

Fleeting Ours

Here it is another November day.
And, I've been shoveling snow from the sidewalks of my mine.
Just to pass the time.

Fleeting hours, empty days
Help me realize we didn't even bother to take the long way home.
What a shame.

My love has no life.
It just lived and died,
In such a short while.

Sometimes old memories
Reassure me and make it all seem worthwhile
When they bring me a smile.
You make me smile.

After all these tears
After all these years
You still make me smile.
Make me smile.