

# Emerson, Lake & Palmer, Take A Pebble

Just take a pebble and cast it to the sea,  
Then watch the ripples that unfold into me  
My face spill so gently into your eyes  
Disturbing the waters of our lives

Shred of our memories are lying on your grass  
Wounded words of laughter are graveyards of the past  
Photographs are grey and torn, scattered in your fields  
Letters of your mem'ries are not real

Sadness on your shoulders like a wornout overcoat  
In pockets creased and tattered hang the rags of your hope  
The daybreak is your midnight; the colours have all died  
Disturbing the waters of our lives, of our lives, of our lives, lives, lives, lives  
Of our lives