There's no time for dull regrets no-one underwrites your debts. No satisfaction quaranteed, but this much I believe we make the lives we lead. Best foot forward, face the day as the moment slips away like a whisper on the wind; the tide turns as it breaks... Given time we lead the lives we make. The curve that we trace in time a shape of our own design. Say it's over when it's done did you learn to touch someone? Long ago and far away, voices linger on... long ago, just yesterday, caught in the clay of material need. Given time we make the lives we lead. Given time we make the lives we leave. (PH - Piano, Guitar, Vox; David Lord - Strings, Wind, Keyboard)