

John Miles, Zaragon

Somewhere in the early morning,
Quietly the boy appears.
Time is standing still for someone,
His journey took ten thousand years.

Slowly as he looks around him,
More than wonder in his eyes.
Turns his head towards the city,
Hiding in a child's disguise.

What is his name?
He looks the same from here.
And how can a child with imaginings wild
Give us something to fear?
Zaragon, Zaragon.
When you're sad, do you cry,
Could you teach me to fly
And will you ever die, Zaragon?

Everywhere so much confusion
Crying out for helping hands.
Answering a young boy's questions,
Frightened that he understands.
Do you remember what lies beyond a star and
Do you remember how you came so far?
Hiding traces, do you have many faces?
Oh Zaragon...
Do you remember what did you leave behind and
Do you remember what did you hope to find here?
Will you remember me? Will you remember me?
I will remember you, I will remember you,
Zaragon!

Leaving as he came a stranger,
On his way without a sound,
Feeling more than childhood sorrow
Deep inside the world he found.

Zaragon, the boy no longer,
Knowing what he came to learn.
And someone who could just be dreaming
Is waiting for a child's return.