

## **Kaleidoscope**

### **"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

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

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