

the years pass by like songs in my memory
like steps in sand
i know that i've been
there like days that don't end
i know that we've been there
if they don't show
if they don't know
how could this all be true
when life strikes down on them
as the wind passes by
lifting us in the end
the years pass by
i know that i've been there
like steps in sand
i know taht we'll be there
if they don't show
if they don't know
how could this be
a true tragedy
when life strikes down on them
and everyone's time is at hand
as the wind passes by again
don't let it fade away
don't let it blow away
wind carries the sand
that lifts us up in the end