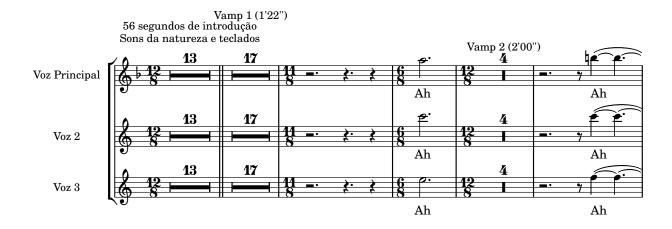
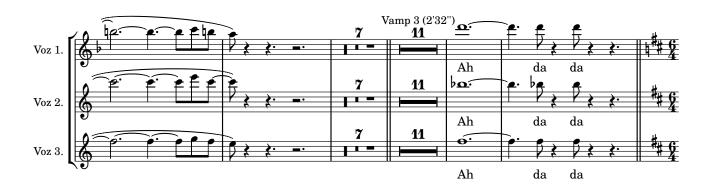
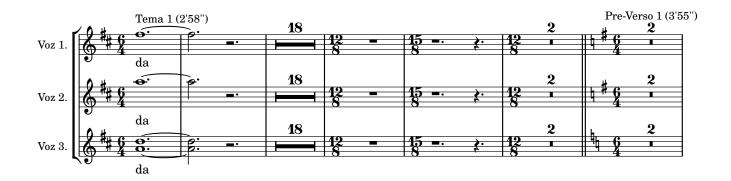
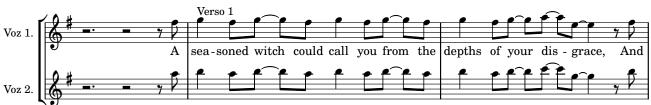
$\begin{array}{c} \textbf{Close to the edge} \\ \textbf{Yes} \end{array}$

Jon Anderson, Steve Howe Transcribed by Hugo L. Ribeiro



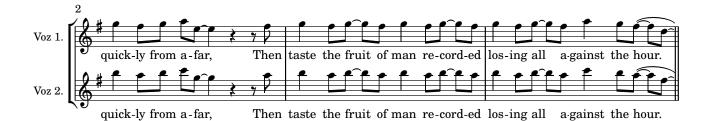






A sea-soned witch could call you from the depths of your dis-grace, And







And as-sess-ing points to no-where, lead -ing ev-'ry single one. A



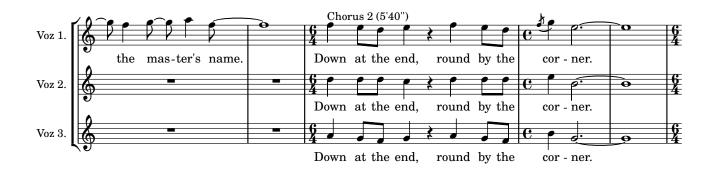


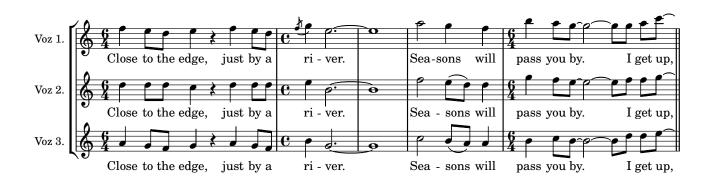




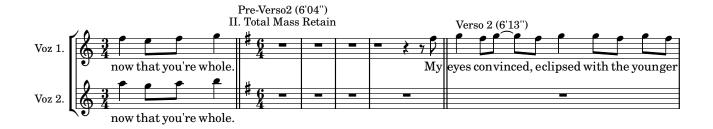




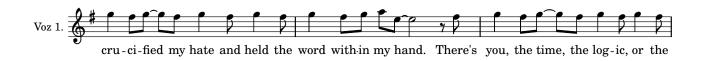








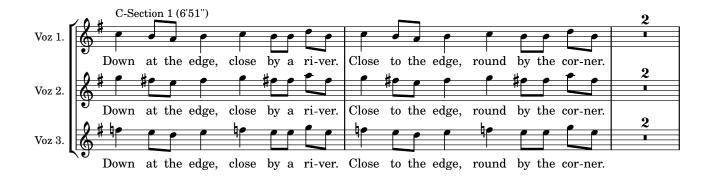
moon at-tained with love. It changed as al-most strained amidst clear manna from a-bove.

