

Days

Jon Anderson

This song of evening's light
Would charge my memory to flight
The trees that listen
Swift wings do carry on through constant
Gardens they offer delight
It is the evening
In deepest woods and fern
Young deer step light through morning's mist
Ascend the swallows
First light streams through the treetops
Bouncing as the flowers illuminate
The breath of morning
This song of ages past
I lay in peace midst grass so green
To reach to skyward
Where larks do sing such high delights
Do pour into my senses
The days are blessings
The days are blessings
The days are blessings