

RUBATO ♩ = 60

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So
So

4
THIN THE THREAD WE HANG FROM, HOW DEAR THE COST OF RAN - SOM. HOW
SHRILL THE VOICE THAT QUES - TIONS, SO FEW ARE THE SUG - GES - TIONS. HOW

6
HARD IT IS TO SA - LANCE THE BOOK OF LOVE. SO
TONE - LESS ARE THE ANS - WERS AND RE - PAR - TEES. HOW

8
IN - DI - STINCT THE MEA - NING, THE TRUTH ON WHICH WE'RE LEA - NING. SO
STRONG THE LIGHT THAT LED US, SO FAINT THE SOUNDS THAT MET US. TOO

10
SCARED OF EACH TO - MOR - ROW, THAT WE CLING ON TO THE SOR - ROW, BY

12 PA - TIENT - LY WE WAI - TED, THOUGHT THAT TIME RE - PAINT THE FA - DED, AND

WHICH WE'VE BEEN BE - FRIEN - DED ON A NIGHT THAT NE - VER REAL - LY EN - DED.
MEND WHAT HAS BEEN BRO - KEN. WE STILL KEEP THE PIE - CES AS A TO - KEN.

14 **SOLOS**

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18

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