

YOU'RE ALIVE

You're alive,

yeah, alive.

You're alive.

What have you done?

The sound of music is gone.

The soul of music is past.

Moving fast

let them talk

as you walk.

Let them talk.

You hear them as you walk,

yeah, you hear them talk.

Can you hear how they say?:

"You're alive".

But you know that some day

you must die.

You're alive.

You must die.

You're alive.

YOU SAID: ENOUGH IS ENOUGH

You said: enough is enough.

Do you think I can listen forever

to such stuff?

And to tell you the truth

it was not kind of you

and was not very clever.

I'd really like to find you at home

to teach you manners for the time to come.

I wish you could wish away your wishes

or at least you accept to wash the dishes.

You said: enough is enough.

Do you think I can listen forever

to such stuff

WHEN YOU ARE YOURSELF IN LOVE

When you are yourself in love
you have nothing to think of.

That's why people say love is blind.
We may judge of matter by the mind.

It touches you a small part, not the whole.
But in your great mood
you did the best you could,
with things not very subject to control.

You see upon the leaves and on the flowers,
you missed the pathway, you forgot the hours, and then,
when you looked upon your watch again,
you found how much old Time had been a winner.
You also found that you had lost your dinner.

That's why people say love is blind.
We may judge of matter by the mind.

What's the matter? What's on your mind?
No matter, my dear, no matter.
No matter, never mind.

When you are in love, you
can not see the true.

SOME DAY

Some day, some night we'll wake up
and the dream will be over.

Some day, some day.

It could be at midnight, at noon,
under the sun, under the moon,
when we will discover,
that the wake up
will not come so soon.

Some day, some day.

It's just like it was after,
it's just like it will be before.

It's been like this forever.

Some day, some day.

I could be at midnight, at noon,
under the sun, under the moon,
when we will discover
that the wake up
will not come so soon.

Some day, some day.

YOU'RE WANDERING

You're wandering, here and there,
but let me tell you that you had not great care.

Sometimes past turns into future in your hands,
and why and wherefore no one understands.

That is, precisely, the matter of my song,
no matter if it is right or wrong,

with many other things which I forget
or which at least I need not mention yet.

Well, I can't go on,
I'm almost sorry that I ever begun.

If you go beyond 'tis quite a crime,
but not my fault. I told you all in time.

Then I wont ask more about your mind.
Your treatment, my dearest, was not kind.

I had my doubts, I have them still.
What can I do to convince your will?

I'm still here asking myself why
like most people you have to say good bye.

Some say to,
one will do.
Now I sing this song for you,
this song of vocals green and blue.

'TIS SWEET TO HEAR

'Tis sweet to hear

a song over the waters sweep.

'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear.

'Tis sweet to listen as the night winds creep
from tree to tree. 'Tis sweet to view on high
the rainbow upon the sky.

But sweeter than this, than these, than all
is our first love, and there is nothing further to recall.

'Tis sweet to hear

a song over the waters sweep.

'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear.

But sweeter than this, than these, than all
is our first love, and there is nothing further to recall.

BELOW AND ABOVE

Below and above,
above and below,
tis a secret
and so let us
whisper it low.
And the name of the secret is Love.

Nobody knows how it comes,
how it goes,
here and there
to God knows where
for no one else can know.

But the name of the secret is Love.

Above and below,
below and above,
tis a secret
untold to hearts,
cruel and cold.

And the name of the secret is Love.

LET US ADMITT

Let us admitt that things had taken place
in an manner that I dont accept well.
But here are, you and me, face to face.
No matter how or why the thing beffel.

For my part, I think nothing, but
I will say (my reasons are my own)
that if you had only an objection to put
I must recognize that I have none.

So even if by chance you should discover
that all below was not so very well,
then I could tell you that my passion is over,
but mind that I do not say forever. Who can tell?

Let us admitt that things had taken place
in an manner that I dont accept well.
Here are, you and me, face to face.
No matter how or why the thing beffel.

YOU LOST YOUR LOVE

You lost your love
above,
you lost your pretty dove.

You lost your love,
your lost your love
above.

LET ME EXPRESS

Let me express to you my consternation.

You can call it insalivation.

You said you knew in advance your infatuation.

I wish you could explain your explanation.

Suppose that you are in a position
which allows you to feel truly great.

Suppose that it wont be too late.

I only say suppose that supposition.

For that is the common method, but not mine.

My way is to begin with the beginning
and to end with the ending.

I wonder if this is also your design.

IT'S TIME TO SAY GOOD BYE

It's time to say good bye,
no matter how or why.

That is to say
O.K.

So let us go
to end the show.

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If you are dissatisfied
not knowing what you want,
if you couldn't yield your mind
that for which it pant,
if you can't hear your heart
beat with the love it grant,
just call me, yes, just call me,
and suddenly you'll find that you be free.