

Spock's Beard, All That's Left

In dreams I reach to touch your perfect face again
In dreams you never cry or walk away
But I wake to the truth like daylight streaming in
I never found the way, the words to make you stay

Photographs and falling leaves
Scattered dust of memories
The poems I wrote I still believe
That's All That's Left of You and Me

I found a flower in a book you hid away
In better days that seem so long ago
I tried to touch it but it crumbled in my hand
Just like the future we would never know

Photographs and falling leaves
Scattered dust of memories
The poems I wrote I still believe
That's All That's Left of You and Me

Echoes of a better time
Ring forever in my mind
Where I'm going where I've been
Different places in the end

Photographs and falling leaves
Scattered dust of memories
The poems I wrote I still believe
That's All That's Left of You and Me