

Lake, The Final Curtain

He was a dreamer from the day he was born
Now hes an old man, and his body is worn
In his eyes burns a flame, all that remains
Of the man that they all used to know

Home for the first time, in manys the day
His sons and his daughters, reunited again
Birth or death, wedding bells, not when youre well
They have come for the passing away

And he knows its the day
And his life flashes by, there, fore his eyes
Yes he knows its the day
And his friends have all come
Awaiting the curtain to fall
Nothing can stop it at all, no, no, no

He was a good man, said his wife to a friend
Always suck by me, through thick and through thin
Oh, we both had our days, made love and made hate
But Id do it agan if I could

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Nothing can stop it at all, no, no, no