

Dear And Departed, The "Closer/Closure"

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I'm waking up to see the same.
My eyes are tired & my head's to blame.
The mirror clouds reflection in a haze.
The tick tock of the grandfather clock will be heard
again.
All I hear are a million voices.
The one I need now speaks in different tongue to me

This is the last time I will be wondering
If I'm wasting time writing a cherished song to say.
Is this the last time I will be wondering
If these tired words could make a difference anyway.

Staring at a blank television screen
Only those blinded could know exactly what I mean.
The burning embers in the fireplace
Seem to be losing warmth, escaping without a trace.
Still all I hear are a million voices.
The one I need now speaks in different tongue to me

Rule out the miscommunication
If the telephone keeps swinging side to side.
Don't be afraid to see my face again
And I won't shy from letting you try.

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