

Cowboy Junkies, Something More Besides You

Michael Timmins

One foot stands before the crib
the other by the casket.
A question formed upon stilled lips
is passed on but never asked.

I guess I believe that there's a point
to what we do.
But I ask myself is there
something more besides you?

Two are born to cross
their paths, their lives, their hearts.
If by chance one turns away
are they forever lost?

I guess I believe that there's a point
to what we do.
But I ask myself is there
something more besides you?

This morning I awoke,
the bed warm where it once was cold.
Small blessings laid upon us.
Small mysteries slowly unfold.

Yet I still wonder is there a point
to what we do?
'Cause I kind of doubt
that there is something more besides you.

Although it's hard to find the point
to what we do,
do I dare believe that there is
something more besides you?