

Potter's Wheel

John Denver

The world is fast becoming younger
The news is all they've ever known
They've seen the wars, the hurt, the hunger
How will they choose when they are grown

What do you tell forever's children
When it's their turn to hurt and heal
Whatever spins a grim tornado
Can also turn a potter's wheel

Take a little clay
Put it on a wheel
Get a little hint
How God must feel

Give a little turn
Listen to a spin
Make it into the shape
You want it in

Tell with your life the bloody story
Teach to their dreams not burning steel
It's not in bombs where lies the glory
But in what's shattered on the field

The potter's wheel takes love and caring
Skill and patience fast and slow
The works it makes are easily broken
Once they survive the potter's throw

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Some day some children will be digging
In some long forgotten ground
And they'll find our civilisation
Or what's left of it to be found

They'll find the weapons of destruction
But buried deeper in the hole
They'll find a message and a promise
In the sand, the potter's bowl

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Earth and fire and wind conspire
With human hands, and love, and fire