

## Cowboy Junkies

# "Something More Besides You"

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One foot strands before the crib  
The other by the casket  
A question formed upon stilled lips  
Is passed on but never asked

I guess I believe that there's a point  
To what we do  
But I ask myself is there  
Something more besides you?

Two are born to cross  
Their paths, their lives, their hearts  
If by chance one turns away  
Are they forever lost?

I guess I believe that there's a point  
To what we do  
But I ask myself is there  
Something more besides you?  
This morning I awoke,  
The bed warm where it once was cold  
Small blessings laid upon us  
Small mysteries slowly unfold

Yet I still wonder is there a point  
To what we do?  
'cause I kind of doubt  
That there is something more besides you

Although it's hard to find the point  
To what we do,  
Do I dare believe that there is  
Something more besides you?

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