

Coming Closer to the Day

Robin Trower

Does the road stretch out for me
Like dead trails across a clear blue sky
Maybe a path not foreseen
To somewhere yet to be defined

Coming closer to the day
Move up through the gears or turn away

Could be a promise of the reap
Not a head full of whispered lies
Take up my armour and my shield
As the sun begins to rise

Coming closer to the day
Move up through the gears or turn away

Stop counting every step
And be free

How to make the going sweet
And ride a wave on a crest
Wake up from forgetful sleep
As all goes forward not without rest

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And be free