

# Too Slow To Ride

[Nina Gordon](#)

From the moment I arrived  
Until the day that I died  
I was selfish and slow  
Too slow to ride by your side  
But I was so afraid  
That I began to fade  
Now another bright has turned to gray  
And someone else's light will take my place  
And though I'm getting used to the aftertaste  
You know I miss your eyes  
I miss your face  
And when the sun went dead  
And the moon was up ahead  
I finally figured out what I should have said to you then  
And no one is to blame

But we'll never be the same  
Now another bright has turned to gray  
And someone else's light will take my place  
And though I'm getting used to the aftertaste  
You know I miss your eyes  
I miss your face  
There's no use in trying  
I can't be what I was  
I can't be what I was

Now another bright has turned to gray  
And someone else's light will take my place  
And though I'm getting used to the aftertaste  
And though I'm getting used to the aftertaste  
And though I'm getting used to the aftertaste  
You know I miss your eyes  
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