

Emerson, Lake & Palmer, Take A Pebble

Just take a pebble and cast it to the sea,
Then watch the ripples that unfold into me
My face spill so gently into your eyes
Disturbing the waters of our lives

Shred of our memories are lying on your grass
Wounded words of laughter are graveyards of the past
Photographs are grey and torn, scattered in your fields
Letters of your mem'ries are not real

Sadness on your shoulders like a wornout overcoat
In pockets creased and tattered hang the rags of your hope
The daybreak is your midnight; the colours have all died
Disturbing the waters of our lives, of our lives, of our lives, lives, lives, lives
Of our lives