

The Flower That Shattered the Stone

John Denver

The earth is our mother, just turning around with her trees in
the forest and roots underground. Our father above us, whose si
gh is the wind, paint us a rainbow without any end.

As the river runs freely, the mountain does rise.
Let me touch with my fingers, and see with my eyes.
In the hearts of the children, a pure love still grows.
Like a bright star in heaven that lights our way home, like the
flower that shattered the stone.

Sparrows find freedom beholding the sun, in the infinite beauty
, we're all joined in one.
I reach out before me and look to the sky, did I hear someone w
hisper, did something pass by?

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