

## Howe Steve

### "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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