Songs from:
YES
TIME AND A WORD
THE YES ALBUM
FRAGILE
Looking Around

Moderately, in 2

Dacet

Looking around me,
Tunes that I can't hear
Smiles that I don't see,

Bb Asus4 A D D7+9

There's not so much in life I miss,
Would take me for a while my smile
I'll make them up as I go on.

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Things that I can't see,
Fares that are too dear,
Laughs that just can't be,

I'll touch and I'll feel then I'll kiss,
I'd rather walk out another mile,
I'll make and laugh at everyone.

Saw you standing there with a smile I couldn't share,
Heard a tune so right, it was in the dark of night,
Saw you in your place with a laugh upon your face,

Looking around,
Listening around,
Looking around.
where. where. where.

All the things I've wanted to do

take so much time to get around to you. just

reach out and catch and hold on, leaving trails of dust and lust,
never even lying or try'ng, keep on mov'ing, never dying.
Looking around with my feet on the ground, full of words and of sound, bringing smiles all around.
Satisfy me with your words that can be, full of sound and I'll see I'm just looking around.
BEYOND AND BEFORE

Words and Music by
CHRIS SQUIRE and CLIVE BAILEY

Moderately fast
Tacet

Sparkling trees of silver foam cast shadows soft in winter home,

Swaying branches breaking sound, lonely forest trembling ground.

Masquerading leaves of blue run
circles round the morning dew, patterns understood by you,

reaching out beyond and before.

Time, like gold dust, brings mind down to levels hidden underground,

say a few words to the wind, that's all that's left of winter's friend.
Reaching the snow in the days of the cold,
casting a spell out of ice.

Now that you're gone, the summer's too long and it seems like the end of my life... beyond...
and before.

Time, like gold dust, brings mind down.
SWEETNESS

Words and Music by
JON ANDERSON, CHRIS SQUIRE and CLIVE BAILEY

She brings the sunshine to a rainy afternoon;
told me where she'd been;
rain-y after-noon;
she puts the sweetness in,
stirs it with a spoon.

She watches for my moods, never brings me down;
I'll ask her for some time to go and look around;
She watches for my moods, never brings me down;
she puts the sweetness in,

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all around. She knows just what to say to make me feel so good in-
with a sound. She knows just what to say to make a sunny day.
all around. She knows just what to say to make a sunny day.

cresc.

side. And when I'm all alone.
And when I'm all alone.
And when I'm all alone.

To Coda

I feel I don't want to hide,
I really don't feel that
I really don't feel that

hide,
2. B

hide. way. Tell me,

D B

how would you feel with no world of your own and no-bod-y to hold? I just

D F

can't see the way; I'm so glad it's to-day and you're here, you're

D. S. at Coda

here.

Coda
Oh, how I need her so,
I know she'll never ever go.

Doo doo doo doot n doo. She'll never leave me, believe me, no.

Doo doo doo doot n doo. She'll never go, no no no

no no no no no no no no no no

rit.
Harold Land with a wave of his hand said
march-ing sol-diers in the rain as
Har-old Land with a wave of his hand stood

good-bye to all that.
on to war they rode.
sad-ly on the stage,

He paid his bills
A long thin line
clutch-ing red rib-bons

and stopped the milk
of hu-man mind, dam- na-tion as their load.
from a badge, but he did-n't look his age.
He tried to say his last farewells as quickly as he could,
In the mud in coldness dark, he'd shiver out his fear,
Only two years had passed between his leaving home and back;

promising that he would return, but
what disappointing sights he'd seen in
he had lost his love and youth

doubted that he would, doubted that he
stead of ones so dear, instead of ones so
leading the attack, leading the attack

Bm

would, dear, so doubted. Now he's dear.
He's going home to the land he loved so well.

He went for two whole years, he never fell.

He's going home.

No chord

D.S. \( \frac{\text{Al Coda}}{\text{D. S. al Coda}} \)

Coda

He's going home.
In conversation it could be said,

well after war your heart is dead.

Well, it's not hard to understand,

there is no heart in Har- old Land.
YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Words and Music by
JON ANDERSON

Slowly

\[ \text{Amaj7} \]

Why is there you when there are few people around, making me feel
Stand in the sea, sing songs for me, sing happily, making me feel

\[ \text{E} \]

Why is there me when air is free, some I can
Watch your eyes, feeling your sighs, saying good-

\[ \text{Amaj7} \]

see byes better than I should?
better than I could.
There's only us simply because thinking of us makes us both happy.

I think of you every way, yesterday and today.

I think of things that we do, all the way, every day.

Repeat and fade

Repeat and fade
SURVIVAL

Words and Music by
JON ANDERSON

Moderately
Bm7/E

A(add B)/E

Bm7/E

A(add B)/E

Bm7/A

C6

C

Bb6

E

Emaj7

Sun-shine is creep-ing in
The egg breaks, all is out;

and some-where in a field a life be-gins...
the crawl-ing bird be-gins to scream and shout...

An egg too proud to rape
Where is the par-ent bird?

the be-gin-ing of the shape of things to come... that
A lone-li-ness a-rose and heard its name ring in... for
start to run, life has begun, fly fast the gun.

lives begin, survival wins, survival's sin.
The mother flew too late

and life within the egg was left to fate,

and with it runs the aching fear of hate.

Could someone still remain

the world outside would take it when it came, and life's the same for

who thinks he still could gain by escaping fate? It's much too late, don't

things we aim, Are we to blame?

underrate, appreciate.}

Don't doubt the fact there's
life within you. Yes-ter-day's end-ings will to-mor-row life give you.

All that dies dies for a rea-son: to put its strength in-to the

seas ons. Sur-viv al.

sur-viv al! They take a-way and they give the
living's right to live, the living's right to know.

And we're all going, and we're all going somewhere.
THEN
Words and Music by
JON ANDERSON

Moderately fast
No chord

And in a time that's closer,
Love is the only answer,

life will be even bolder then.
hate is the root of cancer then.

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Soul's will be complicated, life will be
Truth is just for the being and there's the

consummated then.
sight for seeing then.

Hearts will be brought together soon in our minds forever
Thoughts will be thought together soon in our minds forever

then. then.

As long as we
see there's only us, who can change it; only us to rearrange it at the start of a new kind of day.

A little slower
And in a time that's closer, life will be even bolder

with pedal
Love is the only answer, hate is the root of cancer then.

Thoughts will be thought together, soon in our minds forever then.
THE PROPHET
Words and Music by
JON ANDERSON and CHRIS SQUIRE

Moderately
Tacet

Long ago a tall man told a tale of yesterday,
Words of peace will fill his mind and
tale of yesterday,

searching for the truth,

change his way of life;
peaceful meetings with

you will work it out;
prophesy that some
A\maj7 Bm/E A\maj7 Bm/E
in his life a moment's pleasure,
just not for s'hal meaning,
remember when you're gone there's

A\maj7 Bm/E G C0 F C0 F G
never to delay,
more for just himself,
some-one after you,

Em7
Soon we'll be as in his trust he

C7 A7 Em7
found a new meaning;
seeing take the
things in different lights his life was remember the

1. A7

G x000 G/C/G x000 G/C/D 0 0 0 0

2. A7

G x000 G/C/G x000 G/C/D 0 0 0 0

D.S. & al Coda

deemed.
giving.
cresc.

Coda

G x000 C 0 0 F x000 C 0 0 F x000 A/maj7 Bm/E x000 A/maj7 Bm/E x000 A/maj7 Bm/E

you,

A/maj7 Bm/E A Bm C#m D E Tacet
ASTRAL TRAVELLER

Words and Music by
JON ANDERSON and DAVID FOSTER

Moderately fast
Tacet

Gm7
3fr.

And in the ruins
caught in the noose
around me,

glasses tell lies.

Gm7
3fr.

Wondering when
to do it again of another

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flying to the sky, somewhere flying high.

Astral traveller,

leaving without her, wondering where lives

go; in and out the valley below.
Once in the air, we could expect a great return.

(Astral traveller.)

Memories fly over the sky, and oh, the sight's worth seeing, just believe in.
Astral traveller,

leaving without her,

wondering where lives go;

in and out the valley below.
CLEAR DAYS
Words and Music by
JON ANDERSON

Moderately slow, in 2

I once knew a sweet young girl;
I once knew a sweet young dream,
her

bod-y was her world of love,
life itself were all we had
and who are we to ask

Pl-ness is, for more;
Of all the times I treasure this.
let's not de-cide, let's be sure.

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And on a day we will remember,
And on a day we will remember,
on a clear day we will love forever,
on a clear day we will love forever.

Repeat and fade
SWEET DREAMS
Words and Music by
JON ANDERSON and DAVID FOSTER

Fast

F/G

G

dreams can solve the future,
dreams of conversation,

F/G

G

sweet dreams provide the past.
sweet dreams of love affection.

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Sweet things within your
Sweet words within your
make up; these things will always
make up; sweet words of things to

last, come, these things will make sweet

things to come on and write your letter, you know it
will be better any how.

You're gonna laugh again,

you're gonna smile again,

you're gonna love again.

Sweet To Coda
dreams are born inside you, sweet dreams are born to last.

