

Steve Carroll

"Every Road That Turns"

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Every road that turns -

Every road that turns, takes me away from her,
Fills up my days with years, like holes in the ground,

Every heart I've found, is a broken vow,
Nothing is meant to be, our love is weak,

Every wedding chime, every baby cry,
Comes as quickly as they go,
Leaves us still growing old,

Water our way with tears,
Give us both gentle tongues,
When our hearts are numb,
And our bond it shakes,

Lead us down narrow roads,
In die'n that we must go,
Give us the hands of love,
Built on a solid stone.

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