

Fanfare

Paul Winter Consort

Someone turned the time on,
Another day, dead and gone,
a lifetime is slipping away, babe.
But as far as I can see,
That doesn't apply to you and me.
We are high above the family tree,
Hidden in the deep blue sea.

Industry on parade, punch a clock nine to five.
The beginning is beginning to fade away.
Ah, but look out from now on, baby,
As far as the eye can see.
Unafraid to be free, shining on the silver sea,
You and me, we got to be moving.

Picking up, carry on,
Lead you children by the hand,
Carry on, carry on.

Heaven knows I love you,
Don't you know that it's true yourself yeah yeah?
Looks like you and me baby
Dancing by the shining sea.

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