

I sing it in the morning
I sing it at night
I sing it in the evening
And the light grows more bright

To sing of the future
I have to sing of the now
And the way that I see it's
Like tramps wearing crowns

They wake in their glory
And march through the hills
And the way that I see it –
It carries me still

And the song of the people
Is the song of the land
And the way that it's perfect
Is in the palms of their hands

And their hearts will burst open
As they cry for their souls
And the parts that were frozen
So very long ago

But their genes are all shifting
Just like the leaves on the tree
With their colours all changing
As the seasons break free

So carry me homeward
Via the long way round
Where I'll listen forever
To the sands making sounds

As the grains all fly seawards
Then sideways slip down
To where the men who were leaders
Will soon become clowns

And the frogs become princes
All playing their tunes
As they dance like young goblins
By the light of the moon.

Now if I end this story
You know it's too soon

Because the path of our fury
Will always go on

So I sing songs in the morning
And I'll sing songs at night
And I'll sing in the evening
And sometimes I'll write.

The way that I see it
Is that somehow it's right
That we speak of the horrors
And the wisdoms of life.

At the end of a lifetime
I know that my songs
Will keep me on flying
Though the grey-goose has gone.

The sun is now blazing
Round the curve of the earth
As I fly backwards
From death to my birth

And as birds have their feathers
Like so many angels snuggling
We all have insulation
From what is happening

Except for those right in it
Direct, raw, and bare
With no choice but to live it.
Your turn next, so don't stare.

Have you felt how close it is,
This kiss of desolation?
Only one step from this
To utter decimation.

But my horizons are changing
With every flap of my wings
And the one thing I'm doing
Is trying to sing

And the world brings me questions

And the heavens do too
And there are so many reasons
For flying on through

But time is a season
That keeps coming round
So once I am lost
I can always be found

So we might as well dance
Like blood running free
Trying to wash out the past
Trying to come clean

So that when the future catches us
With all the things we have done
We'll at least have a cup
To raise up and drink down.

The way that I see it's
Like a laugh, not a frown
As I know that our spirit
Can never be kept down.

What have the children said today
Is there a hope, is there a way
To stop the pain, lift up the lame
To take off and fly again.

The way that I see it
When the clouds are all gone
There's always some sunshine
After the storm

And a rainbow is rising
As people's hearts open wide
Like flowers on the horizon
Blossoming out from the inside

And the way that I see it's
Like monkeys evolving
While the earth simply turns
And time is dissolving.

What have the grandparents said –
Is it a story, or is it a game
And if it's a dream then
What is it's name?

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