

Brian Robinson

"Last Light For Another 20"

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Standing in the doorway,
She calls out unto me.
I lay and wait,
not breathing,
thinking,
patiently.
I can still remember the way her breath felt on my neck,
And her hand on my knee.
I lay there,
sinking,
in this prison of agony.
I need a new feel from besides this misery.
She grabbed my arm and pulled aside,
so she could tell me.
My throat sat in my neck and throbbed,
and swelled,
painfully.
My hands would sweat and my eyes would tear till I
couldn't see.
Now I know that pain I've heard of,
now I can see.
I guess I never thought this would happen to me.
What else is there to live for
when you cant live with someone,
something,
that makes you happy.
My solitude makes me feel pain,
like a dried out sea.
I used to be filled and complete,
without you I feel empty.
I cant live without you,
nor can you with me.
I wish we could fix it,
I wish you could be,
a person who made me feel as complete.
Like the person we made,
when you and I were we.
And now I know,
she was the last light,
for another twenty.

