

## Cello Song

The Books

Strange face, with your eyes  
So pale and sincere  
Underneath, you know well  
You have nothing to fear  
For the dreams that came to you  
when you were young  
Told of a life where spring has sprung

You would seem so frail  
In the cold of the night  
When the armies of emotion  
Go out to fight  
But while the earth  
Sinks to its grave  
You sail to the sky  
On the crest of a wave

So forget this cruel world  
Where I belong  
I'll just sit and wait  
And sing my song  
And if one day  
you should see me in the crowd  
Lend a hand and lift me  
To your place in the cloud