

Lyrics from Stanley Greenthal - "First Song"

Just Like The River

Words and music by Robin Williamson, Pig's Whisker Music

Now the leaves are falling, memory's no good to me
If all these tangled years won't finally set me free

Now the leaves are falling but when the leaves are gone
Just like the river I'll be rolling on

I've been down by the riverside tearing up the photos today
Little scraps of paper like fallen leaves floating floating away

Now the leaves are falling, yes,
But when the leaves are gone
Just like the river I'll be rolling on
Just like the river I'll be rolling on

refrain:

All along the graveyard wall
People claim to know it all
But these ghosts are all that's bothering me
People that I used to be
In the end my friend
it's just about the trust you stole
You'll have to go stumbling away alone with your tarnished gold

Now the leaves are falling but when the leaves are gone
Just like the river I'll be rolling on
Just like the river I'll be rolling on

(repeat refrain:)

Now the leaves are falling, yeah,
When the leaves are gone
Just like the river I'll be rolling on
Just like the river I'll be rolling on

The Waves

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The waves that carry us
the waves that carry us
in time, in time
the waves that carry us in time
the waves that carry us in time
will pass over us

The touch of your hand
the touch of your hand
the touch of your hand
a receding shore

Our hearts full
our hearts full
let the waves, let the waves
carry us away
our hearts full let the waves
carry us away
in the play of light upon water
in the play of light upon water

The waves that carry us
the waves that carry us
in time, in time
will pass over us

The touch of your hand
a receding shore

Our hearts full let the waves
carry us away

in the play of light upon water
in the play of light upon water

Verses At Ellesmere

Words and music by Robin Williamson, Pig's Whisker Music

Because you wear the face of all women for me
I yearn for you with the yearning of all men
Along the faceless streets of shadowed England
Owning the broad daylight of my pain
Owning the broad daylight of my pain

Who can deal an order on God's ardour?
Who can out-shuffle every shift of the cards?
Among the tangled turns of nettled England
How sweetly blooms the rose among graveyards
How sweetly blooms the rose among graveyards

If love can clasp or fathom to some ultimate stand
Neither pity nor desire can tell
Among the lonesome crowds of familiar England
Knowing every kiss is a kiss of farewell
Knowing every kiss is a kiss of farewell

Wooden-loined, I praise the evergreenness of things
The patternlessness, the perfect lack of symmetry
Among the sad, sad markets of heartless England
Till my heart shall cease to seek to make bargains for me
Till my heart shall cease to seek to make bargains for me

Lyrics from Stanley Greenthal - "First Song"

Song For David

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Returning home from New York City
and the funeral of a friend
watching the sun set
from twenty thousand feet in the air

I see the red horizon lifting to golden orange,
indigo, then shades of blue, shades of deeper blue
until that night sky finally darkened

And I find a single evening star
in all that hovering darkness
It is your star
It is your star

And just when it seemed impossible
for any more color to appear
the landscape below went black
leaving the horizon crimson
leaving the star
above the blue, above oh so luminous
indigo

I think of you
How I think of you
And I will think of you

This is your song
This is your song
to hear your voice coming through
I'll play a chord for you

Returning home from New York City
and the funeral of a friend

One More Time

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One more time to tell you I love you
One more time to lie by your side
One more time to say what I cannot say
For you to know how I love you

One more time to see your face
One more time to pass the clouds away
If I could take back all those words I never said
To give back what I've taken so freely

Farewell was the word when you left in the morning
"Farewell," you said, and I didn't know it was true
You'd be leaving for good as you followed the mountain

Ah one more time to live in this moment
One more time with you my love
One more time I'll be asking of you
One more time

First Song

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Walking in autumn
a field of wild grasses bending
our first kiss returns

Our first kiss finds us
touched by age, many joys, old sorrows
and the blessing of new family

Our bodies are less supple
yielding more like water
taking the shape it finds

How far have we traveled?
Not far, only nearer to the last page
in the book of questions
in this miracle passing moment

The stones we gather at the water
like memories
accompany us a short while

Sometimes the only song
is the song I knew before we were born
still echoing in our breathing

Can our voices lift this fragile world
holding close and singing to the last
that first song of love

Walking in autumn
a field of wild grasses bending
our first kiss returns