

Leave the sleep and let the springtime talk
In tongues from the time before man
Listen to a daffodil tell her tale
Let the guest in, walk out, be the first to greet the morn

The meadows of heaven await harvest
The cliffs unjumped, cold waters untouched
The elsewhere creatures yet unseen
Finally your number came up, free fall awaits the brave

Come
Taste the wine
Race the blind
They will guide you from the light
Writing noughts till the end of time
Come
Surf the clouds
Race the dark
It feeds from the runs undone
Meet me where the cliff greets the sea

The answer to the riddle before your eyes
Is in dead leaves and fleeting skies
Returning swans and sedulous mice
Writings on the gardens book, in the minute of a lover's look

Building a sandcastle close to the shore
A house of cards from a worn out deck
A home from the fellowship, poise and calm
Write a lyric for the song only you can understand

Come
Taste the wine
Race the blind
They will guide you from the light
Writing noughts till the end of time
Come
Surf the clouds
Race the dark
It feeds from the runs undone
Meet me where the cliff greets the sea

Riding hard every shooting star
Come to life, open mind, have a laugh at the orthodox
Come, drink deep let the dam of mind seep
Travel with great élan, dance a jig at the funeral

Come
Taste the wine
Race the blind
They will guide you from the light
Writing noughts till the end of time
Come
Surf the clouds
Race the dark
It feeds from the runs undone

Meet me where the cliff greets the sea

Come!