

History

Douwe Bob

History is passing by
Searching eyes all looking at the ancient sky
River carves a canyon wide
Running to the valley from the mountain high

Way up here a soft wind is always blowing
Down to where the forest is ever growing

Don't you believe
Man is but a small grain in the sands of time
Don't you believe
We are merely seconds to the years gone by
Let's make 'em shine

Coast to coast from home to home
Riding over plains and passing ancient stones
She gallops and she shakes my bones
The trees are humming melodies I've always known

Way up here a soft wind is always blowing
Down to where the forest is ever young

Don't you believe
Man is but a small grain in the sands of time
Don't you believe
We are merely seconds to the years gone by
Let's make 'em shine
(We'll make 'em shine)
Let's make 'em shine