

Wonderous Stories (Live at Ahoy-Halle)

Yes

I awoke this morning
Love laid me down by a river.
Drifting I turned on upstream
Bound for my forgiver.
In the giving of my eyes to see your face.
Sound did silence me
Leaving no trace.
I beg to leave, to hear your wonderous stories.
Beg to hear your wonderous stories. He spoke of lands not far
Or lands they were in his mind.
Of fusion captured high
Where reason captured his time.
In no time at all he took me to the gate.
In haste I quickly checked the time.
If I was late I had to leave to hear your wonderous stories.
Had to hear your wonderous stories. Hearing
Hearing
Hearing your wonderous stories.
Hearing your wonderous stories.
It is no lie I can see deeply into the future.
Imagine everything
You're close
And were you there to stand
So cautiously at first and then so high.
As he spoke my spirit climbed into the sky.
I bid it to return
To hear your wonderous stories.
Return to hear your wonderous stories. Hearing,
Hearing,
Hearing,
Hearing,
Hearing,

Songwriters

ANDERSON, JON Published by
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