

## The Way

Donovan

I stay behind I walk ahead  
Apart yet a part of ev'rything  
Nothing done and all is well  
Never used yet always full  
Out of nothing comes the one  
Out of one comes the two  
Out of two comes three  
Out of three comes all things  
The more it moves the more it yields  
The valley spirit never dies  
The root of heaven and of earth  
Empty now of ev'rything  
From above it is not bright  
From below it is not dark  
You cannot see when it began  
Follow it there is no end  
It has no aim it is so small  
It has no name it is so great  
It is not seen it is not heard  
Nothing done or left undone  
The weak can overcome the strong  
The supple overcomes the stiff  
Ev'ryone knows this well  
yet so few can practice it  
Out of nothing comes the one  
Out of one comes the two  
Out of two comes three  
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