

Gerry Beckley, Van Go Gan

From this day on, I'll watch the setting sun
As if it might be my last
And as I view the changing color hue
I see the long shadows pass

Van Go Gan, Van Go Gan
Get a a grip, if you can
Van Go Gan, Van Go Gan
Watch it slip through your hands

And through these eyes, all the starry skies
In my mind will explode
As I lie in my bed at night
I see my lifeline erode

Van Go Gan, Van Go Gan
Grab ahold, if you can
Van Go Gan, Van Go Gan
Something I understand

So much waiting, sentimental memories
Hesitating, maybe I'm just a wanna be

Van Go Gan, Van Go Gan
Get a grip if you can
Van Go Gan, Van Go Gan
Watch it slip through your hands
Van Go Gan, Van Go Gan
Something I understand