

Calling all olive branches and laid off doves
There is work to do before we say goodbye
But who can see them turning to the face of love
Though I hear them pleading with me, don't let us die
As I sit I can see their troubled souls wander by
And I feel them leaning on my shoulder to cry
Oh, one more chance
Naked tree of winter seems to stand so proud
Lording the poor mortal as he goes
And the tears which well beneath his somber shroud
Will they fall with the shame of somebody who knows
He can never be like the thought of a rose
Whose beauty remains, even when the bloom goes
Oh, oh, one more chance
Or is it too late to change the ways we're bound to go
Is it too late, there's surely one of us must know
Is it too late to change the ways we're bound to go
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