

# Wizard of the Worldly Game

Fairport Convention

For seven years I've stood right here  
And the flowers ?don't be? by day  
All for the yarns that I was told  
I spread my arms when they grew cold

And warded off the rain  
The bigger the tree, the deeper the roots  
The grass that is trodden underfoot  
Give it time and it will surely rise again

I'm rocked by winds and am soaked by rains  
And I bow and sometimes bend  
Until I fall and crush the forms  
Of a few small friends who stood through storms

And will surely rise again  
The bigger the tree, the deeper the roots  
The grass that is trodden underfoot  
Give it time and it will surely rise again

It's... dust, the Derby's just  
We do... done  
'Wild to wind' and wise to pain  
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Treason into trust  
The bigger the tree, the deeper the roots  
The grass that is trodden underfoot  
Give it time and it will surely rise again