# A Day

## Dave Brock

Written by john curulewski
Lead vocals by john curulewski
Woke up in rainy autumn
Morning mist beginning to wane
And the birds of the winged trees
Calling my name
Care less the clouds above me
The wind is gently lifting my hair
Where the rivers of the wind fall light rain
Now stand bare
Listen to the flowing streams
Golden in the shelter of my dreams
Playing a song on the meadow that echoes with love
Walk alone through the garden
The leaves are wet with morning's tear
And the whispering of someone
Is drawing me near
Content to rest awhile

Pondering the motion of time
Over unforgotten memories
Dipped in wine
Listen to the flowing streams
Golden in the shelter of my dreams
Playing a song on the meadow that echoes with love
[extended instrumental solos]The God of dusk is falling around me
The night air now restless and dank
Yet the fields are specked with flowers
Few and rank
Moon reflecting off the water
Rippling an image to me
Of the way that it is
And the way that it's going to be
Listen to the flowing streams
Golden in the shelter of my dreams
Playing a song on the meadow that echoes with love

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