

# Ruarri Joseph, One For The Aether

Id stop and talk but its cold in here  
And youre out of social graces and of cheer  
You need the space and time to muse  
And I know you think thats just a poor excuse

And Id rather share your company  
When the peccadillos ripe  
And its worth its weight in lead my friend  
When the mood has caught you right  
And caught you well

Its not a vacancy Im proud of  
And I shouldnt sing so soon  
Its your own two feet you need right now  
Not me and this old tune  
So this ones for the aether  
And this ones for the past  
To mull and chew in times gone by  
I hope it never lasts, never lasts

We matched in drive and we matched indeed  
Glued together with ambition to succeed  
But life shook worlds and we slipped by  
Like two acorns from the same branch  
That descended from the sky

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