

## Barclay James Harvest

### "Float"

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Sometimes I think of them now  
Those honey-scented days  
When sun's bright rays shone on my face  
Then summer blazed through the trees  
And softened by the shade  
It filled that sylvan place  
Float  
Go with the flow  
Not high not low  
Before you go  
Float  
And live in hope  
When judgement comes  
It comes to save us all

Now all that's left is a sound  
A hollow echoing  
No faith no heart in what I make  
And those bright things I once saw  
Are shadowy  
Dead leaves  
Like dreams  
Drift on the lake

Float  
Go with the flow  
Not high not low  
Before you go  
Float  
And live in hope  
When judgement comes  
It comes to save us all

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