

**Ian Anderson****"The Jasmine Corridor"**

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In all my lives, I never knew anyone like you before  
Woke up one day, swore I heard the sound of heaven  
knocking on my door  
And after all these years long passing,  
Time to reflect, no time for wasting  
Walking down the jasmine corridor

Reflecting echoes of quiet laughter

In all my life, I was never better served than I was  
served by you  
And in my way, hope you agree I tried to serve you too  
Out on the headland I stepped once unsteady  
You there to catch me, I breathe more freely  
Hand in mine down the jasmine corridor

Through all my life, I chased flitting illusions at a faster  
pace  
Never stopped to think the moment was for seizing  
Had myself to face  
You made my bed to lie in, stately  
Mad cats, grandchildren, here more often lately  
The final view from the jasmine corridor

Thanks to razvan

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