

Emerson, Lake & Palmer, A Time And A Place

There is a place, a time and a space
Just no one can trace, that none one can trace
Somewhere a hill, where things are still
Rain water spill, just rain water spill
Sleep in a dream of butter milk cream
You dance on a beam, dancing on a beam

Save me from this shallow land, take me out of temper's hand
Drag me from the burning sand, show me those that understand

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Drag me from the burning sand, show me those that understand

Rest in shade, no sound has made
Where silence is played, sound of silence played