

Anderson, Bruford, Wakeman & Howe

"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, 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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