

## Laura Branigan "Meaning Of The Word"

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Now there's a wind blowin' leaves  
Along the empty street  
Down by the place on the corner  
Where we used to meet

Two people too proud to give  
Afraid of what the heart demands  
Two of a kind we made up our minds  
To live without the ties that bind

Each to each, no surrender  
Out of reach  
Where not one tender sound was heard  
Not a cry or a whisper

No farewell, nothing spoken  
Silence fell while hearts were broken  
No one stirred, was it love?  
Did we ever know the meaning of the word?

Now there's a moon rising  
In the cold and distant skies  
And I can feel it shinin'  
Down like a lover's eyes

Don't know where you are tonight  
Or how to tell the things we say  
From what we mean  
Or why we could never cross the distance in between

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Out of reach  
Where not one tender sound was heard  
Not a cry or a whisper

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Silence fell

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