Jack Bruce, To Isengard

And so our time is fields of sleep
And so our bed is endless deep
And so the waves are grass in sun
And so our time has just begun
And so our love moves much too fast
And sun and sleep can never last
love is lost
last
but one... but once

The time was ours we never cared
For soaring flights that eagles dared
The air was full of peaceful birds
Your eyes were moist unspoken words
And so our love moves much too fast
And sun and eyes can never last

Fire is lost
last
but one... but once

Over the hills the good times
are sitting under grey clouds
And the sound of the love songs
Is being lost in the crowds
of the magical lessons
that you taught me from the walls
I forgot all the path ways
and I remembered the falls

remember...