

Amateur

Amateur, amateur, avec les mains, avec le couer,
Avec les mains, avec le couer, avec l'amore, amateur.

In a cold desert night, far from the city light,
He peers through his lens into space that never ends.
Beyond Neptune and Mars, ancient light of dying stars
To a distant galaxy and glimpse infinity.

Turns her hands to the toil, turns her soul in to the soil,
A steward of the trees and a keeper of the bees.
She'll nurture all she needs from sunlight, rain and seeds,
Simple gifts from the earth to her table and her hearth.

They gather twice a week to rehearse the lines they'll speak
With lights and sets and sound for theatre in the round.
And as first night approached, there'll be tension, tears and focus,
But soon the curtains rise for friends' and families' eyes.