

## Marie-Lynn Hammond

### "But for the Timing"

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seven white pebbles  
some rose-speckled shells  
they were sleeping in my pockets  
when we last exchanged farewells  
oh the things we keep, the things we throw away

somewhere on the west coast  
on a long stretch of beach  
I called you and I called  
but you were moving out of reach  
oh the times we hear, the times we turn away

chorus:  
and Im sorry for whatever came between  
sorry for the love that might have been  
but for the timing

perhaps if wed met later  
or else sometime before  
if only I had loved you less  
if you had loved me more  
oh the things we learn, the things we learn too late

chorus

one star in the twilight  
soon therell be more  
but I dont think Ill try wishing  
dont feel as lucky as I did before

all the strange and empty spaces  
Ive since travelled on my own  
with a handful of seashells  
a pocketful of stones  
oh the things we keep, the things we throw away  
oh the things we feel, the things we never say

chorus

