

Joy Electric, Song For All Time

Often how I keep wondering
In these minutes of a time and season
On from busy hours
To remember life, as a time when no one rested
Hurried, incomplete
Worsened by defeat
Of the growing discontented
Swept away from life awakened to each day
With the sense that no one here will stay

And all was lost
A book was closed on our lives
Song for all time

Unfamiliar place, with familiar signs
You can never leave them far behind
Temporary grief, no prolonged relief
Holes are filled with things you still don't need
Every friend you've lost
Each a single thought
Captured in a letter on a shelf
Once a year we write, once a year we call
But every year there's less to talk about