

FOREVERMORE

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She was leaving thinking only of the future
She was leaving thinking only, "Nevermore."
Let him wake and wonder why
Let him search and let him cry...

Tires racing— never mind the twisting roadway
Windows open— never mind the freezing cold
Far below these choking trees
And the view that no one sees
There was sunlight, there was freedom, there was gold.

She could feel it
She could taste it.
It would fill her,
It would burn!
Like the black smoke
That come morning
Still was rising from the crash below the turn

Not a trace of tooth or bone would be recovered
Not a sign that flesh and blood had come before
Just a twisted wreck that grinned
And a whisper on the wind:
"Let him search and search and search forevermore."