

Fairport Convention "One More Chance"

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Calling all olive branches and laid-off doves
There is work to do before you say good-bye
Who can see them turning to the face of love?
Though I hear them pleading with me, "Don't let us die"
As I sit, I can see their troubled souls wander by
And I feel them leaning on my shoulder to cry
"Oh, oh one more chance"

The naked tree of winter seems to stand so proud
Lording the poor mortal as he goes
And the tears which well beneath his sombre shroud
Will they fall with the shame of somebody who knows
He can never be like the thought of a rose
Whose beauty remains even when the bloom goes?
"Oh, oh one more chance"

Oh is it too late to change the way
We're bound to go?
Is it too late?
Then surely one of us must know

Is it too late to change the way
We're bound to go?
Is it too late?
Then surely one of us must know

Is it too late?
Then surely one of us must know

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