

Walter Egan, Silvery Sleep

by Walter Egan and Christie McVie

Who can say what moves my hand, who can see the things I've planned?
All is not as it should be, dealing with reality,
And it comes when nighttime falls,
Like a voice the darkness calls.

Sometimes I feel I lose my place, when pressure blinds me like a storm,
And I'm resigning from this race, I need the night to keep me warm,
In darkness, forever deep, forever deep in Silvery Sleep.

Once upon a time a king, full of promise, full of spring,
Fool at heart, and fooled by pride, foolishly he let love die,
So the king and kingdom falls,
Like a voice the darkness calls.

Can you say what moves my hand, can you see the things I've planned?
All is not the way it seems, time has taken all my dreams,
Like a friend the curtain falls, like a voice the darkness calls.