shiny surface fades

But the face is still discernible.

Some words I keep tucked away somewhere

Though the address ain't the same

Still the meaning's just discernible.

And on the other side of the glass

It all appears to be taken

And everybody's moving fast

And the world is most unshaken.

I don't know what I feel

I can't discern what's real.

Some memories I keep in a special book

And the shiny surface fades

But the face is still discernible.

I find it's not such good compensation

But I love you just the same

Love you just the same.

I find it's not such good compensation

But I love you just the same

(and fade).