

# Demis Roussos, Shadows

Shadows of a thousand faces keep on turning in your mind,  
and forgotten names and places never really left behind.  
Is it your imagination seeking shelter from the rain,  
or a lonesome conversation once again.  
Shadows never point a finger at the things you say or do,  
silently they seem to linger any way you may run to.  
Sharing every joy or torment, every laughter or despair,  
facing you at any moment if you dare.

Gentle hearts at once surrender what you didn't understand,  
conquest of the night that ended holding you with trembling hands.  
In a book a fall leaf-clover marks the days spent alone,  
till she found that it was over long ago.  
Little things have lost their meaning leaving only emptiness,  
tender words and simple feelings never eased your angried hands.  
Yesterdays remain so certain and tomorrows round the bend,  
can you read the line that darkens on your hand.

Both ends of a candle burning shine so brightly for a while,  
Wrinkles of life reflecting in your smile.  
Shadows never point a finger at the things you say or do,  
silently they seem to linger any way you may run to.  
Sharing every joy or torment, every laughter or despair,  
facing you at any moment if you dare.