

Joshua Kadison, Fragile Days

You are afraid, you are afraid
in these fragile days of men.
and i know

You are afraid, you are afraid
we may never meet again.

Well, so am I but don't you cry because

I'll be there in the song of your memory,
in a land where tommorow never comes.

I'll be there in the wings of a butterfly
where the wind through the tall grass sweetly hums.

I'll be there in the depths of a beggar's eyes,
in the rivers of tears as the wars rage on.

There in the kiss of a lover's lips.

I'll be there even though you think I've gone,
so don't be afraid

Don't be afraid.

I am afraid, I am afraid
these are fragile days of men.

And I know you are afraid, you are afraid.

You know something's coming but you don't know when.

Remember me, I'll be in all that you see.

I'll be there in the song of your memory,
in a land where tommorow never comes.

I'll be there in the wings of a butterfly
where the wind through the tall grass sweetly hums.

I'll be there in the depths of a beggar's eyes,
in the rivers of tears as the wars rage on.

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