

Before

Laurence Fox

Your wild life
Returns and returns to the fore
And the hands that reached out in the night
You can feel them once more And all your wild days
Are returning, returning again
And the hands that reached out in the night
You can feel them once more You can't pretend
You don't want to pretend anymore
And all through the hours
You cling to the powers of love
And thought and hope
In the meaning that's lost in the reason of now
Come on
We will be better than before
So come on
We will be better than before My wild life
Returns and returns to the sea
And the hands that reach out in the night
They are reaching for me
And all my wild days
Have returned and returned to the fore
And the hands that reach out in the night
I can feel them once more I can't pretend
I don't want to pretend anymore
And all through the hours we lean to the power of love
And thought and hope
In the meaning that's lost in the reason of now
Come on
We will be better than before
All through the hours we lean to the powers of love
And thought and hope
In the reason that's lost in the reason of now Come on
We will be better than before
So come on
We can be better than before
We can be better than before

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