

# Dew On The Vine

## Bear's Den

Born to break or to last, is it all in the past?  
Is that a scar or a birthmark?  
Retracing this cold heart and now I'm all out of thread  
And I don't want to die here Keep chasing echoes of my mind,  
Babe it's a fine line,  
And I'm so far over it,  
And I know it Beneath it all it's still broken,  
Cut me out, cut it open,  
I can't do it anymore  
I can't do it I don't pay any mind  
To the dew upon the vine  
Does that mean that it's not there,  
If I can see it at all?  
Though the morning light will burn away  
All the fog the night creates,  
There'll still be a trace of our love left behind  
In the dew upon the vine Where to go or to hide,  
You're only worth your old lies  
Confiding in your own mine,  
Caught in the cold lie,  
I thought you were better man  
I thought you were better man A slip step on the tight rope,  
Freaked out by a false hope  
That things could be alright  
No they're not alright I don't pay any mind  
To the dew upon the vine  
Does that mean that it's not there,  
If I can see it at all?  
Though the morning light will burn away  
All the fog the night creates,  
There'll still be a trace of our love left behind  
In the dew upon the vine I'll contain my heart,  
It's like lightning trying to put out a spark  
I'll contain my heart,  
You're like lightning trying to put out a spark I never payed any mind  
To the dew upon the vine  
Does that mean that it's not there,  
If I can see it at all?  
Though the morning light will burn away

All the fog the night creates  
There'll still be a trace of our love left behind And the driving rain will wash away  
All the frightened fires I could not tame  
There'll still be a trace of our love left behind  
In the dew upon the vine

Songwriters

Kevin Jones, Andrew Donald John Davie Published by

Lyrics © Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>