Jigsaw

Robin Trower

At the center of the universe or on the street without a name
All the pieces will fit together just the same
Darkest day or the brightest sky or burned a little by the flam
e
All the pieces will fit together just the same

Rest into another dawn reaching for a spotlight game
Then lead onto, onto a life of constant rain

Whether in a time of gifts or colors turning pale
Some must go astray while others shall prevail

Taking one bolder step may not be free of pain
But all the pieces will fit together just the same

All the pieces will fit together just the same

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