

Ronan Tynan

"Passing Through"

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There's a quiet sense of beauty In that lost and loving smile.

I can almost see the angels take a bow,
In their hurry to impress her how as only they knew how,

Then I sit and ponder life, for just a while.

Where the Ivy grows in silence at my beloved home,
Now that house that rang with laughter stands alone.

And of vacant conversations,
Like the pictures on the wall.

Sadly home but little meaning anymore.

But her strength still burns within me,

Like the day she made me stand.

Put some courage in your dreaming,

Carve your footprints in the sand.

For the dreams are for the dreamers,

And for the goal's for me and you

Light the candle, say I love you

On your way to Passing Through.

Someone's waiting in the shadows for that final curtain call,

And somehow that consolation dims the glow.

There's a man and there's a young boy,

Brief encounters long ago.

There's a joy and there's a sadness going home,

But no turning back the ages,

What's lived cannot be changed.

We are part of something greater, that's the same.

Now I love her and I miss her, she's the one who gave me love.

She's the one who made the boy and the man.

But her strength burns within me like the day she made me stand.

Put some courage in your dreaming,

Carve your footprints in the sand.

For the dreams are for the dreamers and the goal's for me and you.

Light the candle, say I love you,

On your way to passing through.

