

## Forever Changing

Renaissance

Where we threw the stone  
The stream ran warm inside the sun  
Along the bank we walked  
So clear that day  
Worn by time, dust and weeds  
Light and dark fell through the leaves

Where we sometimes laughed  
So full of light and morning mist  
We walked beneath the trees  
So clear that day  
Stark in winter, shadows black  
Still in my mind, no turning back  
(We sometimes laughed the day we threw the stone)

Forever changing  
Light and dark horizons  
Always turning, moving on  
Forever changing  
Near and far horizons  
And changes take the day  
Forever gone

Where we sometimes were  
Our words still swirl all around  
Whispers come and go  
So clear that day  
Some tomorrow other words  
Blend with ours, their voices heard  
And sometimes we heard our words that swirl and dance around