

Howard Jones "Last Supper"

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This is our last supper together
The last time we share in this intimacy
We have created a suffering circle
That threatens to tighten and destroy you and me

Yesterday I flicked through the snapshots
We kept to remember the tender times
Each little picture and each little memory
Should bring back a smile but now brings back a tear of regret

Letting go is so hard
Letting go is so hard

So let us love tonight, thinking now of our greatest moments
Before we release from this death in life
Drink the wine and take my hand, is it a crime to live this lie?
I know that we will never share, share this love again

But we both must be starting again
Each one of us too strong in these chains to remain
This tug of war has weakened our purpose
And pulled us apart from beginning to end

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