

St Peter's Gate

King Charles

Thank you for calling from india fall
But baby I was living gently past
The time will fly when you are gone
But the moments are missed you'll see me wholly lone
But I'll remember all the words I wrote for you
And whisper them to you as time slides through

When you go
Go away from me
Don't stray from me

And I will wait till the doors of it turn and tilt close
Until that day you may consider me yours
And when you fall out of your path
I know you'll stay yourself home and back

But time will be given to me
Time will be given to me
Time will be given to me

Oh in the slowing of the world
Oh in the slowing of the world

Go away from me
Don't stray from me
Get away from me
But come home to me

Oh in the slowing of the world
Oh in the slowing of the world