Sweet thoughts within your make-up;
these thoughts will always
last, these thoughts will always last.

Repeat and fade

dreams can solve the

Repeat and fade

future, sweet dreams provide

vide the past.
TIME AND A WORD
Words and Music by
JON ANDERSON and DAVID FOSTER

Moderately slow, in 2

In the morning when you rise, do you open up your eyes, see what I see?

Do you see the same things every day?

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Do you think of a way
to start the day
to get things in proportion?

Spread the news
and help the world

Have you
heard of a time that will help us get it together again?

Have you heard of the word that will stop us going wrong?

Well, the time is near and the word you'll hear when you
get things in perspective. Spread the news and

help the world go 'round.

cresc.

There's a time and the time is now and it's
A VENTURE

Words and Music by
JON ANDERSON

Moderately bright

Gm  Gm7  Gm  Gm7  Gm sus4

1. Once a peaceful man laid his old head down by a river,
2. He controlled the horses with a hand clap or a whisper,

Gm  Gm7  Gm  Gm7

Thought about his childhood life, his father and forgiver, couldn't
Drink he couldn't combat, but he knew he was no sinner, couldn't

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hide a-way, hide a-way.

hide a-way.

He told all his sons of all the antics of ad-
Then he told another one who drove himself to

drink not to hide away,

hide away.
Better men have realized alone is not a venture,

A decent man would realize alone is no adventure just to

hide away, hide away.

Repeat and fade

Hide away.
THE CLAP
By STEVE HOWE

Bright 2 beat feeling

[D] [G] [D] [A] [G] [D]

[G] [D] [A] [F#] [C7]

[Bm] [A] [G] [G]

[Bm7] [G] [G7]

To Coda

1. [D7] [A7]
PERPETUAL CHANGE

Words and Music by
JON ANDERSON and CHRIS SQUIRE

Moderately

1. I see the cold mist in the
   night dawn

2. The sun can warm the coldest
   And watch the hills roll out of
   sight.
   lawn.

I watch in every single
I learn in every single

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And there you are, _Making it up_ but you're sure that it is a star,

And boy you'll see _It's an illusion shining down in front of me_,

And then you'll say _Even in time we shall control the day_,
When what you'll see
Deep inside, base controlling you and me.

And one peculiar point I see,
As one of many ones of me.

As truth is gathered, I rear-
range, inside out, outside in,

poco a poco cresc.

inside out, outside in, Perpetual

Change.

G sus4
And there you are,

Broadly

Saying we have the moon, so now the stars, When all you see

Is near disaster, gazing down on you and me, And there you're standing,

Saying we have the whole world in our hands, When all you'll see,
Deep inside, the world's controlling you and me.

You'll see Perpetual Change.

You'll see Perpetual Change.

Broadly

And there you are,
Making it up, but you're sure that it is a star, And boy you'll see.

It's an illusion shining down in front of me, And then you'll say.

Even in time we shall control the day When all you'll see.

Deep inside base controlling you and me.
As mist and sun are both the same,

We look on as pawns of their game.

They move to testify the day, inside

cillo a poco cresc.

out, outside in, inside
out, out - side in,

all of the way.

Ah,
YOURS IS NO DISGRACE

Words and Music by
JON ANDERSON, CHRIS SQUIRE, STEVE HOWE, TONY KAYE and BILL BRUFORD

Moderately
E7sus4

Yes- ter-day a morn-ing came, a smile up-on your face,
Caesar's pal-ace, morn-ing glo-ry, sil-ly hu-ma-n race,

G7sus4

On a sail-ing ship to no-where, leav-ing any place,

A7sus4

If the sum-mer change to win-ter, Yours Is No Dis-grace.

Hard Rock

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Battle ships confide in me and tell me where you are,
Shining, flying, purple wolfhound, show me where you are,

Lost in summer, morning, winter, traveling very far,
Lost in musings circumstances, that's just where you are.
Yesterday a morning came, a smile upon your face,
a tempo, light swing feel

Caesar's palace, morning glory, silly human, silly human race.
On a sailing ship to nowhere, leaving any place,
If the summer changes to winter, yours is no,

Yours is no disgrace.

Death defying, mutilated armies scatter the earth,
Crawling out of dirt...
- y holes, their mor-als, their mor-als dis-ap-pear.

Yes-ter-day a morn-ing came, a smile up-on_

ey your face, Cae-sar's pal-ace, morn-ing glo-ry, sil-ly hu-man, sil-

- ly hu-man, sil-ly hu-man race.
On a sailing ship to nowhere, leaving anywhere,

If the summer change to winter, yours is no__

Yours Is No Dis__

Yours Is No Dis__
YOUR MOVE
Words and Music by JON ANDERSON

I've seen all good people turn their heads each day so satisfied I'm on my way.

Take a straight and stronger course to the corner of your life.

Make the white Queen run so fast.
Emaj7
She hasn't got time to make you wise.

F#m

Emaj7

F#m

'Cause it's time, it's time in time with your time and its news is

Emaj7

F#m

captured for the Queen
to use.  Move me on to any black square,

use me any time you want,  Just remember that

the gold  'for us all to capture all we want

an - y - where.  Yea,  yea
— yea, yea.  Don’t surround yourself with yourself,

Move on back two squares,

— ment to me,

In-tial it with a loving care

Don’t surround

yourself.

'Cause it’s time, it’s time
in time with your time and its news is captured

for the Queen to use. Did-dit did-dit did-dit did-dit (2nd time only) Don't surround

did-dit did-dit did-dit did-da. your self with your self.

Don't surround yourself with yourself, Move on back two squares.
Send an instant comment to me.

Send

In initial comment to me. Don't surround yourself.

'Cause it's time, it's time in time with your time and...

its news is captured for the Queen.
"Cause it's time, it's time in time with your time and its news is captured.
ALL GOOD PEOPLE
Words and Music by
CHRIS SQUIRE.

Moderately bright shuffle

I've seen all good people turn their heads each day so sat

-is-fied I'm on my way...

I've seen all good people turn their heads each day so sat
-is-fied I'm on my way.

Yea, yea.

I've seen all good people turn their heads each day so satisfied I'm on my way.

ff a tempo

I've seen all good people turn their heads each way so sat-
is fied I'm on my way.

I've seen all good peo-

coco dim.

ple turn their heads each day so sat is fied I'm on-

my way.

I've seen all good peo ple turn their heads-

coco dim.

each day so sat is fied I'm on my way.
LIFE SEEKER

Words and Music by
JON ANDERSON

Moderately

Sister Bluebird, flying high above,
Starship Trooper, going sailing on by,

Shine your wings,
Catch my soul,
forward to the sun.
catch the very night.

Hide the mysteries of life on your way.
Hide the moment from my eager eyes.

Though you've seen them, please don't say a word.
Though you've seen them, please don't tell a soul.

What you don't know
What you can't see

I have never
Can't be very
Setting up of other roads,
travel on in old accustomed ways.
I still remember the talks by the water, the proud sons and daughters that,
in the knowledge of the land, spoke to me in sweet accustomed ways.
I still remember the talks by the water, the proud sons and daughters that,
in the knowledge of the land, spoke to me in sweet accustomed
Mother life, hold firmly on to me,

Catch my knowledge
higher than the day.

Lose as much as only you can show.

Though you've seen me, please don't say a word.

What I don't know I have never
Brighter tempo, 2-beat feeling

shared.

DISILLUSION
Words and Music by
CHRIS SQUIRE

Lone - li - ness is a pow'r that we pos - sess
All I know can be shown by your ac - cept

to give or take a way for ev -
er.

you.

Take what I say in a different way and it's eas-

y to say that this is all confusion.

E 4fr

D9/6 4fr

G6 4fr

A

E 4fr

D9/6 4fr
As I see a new day in me, I can all so show if you and you may follow.
ROUNDABOUT

Words and Music by
JON ANDERSON and STEVE HOWE

Em F#m G F#m G F#m Em F#m G F#m Em

Em F#m G F#m G F#m Em

I'll be the Round about,
The music dance and sing,

Em F#m G F#m G F#m Em

they make the children really ring,

F#m G F#m G F#m Am Bm C3/D Bm C Bm Am Bm

I spend the day your way.
I spend the day your way.

Bm7/A Gmaj7 lGsus4 Em F#m G F#m G F#m Em

Call it morning driving
Call it morning driving

thru the sound and in and out the valley.

thru the sound and in and out the

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twenty-four before my love you'll see I'll be there with you

I will remember you, your silhouette will charge the view
of distance atmosphere. Call it morning driving
through the sound and even in the valley. In and around

Coda Tacet
Along the drifting cloud the eagle searching down on the land, catching the swirling wind the sailor sees the rim of the land, The eagles dancing wings create as weather spins out of hand.

Organ solo

Go closer hold the land, feel partly no more than grains of
sand, we stand to lose all time, a thousand answers by in our
hand, next to your deeper fears, we stand surrounded by a million years.

I'll be the Round about, the words will make you out 'n' out,
day,

A million miles away,

It seemed from all eternity,
yah!

