

John Miles, Overture

Sad and lonely is a place I've been
Lost forever in a young boy's dream,
Taking chances that won't come again.
Thinking back, was I so happy then?

Who's behind me now I've come so far
Living up to what they say you are.
Crowds of people queue to see my show,
Scared to face it - but how could they know?

Take a look at the young man
Laughing out loud at the fool.
Pay the price tomorrow,
Breaking every rule.
Take a look at the old man
Going back in time with a sigh.
All he's got is yesterday,
He's living just to die.

Take a look at the wise man
Keepin' both his feet on the ground.
Needs no one to change him,
Turn his head around.
Take a look at the weak man,
Could he ever stand on his own?
Waiting for the day to come
When he'll be all alone.

Take a look at the blind man
Wishing every day he could see.
He lives his life in darkness.
Be grateful, you and me.
Take a look at yourself now,
Standing with your back to the wall.
Pride will get you nowhere fast,
We're waiting for the fall.

Once a whisper that was never heard
People listening to every word.
Life is changing in so many ways,
Out of darkness into better days.

Now the empty seats as people rise,
Lights are fading and the memory dies.
Lost in silence as I stop and stare,
Leaving ghostly echoes everywhere.

The overture is over but for me its just begun.