

# Lifetime

## Van Der Graaf Generator

I can remember it so well,  
the bed of roses where we lay,  
the crown of thorns I was so keen to give away.  
All the warning signs ignored,  
the passion's played. I could foresee what was to come,  
I had a sense of what might happen.  
The river runs and very rapidly  
becomes a torrent, sweeping us  
towards our ricochet. It takes a lifetime to unravel all the threads  
that have tied us in our webs of tourniquet. I stake no claim on memory.  
I stand on ceremonial quicksand.  
I look for something with solidity to hold:  
something lasting, something pristine,  
with no sense of decay. Can you remember how that was?  
Can you remember? It takes a lifetime's understanding of the flow  
to surrender, let the current sweep you away.  
What if I'd told you I would never let you go,  
I would hold you every step along the way?  
It takes a lifetime to unlearn all that you know  
to return the things you borrowed for a day.

Songwriters

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