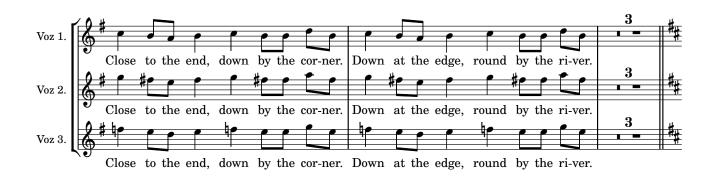








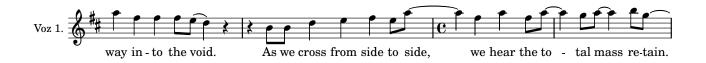


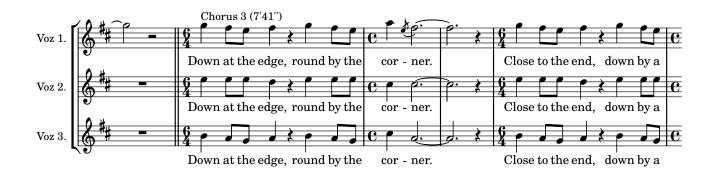


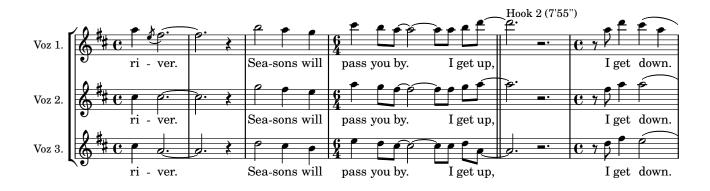


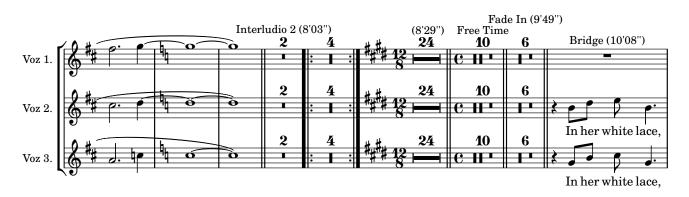




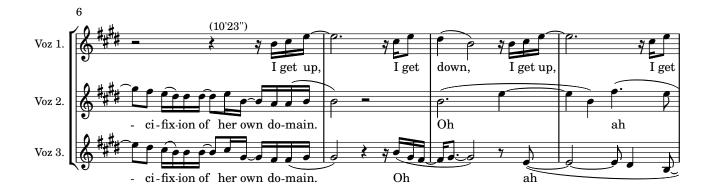




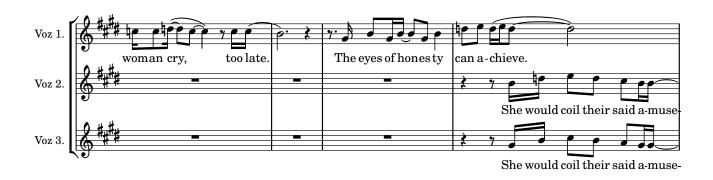


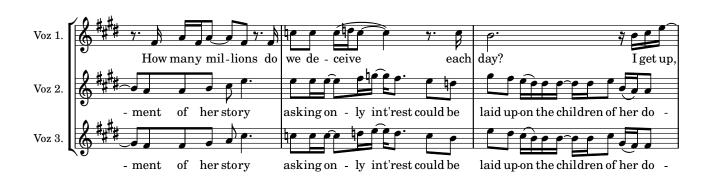


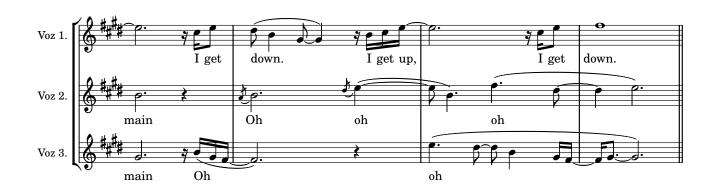


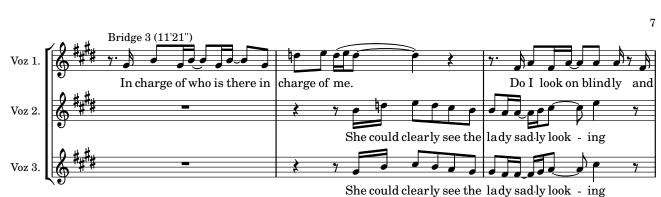


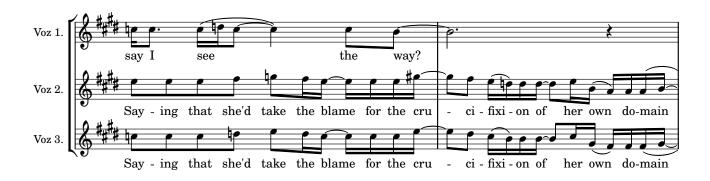


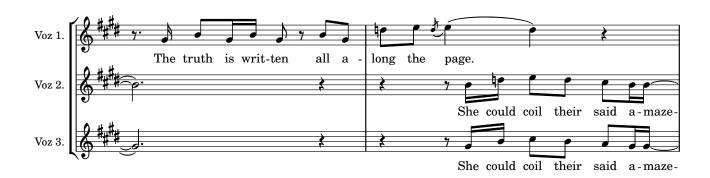


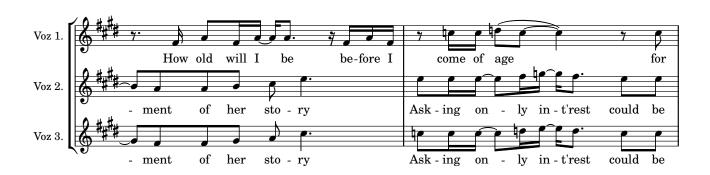


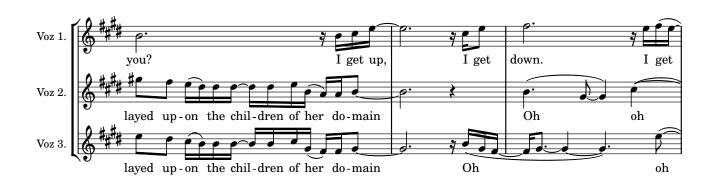








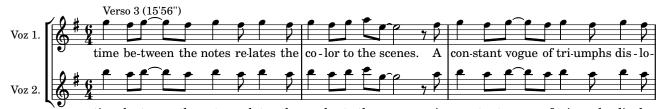












time be-tween the notes relates the co-lor to the scenes. A con-stant vogue of tri-umphs dis-lo-

