

Anderson, Bruford, Wakeman & Howe

"Close To The Edge"

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A seasoned witch could call you from the depths of
your disgrace,
And rearrange your liver to the solid mental grace,
And achieve it all with music that came quickly from
afar,
Then taste the fruit of man recorded losing all against
the hour.
And assessing points to nowhere, leading ev'ry single
one.
A dewdrop can exalt us like the music of the sun,
And take away the plain in which we move,
And choose the course you're running.

Down at the edge, round by the corner,
Not right away, not right away.
Close to the edge, down by a river,
Not right away, not right away.

Crossed the line around the changes of the summer,
Reaching out to call the color of the sky.
Passed around a moment clothed in mornings faster
than we see.
Getting over all the time I had to worry,
Leaving all the changes far from far behind.
We relieve the tension only to find out the master's
name.

Down at the end, round by the corner.
Close to the edge, just by a river.
Seasons will pass you by.
I get up, I get down.
Now that it's all over and done,
Now that you find, now that you're whole.

My eyes convinced, eclipsed with the younger moon
attained with love.
It changed as almost strained amidst clear manna
from above.
I crucified my hate and held the word within my hand.
There's you, the time, the logic, or the reasons we
don't understand.

Sad courage claimed the victims standing still for all to
see,
As armoured movers took approached to overlook the
sea.
There since the cord, the license, or the reasons we
understood will be.

Down at the edge, close by a river.
Close to the edge, round by the corner.
Close to the end, down by the corner.
Down at the edge, round by the river.

Sudden problems shouldn't take away the startled
memory.
All in all, the journey takes you all the way.
As apart from any reality that you've ever seen and
known.
Guessing problems only to deceive the mention,
Passing paths that climb halfway into the void.
As we cross from side to side, we hear the total mass
retain.

Down at the edge, round by the corner.
Close to the end, down by a river.
Seasons will pass you by.
I get up, I get down.

In her white lace, you could clearly see the lady sadly
looking.
Saying that she'd take the blame
For the crucifixion of her own domain. I get up,
I get down,
I get up,
I get down.

Two million people barely satisfy.
Two hundred women watch one woman cry, too late.
The eyes of honesty can achieve.
How many millions do we deceive each day?
I get up, I get down.
I get up, I get down.

In charge of who is there in charge of me.
Do I look on blindly and say I see the way?
The truth is written all along the page.
How old will I be before I come of age for you?
I get up, I get down.
I get up, I get down.
I get up, I get down.

The time between the notes relates the color to the
scenes.
A constant vogue of triumphs dislocate man, 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.
I get up.

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