travelers

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We are but travelers on a road without end
Searching for signs that the spirit may send
There are few answers in this life I'm afraid
Only more questions from this world that he madeSouth of the city where the olive trees grow
In the space between moments my heart sometimes goes
I bathe in the silence there down on my knees
Then it's gone like a woman who dances to teaseThere was no way I could hold you my dear
I can only get closer with each passing yearSometimes I'm inside you, sometimes we're apart
But there's always a place for you here in my heart
And if we survive it will all just depend
For we are but travelers on a road without end

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