"Move The

moments seemed lost in all the noise,

A

snowstorm,
a stimulating voice

Of
warmth of the sky, Of warmth when you die.  
Were we ever warmer on that day,  
A million miles away, It seemed from all of e-  
To Coda ter - ni - ty, yah!
The sunshine

mountains sometimes lost,

The river

can
dis-regard the cost And melt in the sky,

Feel warmth when you die,

Were we ever warmer on that day, A million miles away,

It seemed from all of eternity, yah!
HEART OF THE SUNRISE

Words and Music by
JON ANDERSON, CHRIS SQUIRE and BILL BRUFORD

Love comes to you and you follow,

one on to the Heart Of The Sunrise.

Sharp distance,
How can the wind with so many around me, lost in the city.

Lost in their eyes as you hurry by,

Counting the broken ties they decide.
Love comes to you and then after, Dream on, on to the Heart Of The

Sun rise. Lost on a wave that you're dreaming,

Dream on, on to the Heart Of The Sun rise.

Sharp distance, How can the wind with its arms all a -
round me. Sharp distance,

How can the wind with so many around me, I feel lost in the city,

Lost in their eyes as you hurry by,
Counting the broken ties they decided.

Straight line moving and removing sharpness of the color sunshine.
Long last treatment of the telling that relates to all the words sung.

Straight light searching all the meanings of the song,
Dreamer, easy in the chair that really fits you.

Love comes to you and then after,
Dream on, on to the Heart Of The Sunrise.

Sharp distance,

How can the wind with its arms a...
round me.

Sharp distance,

How can the wind with so many a-

round me. I feel lost in the city.
LONG DISTANCE RUNAROUND

Words and Music by
JON ANDERSON

Long Distance Run A-round,

Long time waiting to feel the sound.

I still remember the dream there,

I still remember the

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time you said goodbye, Did we really tell lies,

letting in the sunshine, Did we really count to

gold bassa

one hundred?

Cold summer listening,
Hot color melting the anger to stone,

I still remember the dream there,

I still remember the time you said goodbye,

Did we really tell lies,
let-tin in the sun-shine,
Did we real-ly count to
one hun-dred?

Long Dis-tance Run A-round,
Long time wait-ing to feel the sound.
I still remember the dream there,

I still remember the time you said good-bye.

Coda

hundred, look-in' for the sunshine.
THE FISH
By CHRIS SQUIRE

Moderately

(percussion)

Play twelve times – gradual cresc.

Play seven times

Repeat and fade

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WE HAVE HEAVEN

Words and Music by
JON ANDERSON

MODERATELY

G

Tell the Moon-dog, tell the March Hare, Tell the Moon-dog, tell the March Hare,

W

We

T

Have

Tell the Moon-dog, tell the March Hare, Tell the Moon-dog, tell the March Hare,

T

Tell the Moon-dog, tell the March Hare, Tell the Moon-dog, tell the March Hare,

H

Heav

en.

Tell the Moon-dog, tell the March Hare, Tell the Moon-dog, tell the March Hare,


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Tell the Moon-dog, tell the March Hare, Tell the Moon-dog, tell the March Hare,

Tell the Moon-dog, tell the March Hare, Tell the Moon-dog, tell the March Hare,

Tell the Moon-dog, tell the March Hare, Tell the Moon-dog, tell the March Hare,
Tell the Moon-dog, tell the March Hare, Tell the Moon-dog, tell the March Hare,
Tell the Moon-dog, tell the March Hare, Tell the Moon-dog, tell the March Hare,

Yes, he is here,

Tell the Moon-dog, tell the March Hare, Tell the Moon-dog, tell the March Hare,

To look around,

Tell the Moon-dog, tell the March Hare, Tell the Moon-dog, tell the March Hare,
Songs from:
CLOSE TO THE EDGE
YESSONGS
TALES FROM TOPOGRAPHIC OCEANS
RELYER
AND YOU AND I
1. CORD OF LIFE

Words by
JON ANDERSON

Music by
JON ANDERSON, BILL BRUFORD, STEVE HOWE and CHRIS SQUIRE

Moderately

\[ \text{D} \quad \text{G/D} \quad \text{A/D} \quad \text{G/D} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{G/D} \]

A man conceived a mo-

\[ \text{G/D} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{G/D} \quad \text{A/D} \quad \text{G/D} \]

ment's an-

\[ \text{D} \quad \text{G/D} \quad \text{A/D} \quad \text{G/D} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{G/D} \]

ments to the dream,
of sound, the space-

\[ \text{D} \quad \text{G/D} \quad \text{A/D} \quad \text{G/D} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{G/D} \]

stay-ing the flow-

\[ \text{D} \quad \text{G/D} \quad \text{A/D} \quad \text{G/D} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{G/D} \]

tering the pic-

\[ \text{D} \quad \text{G/D} \quad \text{A/D} \quad \text{G/D} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{G/D} \]

t of time behind the face of

\[ \text{D} \quad \text{G/D} \quad \text{A/D} \quad \text{G/D} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{G/D} \]

need,
As a foundation left to create the coming quickly to terms of all expectation, spiral aim, a movement regained and regarded emotion revealed as the ocean both the same, maid, all complete in the sight of seeds of life with you.

Oh.
Turn round tailor, assaulting all the mornings of the
Coins and crosses

interest shown, presenting one another to the
never know their fruitless worth;

cord, all left dying, rediscovered of the
cords are broken,
door that turned round, to close the cover, all the
locked inside the mother earth.

interest shown, to turn to one another, to the sign at the time.
They won't hide, hold, they won't tell you, watching

float your climb.

ing the world, watching all of the world, watching
A7

us go by.

A C#m/G# F#m A/B A E7/B0

And you and I climb over the sea to the valley,

A/C# E7/B0 A A/G# F#m D/F# F#m F#7-9 F#m7

and you and I reach out for reasons to call...
2. ECLIPSE

Words by
JON ANDERSON

Music by
BILL BRUFORD and CHRIS SQUIRE

Slowly

\[ \text{B} \quad E \quad D \quad E \quad D \quad A \\]

\[ \text{E} \quad B7/F\# \quad B7 \quad A/C\# \quad E \quad B7(\text{no 3rd})/F\# \]

\[ \text{E/G}\# \quad A \quad E \quad F\#m7 \]

\[ \text{B} \quad B7 \quad E/B \quad F\#m7/C\# \quad B/F\# \quad B/A \]

Coming quickly to terms of all expression laid, end...
motion revealed as the ocean maid, as a

movement regained and regarded both the same,

all complete in the sight of seeds of life with you.
Sad preacher nailed upon the coloured door of time;

Insane teacher be there reminded of the rhyme.

There'll be no mutant enemy we shall
certify; political ends, as sad remains, will die.

Reach out as forward tastes begin to enter you.

Ooh, ooh. I listened hard, but could not see

life-tempo change out and inside me. The preacher trained in all
to lose his name; the teacher travels, asking to be shown the same. In the end, we'll agree, we'll accept, we'll immortalise that the truth of the man maturing in his eyes, all complete in the sight of seeds of life with you.
Coming quickly to terms of all expressions laid, as a moment regained and regarded both the same,

motion revealed as the ocean maid,

a clearer future, morning, evening, nights with you.

Segue APOCALYPSE
And you and I climb, crossing the shapes of the morning.
And you and I climb, clearer, towards the movement.

And you and I reach over the sun for the river.
And you and I called

o-ver valleys of endless seas.

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seasoned witch could call you from the depths of your disgrace,

re-arrange your liver to the solid mental grace, and assessing points to nowhere, leading every single one.

achieve it all with music that came quickly from afar, and dewdrop can exalt us like the music of the sun, 

then
taste the fruit of man recorded losing all against the hour.

move, and choose the course you're running. Down at the edge, round by the

Not right away, not right away.
Crossed a line around the changes of the summer,
Getting over all the time I had to worry,

Reaching out to call the colour of the sky,
Leaving all the changes far from far behind.

Passed around a moment clothed in mornings faster than we see,
We relieve the tension only to find out the master's name.
Down at the end, round by the corner.

Close to the edge, just by the river.

Seasons will pass you by, I get up, I get down.

Now that it's all over and done, now that you find, now that you're whole.
2. TOTAL MASS RETAIN
Words and Music by
JON ANDERSON and STEVE HOWE

Moderately

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Am</th>
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My eyes convinced, eclipsed with the younger moon attained with love.

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It changed as almost strained amidst clear manna from above.

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crucified my hate and held the word within my hand. There's
you, the time, the logic, or the reasons we don't understand.

Sad

courage claimed the victims standing still for all to see, as
armoured movers took approach to overlook the sea. There since the cord, the license, or the reasons we understood will be.

Down at the edge, close by a river. Close to the end, down by the corner.

Close to the edge, round by the corner. Down at the edge, round by the river.
Sudden call shouldn't take away, 
Guessing problems only to,

the startled memory, All in all, the journey
deceive the mention, passing paths that climb half-

As apart from any real-
takes you all the way. As we cross from side to side,
way into the void.

identity that you've ever seen and known.
we hear the total mass retain.
Down at the edge, round by the corner.

