

Quest For The Harvest Of The Stars

Be Bop Deluxe

Many years have passed me by, its true
Many dreams have vanished from my view
I've chased them all
But there has been no answer
Though I recall
My innocence and laughter
I'm feeling older now
But what comes after this is through

Time had traced its maps across my face
Sign and lines for you to navigate
And in the end
There will be no returning
Lets not pretend
No regrets and no yearnings
Could keep and fill your heart
If all you've got to what you do

The ancient quest for meaning calls me now
Over the edge of my horizon
And all the fields of green that I must plow
To reap the harvest of the stars

I see the isle of Avalon
So blue, so green and real
I feel the smile, the victory won
By thinking words I feel
The broken beat of holy drums
Flashing eyes of suns
The chalice fills and overflows
Then ancient day's begun
Sail on you pilgrim wonderers
On tides of blessed faith
Here in this land of Albion
Two thousand years from you
Two thousand years from you
Two thousand years from you I will