

# Anthony Phillips, Master Of Time

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The Geese And The Ghost

Master Of Time

She makes her face up in the looking glass

The bell is counting down the time

They're shouting out to see the princess dance

She takes the key and starts her climb

Lucy, now that you're famous

Lucy, you're still my dream

Lucy, will you remember?

Lucy, oh Lucy will

I always knew you'd reach the dizzy heights

And leave me stranded far below

And through the years as we were put to flight

My heart is aching still to know

Lucy, now that you're famous

Lucy, you're still my dream

Lucy, will you remember?

Lucy, oh Lucy will

And so the light burns out your name tonight

Back in your room the crowds all leave

Have fame and fortune been the dream you hoped

Or is it just a hollow scheme?

Lucy, now that you're famous

Lucy, you're still my dream

Lucy, will you remember?

Lucy, oh Lucy will