Close to the end, down by a river. Seasons will pass you by, I get up, I get down.
3. I GET UP, I GET DOWN

Words and Music by
JON ANDERSON and STEVE HOWE

Slowly
E (add F#)

In her white lace,

Bm
A6

you could clearly see the lady sadly looking,

Am6
E7

saying that she'd take the blame for the crucifixion of her own domain,

I get up,
Two million people barely satisfy.
The eyes of honesty can achieve.
In charge of who is there in charge of me.
The truth is written all along the page.

Two hundred women watch one woman cry,
How many millions do we deceive each other.
Do I look on blindly and say I see
How old will I be before I come of age.

[1.3.]

late.

[2.

day?

I get up,

I get

E (add F#)
down. I get up, I get down.

you? I get up, I get down.

cresc.

Segue SEASONS OF MAN
Moderately

Three times

Three times

Moderately

The

time be-tween the notes re-lates the col-
your to the scenes. A

con-
stant vogue of tri-umphs dis-loc
cate man, so it seems. And

space be-tween the fo-cus shape asc-end
knowledge of love. As

song and chance de-vel-op time, lost so
cial tem-p’rence rules a

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Ah, ah. Then according to the man who showed his outstretched arm to space, he turned around and pointed, revealing all the human race. I shook my head and smiled a whisper, knowing all about the place.

On the hill we viewed the silence of the valley,
called to witness cycles only of the past.

And we reach all this with movements in between the said remark.

Close to the edge, down by the
Down at the end, round by the

river.

corner.
Seasons will pass you by, Now that it's all over and done,

called to the seed, right to the sun. Now that you find, now that you're whole.

Seasons will pass you by, I get up, I get down.

Repeat and fade
SIBERIAN KHATRU

Words by
JON ANDERSON

Music by
JON ANDERSON, STEVE HOWE and RICK WAKEMAN

Moderately

G

G

Sing, bird of prey;
How does she sing?
Gold stain-less nail,

beau - ty be - gins
Who holds the ring?
torn through the dis -

at the foot of you. Do you be-lieve the man - ner?
And ring, and you will find me com - ing,
tance of man as they re-gard the sum - mit.
Gold stainless nail, torn through the dis-
Cold reigning king, hold all the se-
Cold reigning king, shelter the wom-
tance of man as they regard the sum-
creets from you as they produce the move-
en that sing as they produce the move-

Even Siberia goes through the motions. Hold out and hold up;

Am7

hold down the window.

F#m7

Hold out the morning that comes into view.

(Out bound, river, blue tail, tail fly,)
River running right on over my head.
River running right on over the

Bm(add C#) Bm G#m7

outboard, river, blue tail,

tail fly, Luther, in time.

Doo-d'n-doo-dit, dah, d't-d't-dah.
Hold down the window;
Warm side, the tower;

hold out the morning that comes into view.

green leaves reveal the heart spoken true.
River running right over, then over my head.
(Outboard, river...)

Six times
Six times

Blue tail, tail fly, Luther, in time,
sun tower, asking, cover, lover,
June cast, moon fast, as one changes,
heart gold, leaving, soul mark, mover,
Christian, changing, called out, saviour,
moon gate, climbing, turn round, slider.
Excerpts From
THE SIX WIVES OF HENRY VIII
By RICK WAKEMAN

Moderately bright
Moderately fast
loc

Ped. (hold till last bar)

sim.

Both hands 8va
one with the knowledge and magic of the source,

at-tuned to the majesty of music, they marched as one with the earth.
So the flow'ring creativ-ity of life—wove its web face to face with the shallow.

And their gods sought out and con-quered;
Freely
N.C.

Moderately

leaves of green stay greener through the autumn?

Does the
colour of the sun turn crimson white?

Does a
shadow come between us in the winter?

movement really light?

And I heard a million voices singing,

acting to the story that they had heard about.

Does one child know the secret and can say it?
Or does it all come out along without you, along without you, along without you? Where does reason stop and killing just take over?

Does a lamb cry out before we shoot it dead?
Are there many more in comfort understanding?

Is the movement in the head?

And I heard a million voices singing,

acting to the story that they had heard about.
one child know the secret and can say it? Or does it

all come out along without you, along without you,

along without you? Doo doo doo doo.

Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo.
Moderately slow

Nous sommes du soleil.

We love when we play.

Nous sommes du soleil.
We love when we play.

Open doors, we find our way. We look, we see, we smile.

Surely day-breaks cross our path—and stay maybe a while.
Let them run, let them chase, let them hide between.

Constant doors will open eyes as life seems like, life seems like a

fight, fight,

gradual cresc.

fight.
Maybe I'll just sing a-while and then give you a call.

Maybe I'll just say hel-lo and say may-be that's all.

Hurry home, as love is true, will help us through the night.

Till we're coming home again, our
life seems like, life seems like a fight,

gradual cresc.

fight, fight, fight, Catch

as we look, and use the passions that flow. As we try we continue

we receive all we venture to give.
Maybe we'll just stand a-while, and surely we can call.

Dreams are said to blossom courage constant to the
soul.               Change we must as surely time does;

change, call the course. Held inside, we enter day-breaks

asking for, asking for the source, the

gradual cresc.

source, the source, the
source, sent as we sing our music's total retain.

As we try and consider,

we receive all we venture to give.

All we say is our soul constant
sight listener. We won't tender our song—
clearer till we sail. Then

I will be there, and I will be there.

As clearer companions shall
call to be near you,
they move around,
tell me that,

move around, surely sing as they don't seem to matter at all,

at all, at all,
Hold me, my love. Hold me today; call me round.

Travel we say, wander we choose love tune.

Lay upon me; hold me around lasting hours. We love when we play.

We hear a sound and alter our returning.
We drift the shadows and course our way back home,

Flying home,

Flying home.
Look me, my love sentences move dancing away.

We join, we receive as our song memories long hope in a way.

Nous sommes du soleil.

Hold me around, lasting ours.
We love when we play.

Nous sommes du soleil.
THE REVEALING SCIENCE OF GOD

Words by
JON ANDERSON and STEVE HOWE

Music by
JON ANDERSON, STEVE HOWE, CHRIS SQUIRE, ALAN WHITE and RICK WAKEMAN

Moderately
No chord

Dawn of light lying between a silence and sold sources

p  gradual cresc.

chased amid fusions of wonder in moments hardly seen forgotten,

coloured in pastures of chance dancing leaves cast spells of challenge, amused but
real in thought, we fled from the sea whole.

Dawn of thought transferred through moments of days unearthing earth revealing gradual cresc.

corridors of time provoking memories disjointed but with purpose, craving penetrations offer links with the self in
struc-tors sharp and ten-der love as we took to the air, a

pic-ture of dis-tance. Dawn of our pow’r we a-
muse re-de-scend-ing as fast as mis-used ex-pres-sion, as on-ly to teach love

as to re-veal pas-sion chas-ing late in-to cor-ners, and we
danced from the ocean.

Dawn of love sent within

us colours of awaking among the many won't to follow, only

tunes of a dif'rent age, as the links span our endless caresses for the

freedom of life ever-lasting.
Moderately slow, with a beat

Talk to the sunlight caller.

Soft summer mover distance mine.
Called out a tune but I never saw the face,

heard but not replaced,

I ventured to talk, but I

never lost my place.
Cast out a spell rendered for the light of day,

lost in lights array, I ventured to see, as the

sound began to play.
What happened to this song we once knew so well?

Signed promise for moments caught within the spell,
I must have waited all my life for this moment, moment, moment.

(Moment, moment, moment.)
The future poised with the splendor just begun,

light we were as one—and crowded through the curtains

of liquid into sun.

And for a moment when our world had filled the skies,
magic burned our eyes to feast on the treasure

set for our strange device.

What happened to wonders

we once knew so well?
Did we forget what happened?

Surely we can tell.

We must have waited all our lives for this

Moment, moment, moment.
Moderate Hard Rock beat
G#m
4fr.

ff
Starlight
movement.

Reasons
release
forward.
Gm

Tallest rainbow.

Am

Sons.

Life flower reasons.

Moderately slow

They
move fast, they tell me, but I just can't believe that I can

feel it. There's someone to tell you,

amid the challenge we look around in unison with you.

Getting over overhanging trees, let them rape the forest.
Thoughts would send our fusion clearly to be home.

Getting over wars we do not mean, or so it seems so clearly.

Sheltered with our passion clearly to be home. They move fast, they gradual cresc.
Em7

D

tell me,

but I just can't believe they really

Am

D

mean to.

There's someone to tell you,

Moderate Hard Rock beat

D

Am

and I just can't believe our song will leave you.
Skyline teacher.

Warland seeker.

Send out poison.

Cast iron leader.
And through the rhythm of moving slowly, sent through the rhythm, work out the story. Move over glory to sons.
of old fighters past.

Young Christians see it from the beginning;

old people feel it. That's what they're saying.

Move over glory to sons of old fighters.
D 0  A 0
past.
C 0  G 0

Slowly
Esus2  Dsus2  Csus2

They

B sus4  F#7  A6  Bm7
move fast, they tell me, but I — just can’t believe — they really

mean to. There’s someone to tell you,
a course... words... a universal season.

Getting over overhanging trees, let them rape the forest.

