

Climber

David Crosby

The heat of the stone against your face
The incredible presence of mass
The clink of the metal the hiss of the rope
The sky like a piece of blue glass
He clings to the rock with the feeling reversed
As if he holds the whole earth in his hands
He loosens a pebble and hangs there quite silent
Listening to his heart 'til it lands
Listening to his heart moved by his art
Up the wall, up the wall
His life in his hands who knows where it lands
Up the wall, up the wall

They say climb if you want to climb because it's there
Climb 'cause you're a man
I say live on the wings of what's possible here
Climb it because you can
Spirit of mountain (Spirit of man) spirit of man
The Sioux said they both had their place
Here on the ledge (Here on the edge) looking over the edge
I can feel it on my face
Listening to his heart moved by his art
Up the wall, up the wall
His life in his hands who knows where it lands
Up the wall, up the wall

So I listen now to this spirit of mine
Floating in clean air and then
I face to the west and I speak to the sun
And I say thank you quite softly again
Listening to his heart moved by his art
Up the wall, up the wall
His life in his hands who knows where it lands
Up the wall, up the wall

Up the wall
Up the wall