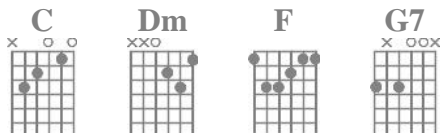


Guitar tuned EADGBE

No Capo



C **F**
1. And so it comes to this
Dm **G7**
A fond farewell, a final kiss
C **F**
A casual smile and then you're gone
G7 **C**
For we must journey on

2. We touched the joy of spring
We flew like swallows on the wing
And raced it towards the summer sun
For we must journey on

3. So catch it as you can
Fleeting moments in your hand
Hold on tight or they'll be gone
For we must journey on

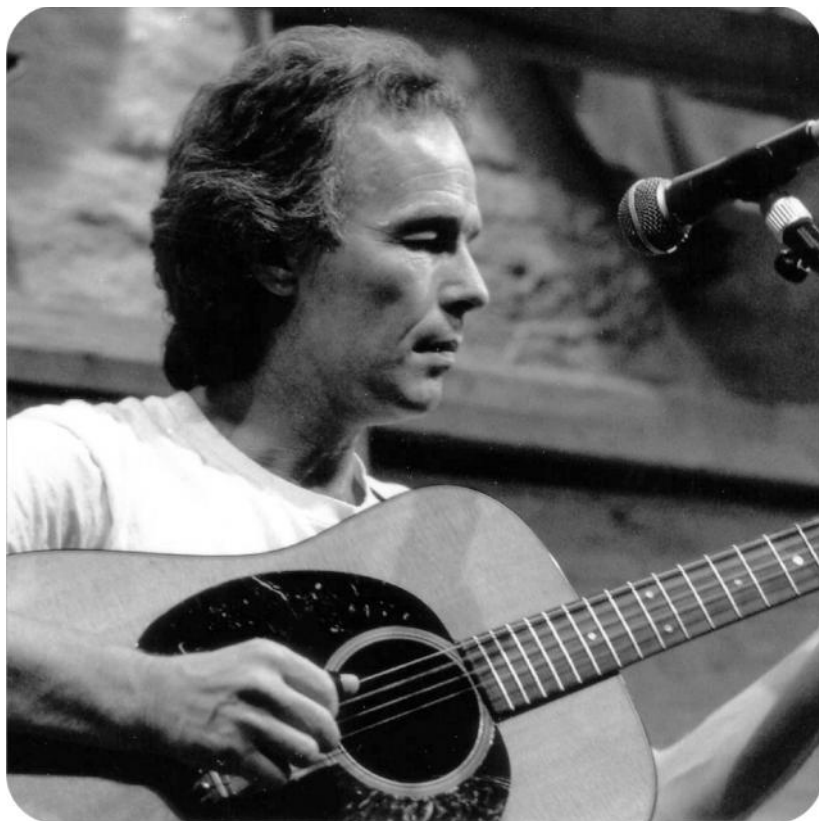
4. But summer passed too soon
And autumn played a different tune
It matters not who lost or won
For we must journey on

Repeat verse 3

Repeat verse 1

Some songs almost write themselves, and this is one such. The words came out so quickly I could hardly write fast enough – in fact within half an hour. This was on 26th January, 1990 between 12:30am. and 1:00am. – I know this because I have the original draft, and I can see from my notes that I already had the tune an hour or so before the words came.

The song does not say anything that has not been said before, but it serves as a reminder that time will pass quickly and we must make it count, for in the end, we will all have to journey on.



A.T. at Tonder Festival, 1990

Photo: Karl-Heinz Jasmer