

Conroy

Cake

A mirror image of a silver sky,
nests of pines and brandy wines, build this country to the sky
Do you remember now, the oblivion of youthful minds,
caught up in the fashions of their time...

Roll away,

I can see that clearly now, every time I look into this
mirror image of a silver sky,
nests of pines and brandy wine, build this country to the sky
What would they say?

God is here in this country by the sky

A mirror image of a silver sky,
nests of pines and brandy wines, build this country to the sky
Piecemeal of yesteryear,
a stained glass moment marking time,
with full intent on my 22 year old mind

Roll away,

I can see that clearly now,
every time I look into this mirror image of a silver sky,
nests of pines and brandy wine, build this country to the sky
What would they say?

God is here in this country by the sky