

Steve Howe "Doors Of Sleep"

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Steve Howe/Alice Meynell)
Life is just a reflection
Sometime mirrored i nthe past
As we strive for perfection
We live until we last
Where the new might grow with the old
Where the fool is oft times the wise
Everything has got to be evened out
Leaving as without a doubt
Home, home from the horizon
Far and clear
Hither to the soft wings sweep
Flocks of the memories
Of the days draw near
The dove-cote doors of sleep
Which way are they, that come through this sweet light
Of all these homing birds
Which? with the straightest and the swiftest flight
Your words to me, your words
The first time I took this girl's hand
She was as if for whom I was born
And there's more besides a fair morning
Needed for a fair day

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