

# River Of Time

Bill Miller

I was lookin' back on faded dreams from yesturday  
Like a brush from my past they painted the evening sky  
But the currents so strong, I couldn't hold on  
They kept rollin' by  
And all the colors bled into a river of time

The innocent child fades into the mist on the river of time  
An angry young man is shaking his fist on the river of time  
Roll on river of time, rage on river of time

There are faces and places I hold sacred  
Some I've passed along the way  
Some live on in memory, some I've passed along the way  
With the rain from a storm, a river is born  
Winding down to the sea, and the river of time  
Keeps on rollin' thru eternity

The angry young man learns how to forgive  
On the river of time  
He holds an innocent child in his arms  
On the river of time  
Roll on river of time  
Rage on river of time