They might stand and leave them clearly to be

home.

Getting over wars we do not mean,
we charm the movement suffers, call out all our memories

clearly to be home. We've

moved fast, we need love; a part we offer

is our only freedom.
What happened to this song we once knew so well?

Signed promise for moments caught within the spell..
We must have waited all our lives
for this...(moment, moment.)

Moderately
Past present movers moments we'll process the future, but only
through him we know, send flowered rainbows.

A-piece a-
part chased flowers of the dark and lights of songs to

follow and show all we feel for and know of, cast round.

You seekers of the truth accepting that reasons will re-

live and breathe and hope and chase and love for you and you and you.
THE REMEMBERING

Words by
JON ANDERSON and STEVE HOWE
Music by
JON ANDERSON, STEVE HOWE, CHRIS SQUIRE, ALAN WHITE and RICK WAKEMAN

Moderately slow

As the silence of seasons on we relive a bridge

sails afloat as to call light the soul shall sing of the velvet sailors course on of the velvet sailors course on. Shine or moons send me

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mem'ries trail o-ver days of for-got-ten tales course the com- pass to

of-fer in-to a time that we've all seen on in-to a time that we've

all seen on. High the mem-'ry car-ry on

while the mo-ments start to lin-ger. Sail a-way...
a-mong your dreams. The strength re-gains us in be-tween our time; the strength re-gains us in be-tween our time.

As we shall speak to dif-

fer, also the ends meet the riv-er's son, so the ends meet the riv-er's son.
Ours the story shall we carry on and search the forest of the sun.

We dream as we dream! Dream as one, and I do think very well

that the song might take you silently. They move fast, they
tell me there's some-one, rainbow,

alter-nate tune,

In the days of sum-mers so long,

we danced as even-ings sang their

song.

We wan-der out the days so
Tacet

long, and I do feel very well that the evenings take you

silently. They move round sunlight,

seeing ground, whispers of clay, alternate ways.
Moderately slow

Soft-er mes-sa-ges bring light to a__ _truth long for-

got-ten on. As we shall speak to dif-fer, al-so the ends meet the

riv-er's son, so the ends meet the riv-er's son.
I reach over, and the fruit of life stands still.

Stand a-while, we search our past, we start a-new,

—the music sings of love you knew.
We walk around the story.

Out in the city running free,
sands of companions sides—
that be, the strength of the meeting lies with you.

Wait all the more regard your past, school gates remind us of

our class. Chase all confusion away with us.

Stand on hills of long forgotten yesterdays.
Pass amongst your memories told returning ways as certain as we walk today, we walk around the story. Out in the city running free, days pass as seconds turn...
the key, the strength of the moment lies with you.

Don the cap and close your eyes, imagine all the glorious challenge, iron metal cast to others,
distant drums.
Force the bit between the mouth of freedom. Didn't we learn to fly?
Remember to sail the skies,
Distant suns will we reach winds al-
low other skyline,
other skyline to hold you.
Relayer,

All the dying cried before you.
Relayer,

we've rejoiced in all their meaning.

Relayer,

we advance, we re-trace our stories.
Like a dreamer, all our lives are only lost

gotten changes. We re-live in seagull's pages

outward ways.

Things are all in colours, and the size of others' shall send you forward,
arranged to sail you toward a peace of mind.

Will we reach winds ал-

low other sky lines.

other sky lines to hold you.
Relayer,

All the passion spent on one cross.
Relayer,

Sail the futile wars they suffer.

Relayer,

We advance, we retrace our story, fall safe
Moderately slow

Stand on hills of long forgotten yesterdays.
your memories told returning ways as certain as we walk today.

Press over moments leaving you. Out in the city running free,

days pass as seconds turn

the key. The strength of the moment lies with you.
Out tender outward lights of you, shine over mountains, make the view, the strength of you seeing lies with you.
trance we surely carry on

change the passing of the sun.

We
don't even need to try. We are one, and I do think very well...

As the truth unfolds you, silently they
move time, rainbows, sunlight,
alternate tune, alternate tune,
soft light, alternate view.

Sunlight, tell me, someone,
alternate view, alternate view, surely, surely.

Very slow and free
SOUND CHASER

Words and Music by
JON ANDERSON, STEVE HOWE, PATRICK MORAZ, CHRIS SQUIRE and ALAN WHITE

Moderately
No chord

F♯

moment spent - spread tales - of change _ with - in _ the sound,_ counting
form through rhythm electric freedom moves to counterbalance

stars expend our conscience all to know

— and see the look in your eyes.
time will reach as nature relays to set the scene,

new encounters spark a true fruition,
guiding lines we touch them, our bodies balance out the

waves as we accelerate our days to the
look in your eyes.

From the moment I reached out to hold—I felt a sound...
and what touches our soul slowly moves as

C7sus4  Eb7sus4

touch rebounds... And to know that tempo will continue

Db  Gb  Ab

lost in trance of dances as rhythm takes another turn,

Bb

as is my want, I only reach to look in your eyes.
THE GATES OF DELIRIUM

Words and Music by
JON ANDERSON, STEVE HOWE, PATRICK MORAZ, CHRIS SQUIRE and ALAN WHITE

N.C.
La la, la la la la la la,
gradual cresc.
la la la la la la, la la

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Stand and fight we do considerer, remind of an inner pact between us that's seen as we go.
And ride there in motion to fields in debts of honor defending.
Stand the marchers soaring talons,
peaceful lives will not deliver freedom, fighting we know,

destroy oppression, the point to reaction

as leaders look to you attacking.

N.C.
Choose and renounce, throwing chains to the floor. Kill or be killing.

Fast er sins correct, the flow. Casting giant shade.

Owes off vast penetrating force, to alter via the war.

That seen as friction spans, the spirit's wrath ascending to redeem.
Wars that shout in screams of anguish, power spent passion be-
spoil our soul receiver, surely we know.

In glory we rise to offer, create our freedom, a word, we utter a word.
Words cause our banner, victorious our day. Will silence be promised as violence display. The curse increased we fight the pow'r and live by it by day.
Our Gods awake in thund'rous roars and guide the Leader's hand in paths of glory to the cause.
Listen,

should we

fight for
ever?

Knowing as we do know fear
destroy?

Listen,

should we leave our children?

Listen,

our lives stare in silence; help us
N.C.

now.

Listen,
your friends have been

broken,
they tell us of your poison;
now we

know.

Kill them,

give them as they give us.

Slay them,
burn their children's laughter on to hell.
The first will run, grasp metal to gun._ The
locos

spirit sings in crashing tones, we gain the battle drum._

Our cries will shrill, the air will moan and

crash into the dawn._ The pen won't stay the de-
mon's wings, the hour approaches pounding out the Devil's sermon.

N.C.

Slowly

Dm

F
Am       G    
Soon, ___ Oh, soon the light, ___ pass with-in and soothe this

G   Dm
end-less night ___ and wait here for you,

F        C
our rea-son to be here ___

Am       G    Am
Soon, ___ Oh, soon the time ___ all we move to gain will
reach and calm; our heart is open, our reason to be
here.
Long ago, set into rhyme.

Soon, Oh, soon the light, ours to shape for all time,
G
ours the right;
Dm
the sun will lead us,
F
our reason to be here.

C
Soon, Oh, soon the light,

Am
ours to shape for all time, ours the right;
G
the sun will lead us,

Dm

F
our reason to be here.
We go sailing down the calming streams,

drifting endlessly

by the bridge. To be over, we will see,
to be over. Do not suffer
through the game of chance that plays; always doors to
lock away your dreams. Think it over, time will heal your fear, think it over.

Balance the thoughts that release within you.
Child-like soul dreamer.
One journey, one to seek and see, in every light
do open true pathways a way.
Carry ing closer, go gently.
holding doors will open every way you
wander true pathways a
way. After all your
soul will still surrender. After all don't
doubt your part, be ready to be loved.
Songs from:
YESTERDAYS
GOING FOR THE ONE
TORMATO
DRAMA
YESSHOWS
DEAR FATHER
Words and Music by
JON ANDERSON and CHRIS SQUIRE

Moderately fast

Here are the books of look; you need them to
They're on their own, needing a face, a place,

Open the seed to see what goes on in the
Hope and mind, a home to see what goes on in the

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Here is all you see,
Here is all you see,
Here is all you see,
Here is all you see,
ev'ry-thing is made _ for you _
from me,___

If there's

an- y thing you'd like to say that could help ___ me in an-
compli- ca- tion that you'd like to talk o-ver

with me a-bout, _

'cause I've been wait-ing for so _ long for

you to come a-long, help me on that day ___
when you _
you to come a-long, we ___ can work it all out when you _
take over all the things heaven has made for you. Is there
an - y - thing you think you should know? Is there an - y - thing before I go?
Fa - ther, I'm hun - gry, I'm cold; dear Fa - ther, feel - ing ter -
ri-bly old; dear Fa-ther, I don't think I can see. I'm
minds are gone; dear Fa-ther, they run on t'un-der-stand me, I'm
not feel-ing good like I think I should.
not feel-ing good like I think I should.

