

# 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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