Justin Hayward, Moving Mountains

The cool of the evening The strange unknown of the night The warmth of the morning The graceful bird in its flight Well don't be afraid of the world Let me take you by the hand We can move mountains The gift of tomorrow The friends we've left far behind The ones we remember Their love will live in our minds Well don't turn around Don't look back Let me take you by the hand We can move mountains Cause the sands of time Are on our side Put your hand in mine Let our fortunes ride We'll sail away On a wave of love Let the four winds blow From heaven above The wind on the water seems To whisper soft in my ear The call of the ocean Across the waves I can hear Don't be afraid of the world Let me take you by the hand We can move mountains Cause the sands of time Are on our side Put your hand in mine Let our fortunes ride We'll sail away On a wave of love Let the four winds blow From heaven above