

# When These Mountains Were The Seashore

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When these mountains were the seashore  
when this desert was the ocean floor  
we would swim beneath the star filled sky  
we were lovely fish alone in the night

before the cities met the heavens  
i mean way, way, way back before then  
we would sing as if it were a prayer  
we were lovely fish who dreamed to dare

before clocks kept track of the time  
when day lead gracefully into the night  
before two fish who dreamed to fly  
created their sadness and new reasons to cry

when these mountains were the seashore  
when this desert was the ocean floor  
you and i were not born yet  
it's too long ago now even to forget

when the blue sky found it's courage  
to love and raise and nourish  
back when life was simply meant to be  
our love and care alone in the sea

before clocks kept track of the time  
when day lead gracefully into the night  
before two fish that dreamed to fly  
got suspicious of a miracle  
and asked themselves why

when we looked up through the water  
at time and space and wondered  
what it might be like to live up there  
to leave our fins and gills for the air

before clocks kept track of the time  
before the poems began to rhyme  
before two simple fish that learned to cry  
got suspicious of their love and asked each other why