

David Gelman "Mosaic"

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The mosaic's made of tiles
Jagged bits of glass and stone
The picture is a puzzle
If the pieces all aren't shown
The meaning is unknown

I see traces of a pattern
In memories I can't erase
As I conjure up an image
Of a different time and place
I search for your face

In incremental moments
In broken bits of time
Looking for the pieces I left behind

If I could only turn back

The hands of time
I'd go looking past your eyes
To the corners of your mind

Your smile just held a fragment
Of the mystery you hide
I never found the secret
Of what you held inside
I never tried

In incremental moments
In broken bits of time
Looking for the pieces I left behind

If I could only turn back
The hands of time
I'd go looking past your eyes
To the corners of your mind

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