

Older than time (John Baker ©)

Outside my window, the bird on the branch knows its time
To break free from silence and pour out the song that's
inside

Casting his notes to the wind as it rises and falls
From moment to moment another wind carries us all

Down to the doldrums of time
Where the derelict ships in the harbour collide
Throw down your anchor of love, we'll wait for the tide

So gather your dreams up and leave all your nightmares
behind

The world can be ruthless and cold as the thief in the night
Just like a river that loses its name at the sea
I give up my passport if it gets you a little closer to me

Some things are older than time, sometimes its hard to find
words that describe

We'll throw down our anchor love and wait for the tide