

The Naked Robot - Early Stage Instrumental Mixes

The Alan Parsons Project

And I, could easily fall from grace
Then another would take my place
For the chance to behold your face And the days, of my life are but grains of sand
As they fall from your open hand
At the call of the winds' command Many words are spoken when there's nothing to say
They fall upon the ears of those who don't know the way
To read between the lines, that lead between the lines, that lead me to you
All that I ask you
Is, show me how to follow you and I'll obey
Teach me how to reach you I can't find my own way
Let me see the light, let me be the light As the sun turns slowly around the sky
Till the shadow of night is high
The eagle will learn to fly And the days of his life are but grains of sand
As they fall from your open hand
And vanish upon the land Many words are spoken when there's nothing to say
They fall upon the ears of those who don't know the way
To read between the lines, by following the signs that can lead to you
But show me how to follow you and I'll obey
Teach me how to reach you I can't find my own way
Let me see the light, let me be the light And so, with no warning, no last goodbye
In the dawn of the morning sky
The eagle will rise again

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>