

Til These Eyes

Steve Hackett

We're all toys of time
Up to the end
No one owns the night
Meanwhile the river bends
Lace lies and butterflies
Flying high above

Til these eyes have seen enough

The clock is always ticking
Hanging on the wall
The mirror's always cracked
Waiting for us all
A rose by any other name
Squandered in the dust

Til these eyes have seen enough

The currency that lingers
Far heavier than gold
The beauty of the first bloom
A fairytale of old
Torn into pieces
A childhood map of love

Til these Eyes have seen enough

Punch drunk in the wind
Your play is nearly run
The carpet snatched beneath you
Just when you're having fun
The cards are in your hand
It's time to call your bluff

Til these eyes have seen enough
Til these eyes have seen love