

Who Can Tell the Moment?

Laura Zaerr © 2007

**Who can tell the moment when the trees are bound with snow,
that the gentle breath of Spring awakes the frozen drops to flow?
And who can tell the moment or the minute or the hour,
when the green tight-fisted rose bud opens up a perfect flower?**

**And the Earth spins 'round in its course of such precision,
and the soul sings out with the force of perfect vision.**

**Who can tell the moment, when the rain is in the air,
and the golden fingered sunlight wraps a rainbow 'round it's hair?
And who can tell the moment, on a brilliant summer's day,
when the rippling green of Spring will turn to golden crested hay?**

**And the Earth spins 'round in its course of such precision,
and the soul sings out with the force of perfect vision.
Shifting time, shifting space, each design in its place.**

(Instrumental)

**Can you ever tell the moment, in a child's open heart,
when you know the bonds of love can never be torn apart?
With eyes as wide as moonlight, and the subtle scent of youth,
when the tender face of love reveals the open heart of truth?**

**And the Earth spins 'round in its course of such precision,
and the soul sings out with the force of perfect vision.
Shifting time, shifting space, each design in its place.**