

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