

Sense Of Henry

I Mother Earth

There they are
Alive, on the move, pretty young,
Still unproven though they love
Restless young zeroes in a haze
Of reckless blind faith taking their
Own sweet time to write and rhyme
Their ending

Are you happy when we're down
Hey I was gonna ask you that
Just now and yes I am,
Yes, I can dig true meaning from
Your believing and feel alright

They'll drift and flow
And take their chances
All white humming flesh and bone
In souls they don't own
How can they not know it ain't
Good being old with nothing
Left to show
But they have each other

There might be a goodbye him to her
When time becomes their leveller...and it will
Ecstatic young searchers who've come
To love just what they are
And what they may become...or whatever
The magic in chaotic scenes
In the sun and the music in
The whine and stink, the uneven
Sounds of summer
Fabulous bad memories, but there's
Something alright about having these together

Too young lives of sleep,
Of violence and love alive
In astral days soon lost
In the rush
If there's a better way
It's alright...they're okay

They're not afraid they'll fade away
Another wasted unfortunate end
Another violent sky overhead
Another sundown burning red
And it's going down hard...like them