

Anderson Jon, Animation

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When I was young I had thoughts of a kind that still linger
entwined with realities reasoning
I'd sit on the hill side and look out far yonder, imagine I'd easily
fly away, to where? I don't know,
But the imagery caught by my quick imagination would lift me
my spirit to conquer a fall
Well now let me tell you the simplest of stories
We've all been through this moment
and really we've all been
through this birth

All praise this glorious chance of life
All praise this wonderous feeling too
All praise this time we all go through
This pain This light, we bare so fast
Rebirth at last

And I wanted to be by my wife
As she'd laboured and given
The child a life, she the purest soul
So I wanted to be by her side
For the very first time I said
For the full and simple reason
Well I wanted it, well yes I did

As a Mother and Father of innocence
Gladly helping a child to this world
There was more than relief on our minds
It was like touching moments in History
Not just for a memory
With the help of those dear people
Who could have thought for a better
reason of just wanting to be there
Who could have thought for a better
reason of just wanting to be there
Who could have thought for a better
reason of just wanting to be there
For the full and simple reason
Well I wanted it
wanted it
wanted to be there

Out in a whispering of time
Can a Mother and Child love right away
Mother and Father as their right accept a reason
As the child's eyes that dream on and dream a life away
So the moment I thought about release of life that comes on
And how hopefully wise we become with each passing day
I wondered at this devine "Animation Of Life"
As the moment her eyes opened wide I could see
it was her first day
was her first sound
Time had stood still
Brought my knees to the ground

The moment I saw the look in her eyes
I knew I was captured by an angel in disguise
And as I sit on that green covered hill long ago
The memory of a deeper love inside me flows

Oh -- it comes and it passes through you

Oh -- it comes and it passes through you

Tell me things that our fore fathers have tried
I'll tell you there's nothing in life to touch the birth of a child,
I want these words to linger on and on
for I was there beside my loved one

Oh tell me there is nothing like seeing the birth of a child
So tell me the thought
the memory
lingers so.