The Measure

Joe Pug

Every inch of anguish
Laid out side by side
Cannot make a full yard
In the measure of our lives.Every coin of sorrow
Weighed upon the beams
Rises when the far side
Is flatted by our dreams.Well, the night is rich
As we stop to look around.
You shall believe it is
As we pause to hear the sound.All we've lost
Is nothing to what we've found.
All we've lost
Is nothing to what we've found.
Every dying ember
Every setting sun
Cannot cast a shadow
On the race we have runEvery paper dollar
Counted over twice
Cannot buy our gladness
Cannot pay our price.Well, the night is rich
As we stop to look around.
You shall believe it is
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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