

Terence Trent D'Arby, If You Go Before Me

Dearest ones in an eye of a star life is brief
A speck of dust from grass to leaf
If on the ascendant your soul arises
And doesn't contradict what your essence extemporises
I've been the hermit and the love thief
And paid for the privilege with tears of grief
Which soon by nature circumcises
This song will be brief
One day in the spring a question fell
And went straight through me
Do bleeding angels sing when close to tears?
I need the answer
So if you go before me would you let me know?
If you go before me would you let me know?
One day in the year a bullet screamed
And ripped straight through you
And I saw the sun begin to bleed
Above a flood of tears and sirens
And are spirit's colour blind?
So if you go before me would you let me know?
If you go before me would you let me know?