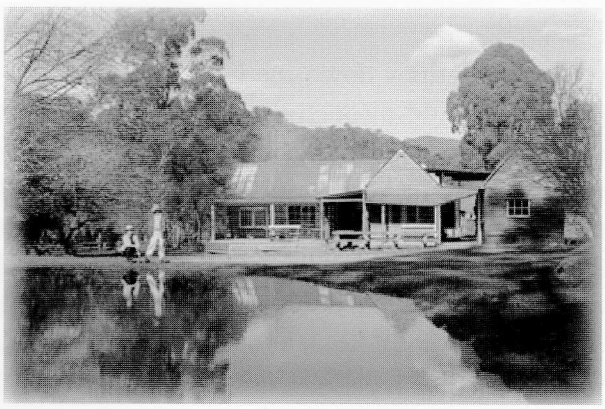
A TIME IN THE DAY



There's a time in the day for holding hands,
I think it's 'tween dusk and last light,
as the stream gently winds
and the breeze strokes the vines
and the day settles down to the night.

There's a time in the day for sharing.
how you feel now your tasks are all done,
the scents that you smelt
and the feelings you felt
holding hands cements a good days done.

It may be you're there with your one true love,
or an old love renewed to the sun,
who knows it could be
someone new, wild and free
at the sunset, hold hands and be one.

There's many a chance that we don't get to try,
many seen, but we passed them by
at the end of the day
who can wonder what may
just hold hands, say you gave it a try.

So whatever your rush with its madness and haste,
to the one that you're with, give your trust,
take their hand without fear
just be glad they are near
and rejoice you are living, not dust.