

The Gathering Field **"Dying On The Vine"**

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I took the long way
I took the low road
And when I got home
It was morning, where'd the time go?
She sat waiting
She had her coat on
Said, "This can't go on."
Guess the truth was just a stone's throw

A flower blossomed
but the summer ended years ago
The autumn spared us,
but the winter has not been so kind
And we don't feel the sun no more, we're just dying on
the vine

Door slam echo
Gone for certain
Behind drawn curtain
I watch her through the window
Floating backwards
I see her shining
A light so blinding
Makes you wonder where it all goes

A flower blossomed...

Ancient photograph
The way that we both laughed
Looked like we'd stay like that forever
But outside the picture frame
The deepest truths change like the weather
They change just like the weather

A flower blossomed...

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