

Turn of the Century

Yes

Realizing a form out of stone
Set hands moving
Roan shaped his heart
Through his working hands
Work to mold his passion into clay, like the sun
In his room his lady
She would dance and sing so completely
So be still he now cries
I have time oh let clay transform thee so
In the deep cold of night
Winter calls he cries don't deny me
For his lady, deep her illness
Time has caught her
And will for all reasons take her
In the still light of dawn, she dies
Helpless hands soul revealing
Like leaves we touch we learn
We once knew the story
As winter calls he will starve
All but to see the stone be life
Now roan, no more tears
Set to work his strength
So transformed him
Realizing a form out of stone
His work so absorbed him
Could she hear him, could she see him?
All aglow was his room dazed in this light
He would touch her, he would hold her
Laughing as they danced
Highest colors touching others
Did her eyes at the turn of the century
Tell me plainly
How we meet, how we'll love
Oh let life so transform me
Like leaves we touched we danced
We once knew the story
As autumn called and we both remembered
All those many years ago
I'm sure we know
Was the sign of the day with a touch
As I kiss your fingers
We walk hands in the sun
Memories when we're young
Love lingers so
Was it sun through the haze
That made all your looks
As warm as moonlight?
As a pearl deep your eyes

Tears have flown away
All the same light Did her eyes at the turn of the century
Tell me plainly
When we meet how we'll look
As we smile time will leave me clearly Like leaves we touch, we see
We will know the story
As autumn calls we'll both remember
All those many years ago

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