

Yes

"The Seasons Of Man"

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The time between the notes relates the color to the scenes.
A constant vogue of triumphs dislocate man, so it seems.
And space between the focus shape ascend knowledge of love.
As song and chance develop time, lost social temp'rance rules above.
Ah, ah.

Then according to the man who showed his outstretched arm to space,
He turned around and pointed, revealing all the human race.
I shook my head and smiled a whisper, knowing all about the place.
On the hill we viewed the silence of the valley,
Called to witness cycles only of the past.
And we reach all this with movements in between the said remark.

Close to the edge, down by the river.
Down at the end, round by the corner.
Seasons will pass you by,
Now that it's all over and done,
Called to the seed, right to the sun.
Now that you find, now that you're whole.
Seasons will pass you by,
I get up, I get down.
I get up, I get down.
I get up, I get down.
And You And I
I. Cord Of Life

A man conceived a moment's answers to the dream.
Staying the flowers daily, sensing all the themes.
As a foundation left to create the spiral aim,
A movement regained and regarded both the same,
All complete in the sight of seeds of life with you.
Changed only for a sight of sound, the space agreed.
Between the picture of time behind the face of need,

Coming quickly to terms of all expression laid,
Emotion revealed as the ocean maid,
All complete in the sight of seeds of life with you.
Oh.

Coins and crosses
Never know their fruitless worth;
Cords are broken,
Locked inside the mother earth.
They won't hide, hold, they won't tell you,
Watching the world, watching all of the world,
Watching us go by.

And you and I climb over the sea to the valley,
And you and I reached out for reasons to call.

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