

G.a.s. Drummers

"All That's Left Behind"

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When the landscape crosses my sight
All I can describe from this train
Are extended arms that can't touch
Those unreachable hands

It's today that I recall
It's today when I'm awake
To see what's left behind.

Maybe in a beautiful time, maybe at a peaceful place.
There's no credit for the future
It is difficult to explain
Because all the words are vain

Get your bombs out of this read,

Get your hands off this people,
Their innocence is lost
Somewhere beyond the right or wrong.

Our nations are no longer safe,
I'd help you to understand
And someday you shall pray:
"Lord take me out my misery".

Maybe in a beautiful time, maybe al a peaceful place.
There's no credit for the future
It is difficult to explain
Because all the words are vain

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