

P.F.M. (Premiata Forneria Marconi) "Sea Of Memory"

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If only we remembered
as much as we forget...
The pasts a foreign country
we cant go back to yet.
we wait down in the valley
and till the soil by hand
feeling the weight of water
built up behind the dam.
Left and right, up and down, head over heels
thats the only way that we know
down and up, right and left, over and over
tumbling on with the flow
through time our ghosts are swimming
like schools of angel fish
we have no way of feeling
the flow of water under the bridge
were working in the fields
were making tracks
all of our histories stacked behind our backs
high up above us now
the dam wall cracks
here comes everything weve been
in the flood of memory
if only we remembered
as much as we forget
in only we could see that
what we give is what we get
here comes the flooding water
to wash us to the sea
of memory.
on and on
the water flows
on and on
it goes
one by one
well all find our own way home
we wait down in the valley
and till the soil by hand
we feel the weight of water
thats building up behind the dam
and
up and down, left and right, head over heels

we go
down and up right and left, slippery eels
if only we remembered
as much as we forget
in only we could see
what we give is what we get
here comes the flooding water
to wash us to the sea
(of) memory.

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