

Savannah Outen

"The Hourglass"

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(O'Neill/Oliva/Pitrelli)

Standing alone by the edge of a river
He's traded his life for a glass full of tears
The bargain was quick for one's life is less dearer
When the sand's running out and the ending is near
The ending is near
The ending is near
The ending is...
The man climbed aboard and set sail for the ocean
He put on the mast all the canvas she'd take
Then laid himself down on the deck 'neath the tiller
The ship was his coffin this moment his wake
Runaway reasons
Runaway seasons
Time is a treason
That I give back to you now
The wind touched the sail and the ship moved the
ocean
The wind from the storm set the course she would take
From a journey to nowhere towards a soul on the ocean
From the wake of Magellan to Magellan's wake
Runaway reasons
Runaway seasons
Everything in it
Hours and minutes
You take tomorrow
Because it means nothing
To me
To me
To...
In the dark he heard a whisper
Asking him to understand
In the desert look for water
On the ocean look for land
In the dark he heard a whisper
Asking him to understand
In the desert look for water
On the ocean look for land
And there in the waves
Was a man in his grave
That he saw in the night

'Tween the flashes of light
And he
Could not be there
And all he had prayed
Or had given away
He now found to be wrong
In the grip of the storm
And he
Could not be there
Could you keep our lives together
Safely back onto the shore
Could you grant this last illusion
Only this and nothing more
Could you keep our lives together
Safely back onto the shore
Could you grant this last illusion
Only this and nothing more
And all at once the heavens bled their fire
The anchor broke the chains they flew away
And suddenly the waves were reaching higher
And in the dark I thought I heard them say
Could you keep our lives together
Safely back onto the shore
Could you grant this last illusion
Only this and nothing more
Everything I ever had for one more tomorrow
Everything I ever had for just one more night
And if this is not to be I pray could I borrow
Just another final hour onto my life
Did you ever really want to
Did you ever really want to
Lord, tell me how it will be
Lord, tell me how it will be
Standing once more by a boat on a river
He pushes it off while he stays on the land
And seeing the hourglass now so much clearer
Which someone had refilled by hand
And somewhere that boat's now adrift on the ocean
The mast at full sail and there's no one on board
The hourglass no longer sits by the ocean
Only his footprints all alone on the shore
And soon they're no more
No more
No more

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