

Yes "Turn Of The Century"

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(Anderson,Howe,White)

Realizing a form out of stone
Set hands moving
Roan shaped his heart
Through his working hands
Work to mold his passion into clay, like the sun

In his room his lady
She would dance and sing so completely
So be still he now cries
I have time oh let clay transform thee so

In the deep cold of night
Winter calls he cries Don't deny me
For his lady, deep her illness
Time has caught her
And will for all reasons take her

In the still light of dawn, she dies
Helpless hands soul revealing

Like leaves we touch we learn
We once knew the story
As winter calls he will starve
All but to see the stone be life

Now Roan, no more tears
Set to work his strength
So transformed him
Realizing a form out of stone
His work so absorbed him
Could she hear him?
Could she see him?
All aglow was his room dazed in this light
He would touch her
He would hold her
Laughing as they danced
Highest colors touching others

Did her eyes at the turn of the century
Tell me plainly

How we meet, how we'll love, oh let life so transform
me

Like leaves we touched we danced
We once knew the story
As autumn called and we both
Remembered all those many years ago
I'm sure we know

Was the sign of the day with a touch
As I kiss your fingers
We walk hands in the sun
Memories when we're young
Love lingers so

Was it sun through the haze
That made all your looks
As warm as moonlight?
As a pearl deep your eyes
Tears have flown away
All the same light

Did her eyes at the turn of the century
Tell me plainly
When we meet how we'll look
As we smile time will leave me clearly

Like leaves we touch, we see
We will know the story
As autumn calls we'll both remember
All those many years ago

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