

Osanna

"Canzona"

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Oh, There will be time to turn away There will be time
Oh, There will be time to meet and play There will be
time
And to pretend I've got a reason to be late
There will be time to die and to create
To be the tyrant or to be the slave
Oh, there will be time to wonder why There will be time
Or to be some boarder passing by There will be time
There will be time for every war and peace at mind
Forgettin' fairy tales until I'm blind
There will be time to curse And time to lie

Then will I dare? Then will I dare? Then will I dare? Then
will I dare? Then will I dare? Then will I dare?
What will I do? What will I say? What will I cry?
What will I do? What will I say? What will I cry?
How many How many days? How many lives?

Oh, There will be time to cross the seas There will be
time
Or to fall to fall down on my knees There will be time
But I am spending never ending afternoons
Countin' out days with coffee spoons
In search of what has been already mine

How many days? How many lives? Yee But there will be
time...

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