

Emerson Hart

"A Time And A Place"

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There is a place, a time and a space
Just no one can trace, that non one can trace.

Somewhere a hill, where things are still
Rain water spill, just rain water spill.

Sleep in a dream of butter milk cream
You dance on a beam, dancing on a beam.

Save me from this shallow land, take me out of
temper's hand
Drag me from the burning sand, show me those that
understand.

Save me from this shallow land, take me out of
temper's hand
Drag me from the burning sand, show me those that
understand.

Rest in shade, no sound his made,
Where silence is played, sound of silence played.

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