

THE RACE

Russ Still

Everyone is dressed up in their finest clothes
Black ribbons line every other row
Rain is falling like the tears upon their face
They wish they were in some other place

Everyone has stories
Stories of how she touched their lives
But something else is weighing on their minds
Rain turns to snow as the songs begin to play
They all bow their heads to pray

Stand back and watch the miracle of life
No one knows the time or the day
Everyone is gonna finish but no one's racing to the flag
In the end you'll know the answers to all the questions that you've asked
Until then don't worry how long the race will last

From the moment that you take your first breath
You lose a little bit of what you have left
Every day the seconds count until the end
What counts is how your days are spent
Don't look back and wonder where they went

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