

1. Fields of Winter, just round the bend,  
Yields our passions, we can't pretend.  
In our thought, the memories we bought.  
\*[In quiet rage, the reaper turns the page].
2. Where'd these days go, like the dark?  
Stolen moments, in summer's park.  
Shimmering sun, lost moments with someone.  
[In quiet rage, the reaper turns the page;  
Another stage, each leap year adds more age].
3. When we were younger, things were plain.  
But we will never, be there again.  
Through memories' haze, I long for those days.

INSTRUMENTAL

4. Is there a secret, I somehow missed?  
Subtle glance from one, I never kissed.  
Stolen years, no buying back with tears.  
[In quiet rage, the reaper turns the page;  
Another stage, each leap year adds more age].
5. Washed-out rainbows, in the wind.  
For someone else to, paint again.  
Subtle frown, just a smile turned upsidedown.  
[Subtle frown, a smile upside down].

INSTRUMENTAL

6. While the candle, flickers on,  
we dance like children, till it's gone.  
The show begins: we live, we laugh, it ends...  
  
Subtle frown, just a smile turned upsidedown...  
In silent rage, the reaper turns the page...  
..... the leap years add more age...

INSTRUMENTAL FADEOUTEND

\*[Lines in brackets = whispered quietly in background].

MARKET: Movie soundtrack/Old folks.

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CONTACT: PF Lazor c/o G. Travis . 78 Lone Pine Ct. . San Ramon, CA 94583 USA



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