

Van Der Graaf Generator, Lifetime

I can remember it so well,
the bed of roses where we lay,
the crown of thorns I was so keen to give away.
All the warning signs ignored,
the passion's played.

I could foresee what was to come,
I had a sense of what might happen.
The river runs and very rapidly
becomes a torrent, sweeping us
towards our ricochet.

It takes a lifetime to unravel all the threads
that have tied us in our webs of tourniquet.

I stake no claim on memory.
I stand on ceremonial quicksand.
I look for something with solidity to hold:
something lasting, something pristine,
with no sense of decay.

Can you remember how that was?
Can you remember?

It takes a lifetime's understanding of the flow
to surrender, let the current sweep you away.
What if I'd told you I would never let you go,
I would hold you every step along the way?
It takes a lifetime to unlearn all that you know
to return the things you borrowed for a day.