

Abra Moore, In Light Of It All

The road full of light
I have mine
Full of desire

In all of the world
There is a big mountain
Full of green daffodils
Swimming in the coldest part of spring

In light of it all
It comes pouring
Some going this way and others that
And straight down the track
You can hear 'em all falling

The road full of light
I have mine
Full of desire
In the light of it all
I have gone