

Humble Pie, As Safe As Yesterday Is

Can I face tomorrow
With the news you bring me
My soul feels cold like ice
A pinprick makes no pain
Hear me, listen, help me
I felt our thing change
From love to something else
How can it plague my mind
A pinprick makes no pain
Hear me, listen, help me
I shall find myself
But I must have the time
To sow the seeds of something new
Farmer plough the field
Harvest all you can
A corn field smells so sweet
A pinprick makes no pain
Hear me, listen, help me
But to follow the weaver of dreams
Behind the sun that knows, it seems that
I am foresworn - a naked troubadour
I sit at court and I sing
To the Princess of Beauty and Light
She favours me though I'm merely
A minstrel of the night
There on my right
Sits the King with his clowns
He pays to laugh
While his queen lives on downs
And the smile on his brow is the crown
Morning bird sing, fill my ears
With the joy of our sorrow unmasked
Lend me your wings for the sunrays of dawn
Are here to last
I take my leave, as I leave I must take
All I have seen in my dream - then I wake
And it is as safe as yesterday is