

The Eagle Will Rise Again

The Alan Parsons Project

And I could easily fall from grace,
Then another would take my place
For the chance to behold your face...

And the days of my life are but grains of sand
As they fall from your open hand
At the call of the wind's command...

Many words are spoken when there's nothing to say.
They fall upon the ears of those who don't know the way
To read between the lines, that lead between the lines
That lead me to you.

All that I ask you
Is, show me how to follow you and I'll obey.
Teach me how to reach you, I can't find my way.
Let me see the light...Let me be the light.

As the sun turns slowly around the sky
Till the shadow of night is high...
The eagle will learn to fly.

And the days of his life are but grains of sand
As they fall from your open hand
And vanish among the land.

Many words are spoken when there's nothing to say...
They fall upon the ears of those who don't know the way
To read between the lines, by following the signs
That can lead to you...

But show me how to follow you and I'll obey.
Teach me how to reach you, I can't find my way.
Let me see the light...Let me be the light.

And so, with no warning, nor last goodbyes,
In the shadow of the morning skies,
The eagle will rise
Again.