

Something More Besides You

Cowboy Junkies

One foot stands before the crib
The other by the casket
A question formed upon stilled lips
Is passed on but never asked
Guess I believe that there's a point to what we do
But I ask myself is there something more besides you?
Two are born to cross
Their paths, their lives, their hearts
If by chance one turns away
Are they forever lost?
Guess I believe that there's a point to what we do
But I ask myself is there something more besides you?
This morning I awoke
The bed warm where once it was cold
Small blessings laid upon us
Small mysteries slowly unfold
Still I wonder, is there a point to what we do?
'Cause I kind of doubt that there is something more besides you
Although it's hard to find the point to what we
do
Do I dare believe that there is something more besides you?

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