

Cello Song

The Books

Strange face, with your eyes
So pale and sincere
Underneath, you know well
You have nothing to fear
For the dreams that came to you
when you were young
Told of a life where spring has sprung

You would seem so frail
In the cold of the night
When the armies of emotion
Go out to fight
But while the earth
Sinks to its grave
You sail to the sky
On the crest of a wave

So forget this cruel world
Where I belong
I'll just sit and wait
And sing my song
And if one day
you should see me in the crowd
Lend a hand and lift me
To your place in the cloud