

Burning Bright Before The Blue
Words and music by Tom Savre © 1993

Scarlet and orange maple – maroon and crimson sumac
Yellow birch, rusty oak – golden amber tamarack
Vibrant colors on a crisp clear autumn day
Burning bright before the blue

Two bicycles are rolling home along the shore
I hear the city calling I'm still craving more
Wind and sun and seagulls laughing on the bay
All the wonders of the lake

On autumn days like this I have to shake my head and wonder
If this spell will ever break
I've spent so much time out walking
Along the shore of this great lake

And I know that only time alone will ever tell
Everything that's meant to be
As I grow old and watch the years unfold
Falling deep into the mystery

Smell the wood smoke in the air
'Round the bend and we'll be there
Cozy cabin now is welcoming us in
Pull the chairs up to the fire

(Instrumental break)

Yesterday I stood alone and watched the skeins of wild geese weaving
Their braided chains across the sky
Looks like any one with any sense is leaving
Winter's just for those who will not fly

Something cold and fresh blew underneath my door this morning
I guess that's how it all begins
Out on the lake I see a thin sheet of ice is forming
Scattered snow flakes swirling in the wind

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