

## **The Alan Parsons Project "The Naked Robot"**

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And I, could easily fall from grace  
Then another would take my place  
For the chance to behold your face

And the days, of my life are but grains of sand  
As they fall from your open hand  
At the call of the winds' command

Many words are spoken when there's nothing to say  
They fall upon the ears of those who don't know the  
way  
To read between the lines, that lead between the lines,  
that lead me to you  
All that I ask you  
Is, show me how to follow you and I'll obey  
Teach me how to reach you I can't find my own way  
Let me see the light, let me be the light

As the sun turns slowly around the sky  
Till the shadow of night is high  
The eagle will learn to fly

And the days of his life are but grains of sand  
As they fall from your open hand  
And vanish upon the land

Many words are spoken when there's nothing to say  
They fall upon the ears of those who don't know the  
way  
To read between the lines, by following the signs that  
can lead to you  
But show me how to follow you and I'll obey  
Teach me how to reach you I can't find my own way  
Let me see the light, let me be the light

And so, with no warning, no last goodbye  
In the dawn of the morning sky  
The eagle will rise again

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