

# 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