Dear Fa-ther, can I give it a miss; dear
Fa-ther, 'cause I'm not rea-d-y for this; dear Fa-ther, I don't think I
can see. I'm not feeling good like I think I should.

Dear

Father, won't you leave me alone; dear Father, won't you let me go home; dear Father, I don't think I could see; dear
Father, Lord, they'd crucify me; dear Father, I just couldn't do that; dear Father, 'cause that's not where it's at—now.

C   F/C   Bb/C
C   F/C   Bb/C
C   F   Gm7
Bb
C
GOING FOR THE ONE

Words and Music by
JON ANDERSON

Fast

E

Get the idea around the track underneath the flank of a
Get in the way as the tons of water racing with you
verses I've sang don't add much weight to the story in my head, so I'm

E

C

G/B

Am7

G

A9

thoroughbred racing chaser,
crashing through the rudder,
thinking I should go write a punch line.

But they're

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Getting the feel as a river flows. Would you like to go and
once at the start, can you gamble that you really surely
so hard to find in my cosmic mind, so I think I'll take a

shoot the mountain masses?
really mean to finish,
look out of the window.

And here you stand no,
after seeing all your
When I think about you,


taller than the grass sees.
sense of fear diminish?
I don't feel low.

And should you really chase
As you treat danger as
And should I really chase

so hard, the truth of sport plays rings around you,
pure collection, as you throw away misconceptions.

so hard, the truth of sport plays rings around you.
Going for the one.

Going for the one.

Going for the one.

Go- ing for the one.

Ain't got no time. Talkin' to the one.

Go- ing for the one.

Go- ing for the one.

Go- ing for the one.

Go- ing for the one.

Taken so high.
To touch to move. Listen to life.

Touching touch time. Travel twilight.

To Coda

Taken so high. Round-a-bout, sounding out,

love you so. Love you so.
D. S. % (no repeats) al Coda

Coda

Now the

Tak-ing your time.

Turn on to love.
Touch-ing touch time.
Turn on to love.

Turn-stile to one.
Trav-el twilight.
Turn-stile to one.

Tender timing.
Taken so high.
Tender timing.

Rock-ing rolling.
Tak-ing your time.
Rock-ing rolling.

Listen in time.
Turn on to love.
Mom-ents de-cide.

Tak-en so high.
Turn-stile to one.
Mom-ents de-light.
To touch
to move.
Tender
tim-ing.
Moments
in flight.
Listen
to life.
Rock-ing
roll-ing.

Talk a-bout send-ing
love.

Love.

Love.

Three times
TURN OF THE CENTURY
Words and Music by
JON ANDERSON, STEVE HOWE and ALAN WHITE

Moderately
Am(add B)

No chord

N.C.
Realizing a form out of stone,
set hands moving,

Roman shaped his heart thru his working hands. Work to mould his passion into
clay, like the sun. In his room, his lady,

she would dance and sing so completely.
So be still, he now cries.

I have time. Oh, let clay transform thee so.

Ah, ah.
In the deep cold of night,
Winter calls; he cries, don't deny me. For his lady, deep her illness; time has caught her and will for all reasons take her.

In the still light of dawn, she dies; helpless hands soul revealing. Like leaves, we touch; we learn. We once
knew the story. As Winter calls, he will

starve all but to see the stone—be life.

Now Ro-an, no more tears, set to work; his strength so transformed—him.

Re-al-iz-ing a form—out of stone, his work so ab-sorbed—him. Could she
Could she see him?  All a-glow was his room,
dazed in this light.  He would hold her.
Laughing as they danced, high-est col-ours touch-ing oth-ers.  Did her eyes—at the turn-
cresc.
—of the cen-try tell me plain-ly how we'll meet, how we'll love?
Oh, let life so transform me.

Like leaves, we touched; we danced. We once knew the story.

As Autumn called, and we both remembered all those many years ago.
I'm sure we know.

\[\text{Em}\]
\[\text{Am/E}\]
\[\text{D}\]
\[\text{C}\]

\[\text{Em}\]
\[\text{Am(no 3rd)}\]
\[\text{D}\]
\[\text{C}\]

\[\text{Em(add F#)}\]
\[\text{Am sus4}\]
\[\text{D}\]

\[\text{C}\]
\[\text{Em7}\]
\[\text{Am7}\]
\[\text{cresc.}\]
Was the sign of the day — with a touch, as I kiss your fingers...

We walk hands in the sun, memories when we're young; love lingers so...
Was it sun thru the haze that made all your looks
as warm as moonlight?

As a pearl, deep your eyes;
tears have flown away.
All the same, light.

Did her eyes at the turn of the century
tell me plainly
when we meet, how we'll look? As we smile, time will leave me clearly.

Like leaves, we touch; we see. We will know the story.

As Autumn calls, we'll both remember all those many years ago.
PARALLELS
Words and Music by
CHRIS SQUIRE

Moderately, with a strong beat

When you've tried most ev - 'ry - thing, and noth-
I've been all a - round the world and seen _
It's the beginning of a new love in sight.
It's the beginning of a new love inside.
You've got the way to make it all happen. Set it spinning, turning
Could be an ever-open-ing flow-er. No hes-i-ta-tion when we're

round-a-bout. Create a new di-men-sion.
all about to build a shin-ing tow-er.

When we are win-ning we can stop and shout, making love to-wards per-fec-
No ex-pla-na-tions; need to work it out. You know

---

---

we've got the pow-
Parallel our sights,

and we will find

that we, we need

to be where we belong.
Parallel our heights,

display our rights and

wrongs, and always keep it strong.
cresc.

Tacet

It's the beginning of a new love.
in sight. Could be an ever-opening flower.

No explanations; need to work it out. You know we've got the pow-

er.

It's the beginning of a new love inside.
You've got the way to make it all happen.
Set it spinning, turning round-a-about.
Create a new dimension.

When we are winning we can stop and shout, making love towards perfection.

No chord
WONDEROUS STORIES

Words and Music by
JON ANDERSON

Moderately

I awoke this morning; Love laid
He spoke of lands not far, nor
It is no lie; I see deep-

me down by the river.
lands they were in his mind;
ly into the future.

Drifting, I turned on upstream
of fusion captured high where
imagine every thing; you're

bound for my forgiver in the giving of my eyes-
reason captured his time in no time at all he took-
close, and were you there to stand so cautiously at first,
to see your face,
me to the gate,
and then so high.

In haste I quickly checked,
As he spoke, my spirit climbed

leaving no trace. I beg to leave to hear your wondrous stories.
the time; if I was late, I had to leave to hear your wondrous stories.
in to the sky. I bid it to re-turn to hear your wondrous stories.

Beg to hear your wondrous stories.
Had to hear your wondrous stories.

La la la.
Hear-ing, hear-ing your won-der-ous sto ries.
Slowly

Emaj9

High vibration go on

to the sun, oh let my heart dreaming,
past a mortal as me.

C#m9

Where can I be?

Wish the sun to stand still,
Dmaj9

-reaching out_to touch_our_own_be-in_g.

Cmaj9

Past all mortal as we._ Here we can be._ Here we be._

cresc.

Twice as fast

Em(no 3rd) D/E C D/C

R.H.

Em(no 3rd) D/E Em(no 3rd) D/E
Workings of man set to ply out historical life: re-regaining

the flower of the fruit of his tree. All awakening.

All restoring you. Workings of man crying out from the fire-

---
set a-flame by his blindness to see that the warmth of his being is promised for his seeing his reaching so clearly.
Workings of man driven far from the path, released
in inhibitions so that all is left for you, all is
left for you, all is left for you,
now.

rit. e dim.

Moderately
N.C.
Master of Images, songs cast a light on you.

Hark thru dark ties that tunnel us out of sane exists-ence.

In-challenge as direct as eyes see young stars as-semble,

Master of light, all pure chance. As ex-ists
cross divided in all-encircling mode.

Oh,
closely guided plan, awaken

in our heart. Master of Soul, set to touch all impenetrable youth,

ask away, that thought be contact
with all that's clear.

Be honest with yourself; there's no doubt.

Master of Time, setting sail over all our lands.
And as we look forever closer, shall we

now bid farewell, farewell.

N.C.
Slowly

High vibration go on to the sun, oh let my heart dreaming,
past a mortal as me. Where can I be?
Wish the sun to stand still, reaching out to touch our own being. Past all mortal as we. Here we can be.
Like the time I ran away,

D(add E)/E    C#m7/E    D(add E)/E    C#m7/E

turned around and you were standing close to me.

D(add E)/E    C#m7/E    D(add E)/E

Like the time I ran away, turned around and you were standing close to me.

C#m7/E    D(add E)/E    C#m7/E    D(add E)/A

Freely

C#m7/E    D(add E) 2ft.    C#m7/E    E
In the fountains of the Universe
Dante will ride again,
set time in accord
raging forth underland.

sits the boy child Solomon
The course of evils standing straight
ever turning round and round
grind to grind.

in the cities of the Southern Sky
Hot metal will abound the land
set points Universe
churning out shout.

dreams he of glory
as the form regards our blazing
pulsating round and round.
Future times will stand and clearly see

(vocal background)

To Coda

(Highest dancing)

See it all,

see it all till tomorrow.
See it all, see it all,
till tomorrow.

