

Me Without You, Nice And Blue

You were a song that I couldn't sing
you were a story I couldn't tell
I've only ever loved myself
But I've loved myself so well.
And how defeated I return!
(you're nice and blue, you're nice and blue)
I missed what I was supposed to learn
and so I learned about what's missing you.

A life left half behind, though no longer
blind I can't yet see. I'm not the boy that
I once was, but I'm not the man I'll be.
I've been waiting now, for six years on
(and have only just begun)
For the day you'll hold her in your arms,
oh risen Lord, my precious one.

I was once the wine, and you the wineglass.
I was once alive, when you held me.
God became the glass
And all things left were emptiness
Oh, my little girl, if you look out
And see a trace of dark red that used
To be my face, in the clarity of his
grace: remember me