

Weeping Tile, Goin' Out

When the days close on the memories you've acquired
And your body cannot hold your soul's fire
You are here and not alone everybody has come home
There's a bed made up upstairs if you get tired

All the heaviness around you will get light
And your worry lifted up into the night
Left with nothin' but pure love
Wrapped in all we are made of
Can I stay around awhile, is that alright

Oh, our lives don't end
Goin' out to be brought back again
Oh, our lives don't end

When the days close on the memories you've acquired
And your body cannot hold a soul inspired
You are here and not alone everybody has come home
There's a bed made up upstairs if you get tired

Oh, lives don't end
We're goin' out to be brought back again
Oh, our lives don't end