

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