

# 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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