Future times will stand and clearly smile
of the course of innocence.
Coda

N.C.

(One) One, the word will enter

all our hearts.

(Two) Two, the duel will alter them.
(Three) Three jewels, countenance divine away
delight, away.

(Four) Four, the fight to free the land.

(Five) Five, the islands of Arabia.

(Six) Six, the tears that separate.
Segue REJOICE
REJOICE
Words and Music by
JON ANDERSON

Moderately slow

D

Re - joice    for - ward out  this feel - ing ten true
Re - joice    for - ward out  this feel - ing the white

D

sum - mers long.     We go round and round and round and
ea - gle soars...    He goes round and round and round and

D

round un - til we pick it up a - gain.    Time flies; on and on -
til the ear - ly winds of change.    Dawn's new light con - quer - ing

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G  
- it goes through the setting sun.  
Car ry

D  
D  
D  

C  
round and round and round and round until it comes to carry you home.  
hour of passion gently hold our heads on high with you.

A  
A  
A

1.

2.

E  
Gently hold our heads on high.
DON'T KILL THE WHALE
Words and Music by
JON ANDERSON and CHRIS SQUIRE

Moderately, with a beat
Bm

G

C

F#m7

P#7

Bm

Em

You're first. I'm last. You're thirst. I'm "Re-joice," they sing; they worship

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asked to justify
their own space.
kill ing our last heav en beast.
in a mo ment of love they will

Don't hunt the whale.
die for their grace. Don't kill the whale.
in beau ty, vi sion, do we
If time will al low, we will

of fer much.
judge all who came.
If we rea son with des tin y, gonn a
In the wake of our new age, to

lose our touch. Don't kill the whale.
stand for the frail. Don't kill the whale.
Dig it.
Dig it, dig it.

Dig it, dig it.

Dig it, dig it.
Moderately slow, in 2

"I will be there," said my friend of a distant life.
Cast off your garments of fear; replace them with love.

covered in greens of a golden age set in stone.
Most of all play with the game of the age.

Follow me. "He sounded of dreams supreme." Follow me.
Highest of places remain all as one with you,

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Drifting within the glow and the after-glow of the eve.

And if that fire-light, I could match the inner flame.

Sacred ships do sail the seventh age.
And if that fire-light, I could match the inner flame.

Sacred ships do sail the

seventh age and have always been here.
Celestial travellers have all been here with us, set in the homes of the

Universe we have yet to go. Countless expansions will arrive and flow inside of us. My friend, he of fantasy,
dancing with the spirit of the age.
RELEASE, RELEASE

Words and Music by
JON ANDERSON, ALAN WHITE and CHRIS SQUIRE

Fast

C♯ m (no 3rd)

Have you heard before, hit it out,
Pow'r defy our needs, lift us up,
don't look back, rock is the medium of our generation?
show us now, show us how amid the rack of confusion,

Stand for every right, kick it out,
Drive in thoughts of high, satisfy
hear you shout, for the right of all of creation. We've heard before -
in a plan, set it out for all to understand it. -
but we just don't seem to move. -
The pressure's on; -
is there lack of concentration?

2. C#m (no 3rd)

transaction?
Lost and wonderin' maybe how it is.

Seems to me it's as simple as this:

No matter where you go, you're gonna

find you won't see me in front, but you can't leave me behind.
Power at first to the needs of each other's days,

Simple to lose in the void sounds of anarchy's calling ways.

All unaccounted for in the craziness of pow'r, in the craziness.

Release all, release...
all, or abandon your hope for your brother.

Release all, release all, or abandon your hope

for your sister. Release, release.

Enough controllers show some signs of appreciated loyalties.
Re-lease, re-lease. Enough controllers show some signs of appreciated loyalties.

You gotta, gotta, gotta, gotta, gotta
get it right—Straight jacket, freedom's march, is it all far beyond our reason of understanding?

Campaign everything; anti-right, anti-left. Anticipate the love of creation.
Stand for every right. Kick it out,

hear you shout, further the right, further the right,

Tacet  D.S.  al Coda  Coda  E  F#m/E

further the right of all of creation.

Re-lease, re-lease.

Re-lease, re-lease.
Re-lease, re-lease.

B7sus4

No chord
CIRCUS OF HEAVEN

Words and Music by
JON ANDERSON

Moderately bright
No chord

The day the Cir-cus

of Heav-en came in-to town, lo-cal folks lined the streets-

in a Mid-west-ern town, wait-ing anx-i-ous-ly for the
parade to begin all around, on the very last day.

headed the Mystical way, surrounded by what seemed a just another moment in time, seven solemn flying nothing really stood there before, a giant tent rising one out in an incredible sound, bringing out the strangest heads, just as vivid as life, each vision transported in dreams of Alexander the Great, civil wars where brothers
thousand golden angels at play. Behind were Centaurs, elves, bright
silvered regal horses rode by; seven golden chariots
thousand feet high from the floor. Townspeople flocked inside with
visions in perfect harmony round. Angry dreams he asked would
multitudes, inventing light. Grecian galleons, the Sack of
fought and killed their friendship in hate. all seen by Zeus performing

fairies all in colours of Jade, on the very final
in tow, a wonder to behold, the Seven Lords of the Mountains of
their eyes all amazed to greet the Seventh Lord of the
they like to have seen from historic or mythi-cal
Troy to the Gardens of Babylon, a play of millions roared a-
scenes of the magical way, the day the circus came to

1-5. 6.

day.
time.
Seventh Age.
scenes.
long.
town.

For what seemed only
There then arose where
A fanfare rang
Then, there above their
The gigantic
Outside great animals as tame as the trees;

angels high in starlight dancing streets, tuning their

colours with indigo and gold, dropping violet, red and emerald

snow, as the circus fi-
n'lly changed its invis-ible course; a new world to be found.

On the dream-y ground we walked up-on, I turned to my-

son and said, "Was that some-thing
beautiful, amazing, wonderful, extraordinarily

(speaking) "Oh, it was O.K. But there were no clowns, or lions,
or tigers; no bears, no candy-floss, toffee apples; no clowns."
ONWARD

Words and Music by
CHRIS SQUIRE

Slowly

Contained in every thing I do

Displayed in all the things I see

There's a love I feel for you

Proclaimed in every thing I write,

Portrayed in all the things you say,

You're the light you're the day.
ON THE SILENT WINGS OF FREEDOM

Words and Music by
JON ANDERSON and CHRIS SQUIRE

Moderately fast

\[
\text{A(no 3rd)}\quad \text{C(no 3rd)/A}
\]

\[
\text{On the silent wings of Freedom,}
\text{winds of Celestial}
\text{dream of our love Eternal}
\]

\[
\text{Bm(no 3rd)/A} \quad \text{Em(no 3rd)/A}
\]

\[
\text{where we offer ourselves}
\text{midst the balancing of}
\]

\[
\text{that would carry me on}
\text{midst the balance of be-}
\]

\[
\text{that will eventually bring}
\text{our living once more}
\]

[1, 2.

\[
\text{A6} \quad \text{Am7}
\]

\[
\text{the Sun,}
\text{ing one,}
\]

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No chord

on the
on the

with you...

Where we are coming from or where we go, we only know we come-

- with sound. - Where we are coming from or where we go, we
only know we go around and round.

On the back of your forty-second scream down,
flight of regardless feelings do you choose
as you hur-

to be lost midst the challenge of being one?
On the challenge of everybody.
La la la la la la la la la la
La la la la la la
La la la la la

On the

dark-est night so faith-ful,
do you hun-ger for love?

midst the tor-ture of be-ing one?

On the
passing light of Easing, common goal of Freedom, have you seen you inside where we offer ourselves...

midst the being of Everyone?

To the of the Sun...
Where we are coming from—or where we go, we only know we come—

with sound.

Where we are coming from, where we are coming from—

or where we go, we only know we go—around and around—

A(no3rd)
ARRIVING U.F.O.

Words and Music by
JON ANDERSON, STEVE HOWE and RICK WAKEMAN

Moderately fast

I could not take it, oh, so seriously, really, when you
Arriving through the eons of times immortal
You say there's no reason to conjure with the
called and said you'd seen a U.F.O.,
power of the future to behold,
force as it has been known to be seen.

But then it dawned on me the message in writing spelt out a meet-
ves selves of a different impression, none that we_
You say I'm a fool, a believer. Put your feet_
ing never dreamed of before.
I looked out

could ever hope to have known.
So look out

on the earth; it is green.
But look out

C/D

D

C/G

G

in the night.
Strange and startling

in the night.
Once they ar-

in the night.
Wait, for they ar-

F

was this voice of time just saying there's got to be a linking of ev-
rire, oh, that perennial light impress a bolder Empire of En-
rire to start such sciences anew. Here it is, the coming of out-
MACHINE MESSIAH

Words and Music by
GEOFF DOWNES, TREVOR HORN, STEVE HOWE, CHRIS SQUIRE and ALAN WHITE

PART I
Slowly, in 2
No chord

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Run down a street where the glass shows that summer has gone.

Age, in the doorways, resenting the pace of the dawn.

All of them standing in line.

