

Bill Miller, River Of Time

I was lookin' back on faded dreams from yesturday
Like a brush from my past they painted the evening sky
But the currents so strong, I couldn't hold on
They kept rollin' by
And all the colors bled into a river of time

The innocent child fades into the mist on the river of time
An angry young man is shaking his fist on the river of time
Roll on river of time, rage on river of time

There are faces and places I hold sacred
Some I've passed along the way
Some live on in memory, some I've passed along the way
With the rain from a storm, a river is born
Winding down to the sea, and the river of time
Keeps on rollin' thru eternity

The angry young man learns how to forgive
On the river of time
He holds an innocent child in his arms
On the river of time
Roll on river of time
Rage on river of time