Howard Jones, Last Supper

This is our last supper together
The last time we share in this intimacy
We have created a suffering circle that threatens to
Tighten and destroy you and me

Yesterday I flicked through the snapshots we Kept to remember the tender times Each little picture and each little memory should bring back a smile But now brings back a tear of regret

Chorus
Letting go is so hard
Letting go is so hard
So let us love tonight, thinking now of our greatest moments before we release from this death in life drink the wine and take my hand
Is it a crime to live this lie?
I know that we will never share, share this love again

But we both must be starting again, each one of us too strong in these chains to remain This tug of war has weakened our purpose and pulled us apart from beginning to end