

Fairport Convention, One More Chance

(Sandy Denny)

Calling all olive branches and laid off doves

There is work to do before we say goodbye

But who can see them turning to the face of love

Though I hear them pleading with me, don't let us die

As I sit I can see their troubled souls wander by

And I feel them leaning on my shoulder to cry

Oh, one more chance

Naked tree of winter seems to stand so proud

Lording the poor mortal as he goes

And the tears which well beneath his somber shroud

Will they fall with the shame of somebody who knows

He can never be like the thought of a rose

Whose beauty remains, even when the bloom goes

Oh, oh, one more chance

Or is it too late to change the ways we're bound to go

Is it too late, there's surely one of us must know

Is it too late to change the ways we're bound to go

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