

Take a Pebble (Conclusion)

Emerson, Lake & Palmer

(Lake)

Just take a pebble and cast it to the sea,
Then watch the ripples that unfold into me,
My face spill so gently into your eyes,
Disturbing the waters of our lives. Shred of our memories are lying on your grass;
Wounded words of laughter are graveyards of the past.
Photographs are grey and torn, scattered in your fields
Letters of your mem'ries are not real. Sadness on your shoulders like a wornout overcoat
In pockets creased and tattered hang the rags of your hope.
The daybreak is your midnight; the colours have all died.
Disturbing the waters of our lives, of our lives, of our lives, lives,
lives, lives...
Of our lives.

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