

# 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 run. Every 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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