

A Time and a Place

Emerson, Lake & Palmer

There is a place, a time and a space
No one can trace, that no one can trace
Somewhere a hill, where things are still
Just rain water spill, just rain water spill
Sleep in a dream of butter milk cream
You dance on a beam, dancing on a beam

Save me from this shallow land,
take me out of temper's hand
Drag me from the burning sand,
show me those that understand

Save me from this shallow land,
take me out of temper's hand
Drag me from the burning sand,
show me those that understand

Rest in shade, no sound his made
Where silence is played, sound of silence played