Yes, Turn Of The Century

(Anderson/Howe/White)

Realising a form out of stone Set hands moving Roan shaped his heart Thru his working hands Work to mould his passion into clay Like the sun

In his room, his lady She would dance and sing so completely So be still, he now cries I have time, oh let clay transform thee so

In the deep cold of night Winter calls, he cries, don't deny me For his lady, deep her illness Time has caught her And will for all reasons take her

In the still light of dawn, she dies Helpless hands soul revealing

Like leaves we touch, we learn We once knew the story As Winter calls he will starve All but to see the stone be life

Now Roan no more tears
Set to work his strength
So transformed him
Realising a form out of stone, his work
So absorbed him
Could she hear him
Could she see him
All aglow was his room dazed in this light
He would touch her
He would hold her
Laughing as they danced
Highest colours touching others

Did her eyes at the turn of the century Tell me plainly When we meet, how we'll love, oh let life so transform me

Like leaves we touched, we danced We once knew the story As autumn called and we both Remembered all those many years ago I'm sure we know

Was the sign with a touch As I kiss your fingers We walk hands in the sun Memories when we're young Love lingers so.

Was it sun thru the haze That made all your looks As warm as moonlight As a pearl deep your eyes Tears have flown away All the same light Did her eyes at the turn of the century Tell me plainly When we meet how we'll look As we smile time will leave me clearly

Like leaves we touch, we see We will know the story As Autumn calls we'll both remember All those many years ago