

Too Slow to Ride

Nina Gordon

From the moment I arrived
Until the day that I died
I was selfish and slow
Too slow to ride by your side
But I was so afraid
That I began to fade
Now another bright has turned to gray
And someone else's light will take my place
And though I'm getting used to the aftertaste
You know I miss your eyes
I miss your face
And when the sun went dead
And the moon was up ahead
I finally figured out what I should have said to you then
And no one is to blame
But we'll never be the same
Now another bright has turned to gray
And someone else's light will take my place
And though I'm getting used to the aftertaste
You know I miss your eyes
I miss your face
There's no use in trying
I can't be what I was
I can't be what I was
Now another bright has turned to gray
And someone else's light will take my place
And though I'm getting used to the aftertaste
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And though I'm getting used to the aftertaste
You know I miss your eyes
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