

Manfred Mann, You Are - I Am

You are, you are,
You are the moment Martha's madman came out of darkness,
You are the eyeglass of the nearly, nearly blind,
You are the footprint in the sand of Easter island,
You are the fusion in the furnace of the sun.
I am the captain cried across the lonely sea,
I am and I'll be what I'll be,
I am the soldier sang across the lonely field,
I am and I'll do whatever I feel.
You are the time between solar fire and the silence,
You are the last chord in the symphony of the lost,
You are the sign between the high road and the low road,
You are the pen in the moving hand of time.
You are the last post played by the Alamo soldier,
You are a spaceman at the very edge of time,
You are the single shaft of sunlight in the night time,
You are the coolness in the very heat of the fire.
You are the moment Martha's madman came out of darkness,
You are the eyeglass of the nearly, nearly blind,
You are, you are