

The Book

Roger Whittaker

Look my love, life is written like a story book
It starts, it ends in the middle of the pause you took
Some are weak, some are stronger
Some are short, some long
Some are here to pass the time away
Some are always here to stay

But believe me, time moves slow
To begin with darling, time move slow
As the trickle falls into a flow
Till you stop and wonder where did life go

See his Grand and she's sitting in the photograph
I can't see why such a silly hat should make you laugh
Hold my hand and I'm trying to make you understand
That to you a million years away seems to me to be a day

Oh believe me, time moves slow
To begin with darling, time move slow
As the trickle falls into a flow
Till you stop and wonder where did life go

Cast from my hand my book
Lies in the sound
I thought I'd write today
Words I'd written yesterday
But is it tears? Is it rain?
Blurs the words that made
Oh look look, look look
Look look, look look

Look my love, life is simply like a story book
Written down is the love you gave and all you took
Write today all the little things you try to say
Do it right away and waste no time
Write a chapter, write a line

Oh believe me, time moves slow
To begin with darling, time move slow
As a trickle falls into a flow
Till you stop and wonder where did life go