

The Story Of Lara Layne

It's a cold, cold September night
May be hundred days ago
Lonely road and a mystic light
Like a dream – I don't know

An old house in the rain of England
And I knocked on the door
A young girl said: "I waited for you"
Candles burned on the floor

Lara Layne – you're my sweet illusion
When the night comes I'm calling your name
Your smile's so sweet – I'm drowning in confusion
I'll never forget Lara Layne

Fading roses – she's dressed in white
I heard the midnight rain
Just a tea in the candlelight
Her name was Lara Layne

On the next day an old man told me:
"She died in sixty-nine"
He did not believe my story
It's a mystery of time

And whatever may be
Time will come – time will show
Was it just an illusion, tell me
Lara where did you go