

Richard Hawley, (Wading Through) The Waters C

Don't look for me in fields of clover
I won't be there I won't get older
I must wait here holed up in my time

Don't search for me in fields of green
I'm not there I won't be seen
I'm wading through the waters of my time
I'm wading through the waters of my time

Don't look for me in lands of gold
I won't be there I won't get old
I'll hover like a frozen bird in time

Don't reach for me the stars are cold
My race is run my stories told
I'm wading through the waters of my time

Don't search for me in lands of gold
I won't be there I can't get old
Don't hope for me the stars have died
I've slipped into the past
Cos I'm wading through the waters of my time
Yes I'm wading through the waters of my time

Don't search for me in lands of gold
I won't be there I can't get old
Don't hope for me the stars have died
I've slipped into the past
Cos I'm wading through the waters of my time
Yes I'm wading through the waters of my time
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Yes I'm wading through the waters of my time.