

Close to the Edge

Yes

A seasoned witch could call you from the depths of your disgrace,
And rearrange your liver to the solid mental grace,
And achieve it all with music that came quickly from afar,
Then taste the fruit of man recorded losing all against the hour
And assessing points to nowhere, leading every single one
A dewdrop can exalt us like the music of the sun,
And take away the plain in which we move,
And choose the course you're running Down at the edge, round by the corner,
Not right away, not right away
Close to the edge, down by a river,
Not right away, not right away Crossed the line around the changes of the summer,
Reaching out to call the color of the sky
Passed around a moment clothed in mornings faster than we see
Getting over all the time I had to worry,
Leaving all the changes far from far behind
We relieve the tension only to find out the master's name Down at the end, round by the corner
Close to the edge, just by a river
Seasons will pass you by
I get up, I get down
Now that it's all over and done,
Now that you find, now that you're whole My eyes convinced, eclipsed with the younger moon attained with
love
It changed as almost strained amidst clear manna from above
I crucified my hate and held the word within my hand
There's you, the time, the logic, or the reasons we don't understand Sad courage claimed the victims standing
still for all to see,
As armored movers took approached to overlook the sea
There since the cord, the license, or the reasons we understood will be Down at the edge, close by a river
Close to the edge, round by the corner
Close to the end, down by the corner
Down at the edge, round by the river Sudden call shouldn't take away the startled memory
All in all, the journey takes you all the way
As apart from any reality that you've ever seen and known
Guessing problems only to deceive the mention,
Passing paths that climb halfway into the void
As we cross from side to side, we hear the total mass retain Down at the edge, round by the corner
Close to the end, down by a river
Seasons will pass you by
I get up, I get down In her white lace, you could clearly see the lady sadly looking

Saying that she'd take the blame
For the crucifixion of her own domain I get up,
I get down,
I get up,
I get down Two million people barely satisfy
Two hundred women watch one woman cry, too late
The eyes of honesty can achieve
How many millions do we deceive each day?
I get up, I get down
I get up, I get down In charge of who is there in charge of me
Do I look on blindly and say I see the way?
The truth is written all along the page
How old will I be before I come of age for you?
I get up, I get down
I get up, I get down
I get up, I get down The time between the notes relates the color to the scenes
A constant vogue of triumphs dislocate man, it seems
And space between the focus shape ascend knowledge of love
As song and chance develop time, lost social temperance rules above
Ah, ah Then according to the man who showed his outstretched arm to space,
He turned around and pointed, revealing all the human race
I shook my head and smiled a whisper, knowing all about the place
On the hill we viewed the silence of the valley,
Called to witness cycles only of the past
And we reach all this with movements in between the said remark Close to the edge, down by the river
Down at the end, round by the corner
Seasons will pass you by,
Now that it's all over and done,
Called to the seed, right to the sun
Now that you find, now that you're whole
Seasons will pass you by,
I get up, I get down
I get up, I get down
I get up, I get down
I get up

Songwriters

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