

# Van Morrison, Was

(Mose Allison)

When I become was and we become were  
Will there be any sign or a trace of th' lovely contour of your face  
And will there be someone around  
With essentially my kinda sound

When am turns to was and now is back when  
Will someone have moments like this  
Moments of unspoken bliss  
And will there be heroes and saints  
Or just a dark new age of complaints

When I become was and we become were  
Will there be any Susans and Ralphs  
Lookin' at old photographs  
And wondering aloud to a friend