

Barclay James Harvest, The, Song With No Mean

Barclay James Harvest, The
And Other Short Stories/Baby James Harvest
Song With No Meaning
Passing time in the sun
To think of things, lost and done
You wonder why she left so soon
No word or reason why
All feelings born can only die
Lazy days passing by
With memories you just can't hide
The song flows on you can't pursue
Your words don't mean a thing
The mood's too hard for you to sing

Moving on with a sigh
A silhouette against the sky
The seconds they dripped right on by
And slowly filled the day
And feelings born can only fade away