All of them waiting for time.
time, the great healer, the machine Messiah is born.

Cables that carry the life to the cities we build.

Threads that link diamonds of light to the satanic mills.
Ah, to see in every way

that we feel it every day and

know that maybe we'll change, offered the chance,

to finally unlearn our lessons and alter our
stance.

C 0 0
Dm/C

G

Gb  Eb  Db

Am7/G  Gmaj7/A

Am7

Cmaj7

Dm7/C

C/D

Dm9

Gb  Eb  Db

N.C.
Friends make their way into systems of chance.

Escape to freedom, I need to be there.
Waiting and watching, the tables are turning. I'm waiting and watching; I need to be there. I care to see them walk away and to be there when they say they will return.
Slowly, in 2 (♩=♩)

Am

Em

Moderately

Esus2 Cmaj7/E

N.C.

Esus2 Cmaj7/E

Esus2 Cmaj7/E E7sus4 Cmaj7/E

Em

Esus2 Cmaj7/E

Esus2 Cmaj7/E E7sus4 Cmaj7/E

Esus2 Cmaj7/E

Esus2 Cmaj7/E
Cmaj7/E  Esus2  Cmaj7/E  E7sus4  Cmaj7/E  Esus2  Cmaj7/E  Esus2  Cmaj7/E

china, machine Messiah, the mindless

Esus2  Cmaj7/E  E7sus4  Cmaj7/E  Esus2  Cmaj7/E  Esus2  Cmaj7/E  Esus2  Cmaj7/E

search for a higher controller. Take me

to the fire and hold me. Show me the

E7sus4  Cmaj7/E  Esus2  Cmaj7/E  Esus2  Cmaj7/E  Esus2  Cmaj7/E  Esus2  Cmaj7/E  E7sus4

Cmaj7/E  Esus2  Cmaj7/E  Esus2  Cmaj7/E  Esus2  Cmaj7/E  Em6  Em(add F#)

strength of your singular eye.
History dictating symptoms of ruling mance
claws at the shores of the
wa - ter up - on which we dance.

All of us stand - ing in line.  All of us wait - ing for
time to feel it all the way—and to be there when they say they know that maybe we’ll change, offered the chance, to finally unlearn our lessons and alter our
Am

(8va)

Bm7/E Cmaj7/E

(8va)

Machine,

Bm7/E Cmaj7/E

Esus2 Cmaj7/E E7sus4 Cmaj7/E Esus2 Cmaj7/E

machine Messiah, take me

Bm7/E Cmaj7/E

Esus2 Cmaj7/E E7sus4 Cmaj7/E Esus2 Cmaj7/E

into the fire.
Am          Bm7/E Cmaj7/E

(8va)       7

Hold me,

Esus2 Cmaj7/E E7sus4 Cmaj7/E Esus2 Cmaj7/E Esus2 Cmaj7/E Esus2

machine Messiah, and show me the

Cmaj7/E E7sus4 Cmaj7/E Esus2 Cmaj7/E Em

strength of your singular eye.

Repeat and fade

Em
WHITE CAR

Words and Music by
GEOFF DOWNES, TREVOR HORN, STEVE HOWE, CHRIS SQUIRE and ALAN WHITE

Moderately fast
E(no 3rd)

D(no 3rd)

A/E
Asus 4/E

Dm
Em

Dm
G
Dm
C
G

F/A
Bb

I see a man in a white car

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move like a ghost on the skyline.

Take all your dreams and you throw them away.

Man in a white car.
That's what you say.
Could it really happen to you?

Could this be true?
Does it ever happen to you?

Does that explain?
And can you prove

This is the season
for this display.

To take a look
in time to move together.

You take a step
in time to move together.

Time is the measure be-
fore it's begun. Slip a way like running water. Live for the pleasure,

live by the gun. Her-itage for son and daughter. Down to the slaughter,

up for the fun. Up for any thing.
You walk.
the way you use
you take is all

the path on black
To be Be brave:

as sured the weight
you draw will make

a graph the heat
The scale There is
no way... to take...

(d=3) N.C.

it back.

E  F♯m

F♯  G♯m  Ab  B♭m  B♭  C m  C  Dm  D
Time is the measure before it's begun. Slips away like running water.

LIVE FOR THE PLEASURE, LIVE BY THE GUN.

Heritage for son and daughter. Down to the slaughter,

Up for the fun. Up for, up for, up for any-
That’s what you say... Could it really happen to you?

Does that explain the very
reason for this display? To take a

look in time to move together,

A/G D/G C/G Dm/G G Bb/G F/G

N.C.
together.

Repeat and fade

A7 F/A D/A A7
INTO THE LENS

Words and Music by
GEOFF DOWNES, TREVOR HORN, STEVE HOWE, CHRIS SQUIRE and ALAN WHITE

Moderately, in 4
No chord

B
B sus4

F#m/B
D/B

G#m6/B
Cmaj7/B

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Slowly and freely
Gmaj7 A/G   Bm   Gmaj7 A/G   Bm
Memories, how they fade so fast.
Look back, that is no escape.

Tied down, now you see too late.
Lovers, they will never wait.
Moderately bright

Cm

I am a camer- a.

Gm/C

I am a camer- a.

Gm/C

Take heart,

D/B  Bm

never let you go.

And you

always

Gmaj7   A

0

0

0
let the feeling show.

Love us all. How you never broke your heart.

How you lose them if you feel the feeling start.

I am a camera, camera, camera.

I am a camera,
cam-er-a, cam-er-a.
I am a cam-er-a,

And you may find time will

blind you. This to just re-mind you, all is meant to

be.
There, by the water-side,

here, where the lens is wide,

you and me, by the sea,

taken in tranquility.
N.C.

Taken, taken so easily

to pass into glass
al-i-ty.

Transform to

trans-fer to en-e-ry.
Take heart,
I could never let you go.

And you always let the feeling show.
Love us all. How you never broke your heart. How you lose them if you feel the feeling start.

I am a camera, camera, camera.

I am a camera, camera, camera.
Taken, taken so easily to pass into glass reality.
Transformer transferring energy.
And you may find time will blind you. This to just re-

mind you, all is meant to be.
I am a camera.
I am a camera.
E/G#  G  E/G#  G  Bm
I am, I am a camera.

E/G#  G  E/G#  G  D/B  E/B
I am, I am here by the

Dmaj7/B  D/B
water side. There where the

E/B  Dmaj7/B  D/B  E/B  D/B
lens is wide, you and me,
by the sea, taken in tranquility.
I am, I am...
cresc.

I am, I am...

I am, I am...
cresc.
cam-er-a.
Born in the night, she would run like a leopard that freaks

at the sight of a mind close beside herself. And the nearer I came,

how the country would change. She was using the

scape to hide herself.
More in the mind than the body this feeling, a sense

at the end of a circular line that is drawn

at an angle, I see when I'm with you, to navigate waters and

finally answer to yes.
If you were there, you would want to be near me.

Innocence, you could hold the materials.

And though nothing would really be living,

it would shock your fall into landing light.
In the North sky, time flies fast to the morning. The cold of the dawn, it meant nothing to us. You were keeping your best situation, an answer to yes.

Ah, ah, ah.
And the moment I see you

F#m/A  Em/A
No.

Yes. yes.

F#m/A  Em/A
it's so good to be near you.

F#m/A  Em/A
And the feeling you give me

F#m/A  Em/A makes me want to be with you

To Coda

F#m/A  Em/A
from the moment you tell me

B7sus4

2fr.

gradual cresc.
If you could see all the roads I have travelled towards

some un-us-a-ble last equi-lib-ri-um. Run like an athlete and die

like a dead beaten speed freak, an answer to all

of the answers to yes.
If I wait for an answer,
Yes.

will the silence be broken?
Yes.

Do we wait for an answer?
Yes.

Do we leave it unspoken?
Yes.
RUN THROUGH THE LIGHT

Words and Music by
GEOFF DOWNES, TREvor HORN, STEve HOWE, CHRIS Squire AND ALAN WHITE

Moderately slow
No chord

\[\begin{align*}
\text{G} & \quad \text{F} \\
\text{G} & \quad \text{Am}
\end{align*}\]

I asked my love to give me shelter,

\[\begin{align*}
\text{G/B} & \quad \text{F/A} \\
\text{G/B} & \quad \text{Am/C}
\end{align*}\]

and all she offered me were dreams...
Of all the moments spent together, that move like never-ending streams.
Run through the light.
Now ev'rything is all right.
Run through the light of day.
Run to the light of night.
And ev'ry movement made to -

g/b  f/a
f
am/c
g/b  f/a
f a
er, till ev'-ry thought was just the same, and all the pieces fit. forever

in the game... The light... run through... the light... Now ev-
'ry-thing is all right. Run through the light of day.
You run to the light of night. Run through
the light. Run to the light. Run through
the light. to the light.
I asked my love to give me shel
and all she offered me were dreams, (run through the light)
of all the moments spent together.
er

(run to the light)

that move like never-ending streams.

Run through

the light.

Run to the light.

Welcome to

the light.

Now everything is okay.

gradual cresc.
You run through the light of night. You come to the light of day.

(d = d)

Repeat and fade