

## The Flood At Lyons

Renaissance

You lie in peaceful slumbers  
But yet so proud  
So safe the second city  
Houses reach the skyline and  
Far below the narrow streets that sing  
With the movement of the crowd

No break from daily changes  
As life goes on  
Secure as French men can be  
Fill your time with love and wine  
And in your heart you'll know as long as you  
There will always be a song

Then on a winter's day  
With your face against the cold and rain  
In the wind there's changes  
The rivers rise  
The water grips the town - tears fill her eyes

I'm standing here which way to go  
The crossroads call, but they don't know  
Midnight, caught inside  
I'm standing here, could all be lost  
The crossroads call  
You've stood so long

It weaves the strangest picture  
Of silky thread  
The shadows cast reflection  
Lyons as the water's bed  
Trees that stand look straight ahead  
And search for a sight of distant land

This was a winter's day  
In your heart you felt the cold and rain  
Change the wind to silence  
There's not a sound  
Silver patterns run and dance  
Upon the ground