

Into Dust

Robin Trower

Will you wait until the sunrise.
Will you take this chance to be.
All the beauty in this timeless reverie.

Every moment at your window.
Every hour at your door.
In the starlight I will follow endlessly.

Let the days begin to tumble - as they must.
Let the past begin to crumble - into dust.

Like a child you see my wonder.
You reach out to ease my fall.
And we drift into the silence after all.