

Seven Wonders

Nickel Creek

When shadows fall, he'll close his eyes
to hear the clocks unwind
powerless to leash the hands of time

Kindoms fall, the earth revolves
the rain will come this spring
and nothing he could say would change a thing

Seven wonders crowed the man
knowing six are gone
and how the great illusion lingers on

He cant enfold, the sun or moon
or wind within his hand
but count the times he'll shout the great i am

With all the while, a pontiff smile
veiling his disgrace
at never owning more than second place

Seven wonders crowed the man
knowing six are gone
and how the great illusion lingers on

Seven wonders crowed the man
knowing six are gone
and how the great illusion lingers
while the sad confusion lingers
all the while illusion lingers on