

Don't talk about religion.  
Someone says I gotta run.  
Quicksilver wing express, compresses time.  
They'll put your keys and letters, in a capsule underground.  
Your diaries and rosaries to find.

Tell me, can you see it?  
Would (won't) you run Johnny, run.  
Tell them it's easy (you'll see it),  
When your heart is light and young.  
Stepchild to lead us,  
The procession's begun toward that bright white oasis in the sun.

Don't talk about the weather.  
Why the salmon didn't run.  
We'll watch the children play, through filtered light.  
The emerald green sequoias, just a statue made of bronze.  
Like tapestries of dynasties gone by.

Bright white oasis in the sun  
In the sun