

Kaledon

"Dust"

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I once wrote a book about two men
They went round the world and back again
One was Julian - one was me
Such a passion to be free

We watched UFOs from southern shores
back in 65 - or 64
This is memory; these are dreams
Only he knows what I mean

Everything returns to dust
And it all gets blown away
And we all get born again to live another day
And the dust gets blown away

I like counting stars on frosty nights
One million years go by to see that light
I dream of broken wings - I dream of dust
we are gold and we are dust

It's a shame to count the days - so many days
It's a shame to count the days - so many days

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And it all gets blown away
And we all get born again to live another day
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