

# 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