I'm bound by the fire I'm bound by the beauty I'm bound by desire I'm bound by the duty I'm coming back in 500 years And the first thing I'm gonna do When I get back here Is to see these things I love And they'd better be here, better be here Better be here And first I'm going to find a forest And stand there in the trees And kiss the fragrant forest floor And lie down in the leaves And listen to the birds sing The sweetest sound you'll hear And everything the dappled Everything the birds Everything the earthiness Everything the verdant, the verdant, the verdant The verdant dream I'm bound by the fire I'm bound by the beauty I'm bound by desire I'm bound by the duty I'm coming back in 500 years And the first thing I'm gonna do When I get back here Is to see these things I love And they'd better be here, better be here Better be here And then I'm going to find an open field And lie down in the flowers And then I'm going to find a guitar And play, play, play for hours And then I'm going to find a river To see what kind of body in And everything the granite Everything the kiss Everything the earthiness Everything the verdant, the verdant, the verdant The verdant dream I'm bound by the beauty I'm bound by desire I'm bound to keep returning I'm bound by the beauty of the light The slightest change, the constant rearrange Of light upon the land I'm bound by the beauty of the wind That blows across the earth The unfetteredness the wheatness And through the flying hair The slowness of the falling leaves Across this warm November door And the geese the flying southness The arms out evermore, I'm bound by the snow Tištěno z www.txp.cz