

## Song of Seven

Jon Anderson

In the meeting place I sit beside, betwixt the points of heaven  
I befell a friendly atmosphere revolving around seven  
Oh, that number mystified my soul and captured within feelings  
Those of doubt and understanding, hand in hand they set me reel  
ing  
Met me a stranger, he came here to town  
Bearing gifts full of promises, discoveries of light  
Said me many reasons why my merry tale  
Could be justified and just both together entwined  
I tell you a reason, he said, "Bless you, you fool, you fool"  
You want "so belief," yet you want so much  
More," you seeker  
Now I see you're baffled, yet again you administer fear  
Of the unexpected, you don't know the score  
Everywhere you look you release parts of your senses  
And everywhere there's purpose in answer to all your dreams  
I can hear you saying what a dreamer, what a fool to life  
Isn't it a pity that he won't come back to earth  
Haven't you imagination, and is it not available  
How you can be sooner or later than your thinking  
Haven't you imagination and is it so impossible  
That you ask of everything so your eyes can see clearly  
So in an instant your story bound  
A desert, the underground, on mountains high  
A glacier, the heat of the day  
City jungle, the sky at night  
In space on a starry night  
An atmosphere impossible  
So you never really care  
So we talk about the strength of dreams  
And we talked at length of every dream  
And we talked about the strength of dreams  
And we talked about the strength of dreaming  
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In the seventh drea