

Just Above My Hobby Horse's Head

Richie Havens

Oh, day is near, darkness gone and the word is clear,
Children see the light, we close their eyes and we call it night.

And as they dream their dreams, we talk the hours away
And as we plan and scheme, we change tomorrow to yesterday.

Borrowed for the time, the life we share is a sacred right,
Choosing, we may find we're on the road and there are no signs.
And we say we love and we say we care
And we say we know and we say we're there
If we live our hates and we fight our wars,
And we burn our towns, what is going down?

Children raise their voice, questioning all has been their choice,
Answers from within point the way to where we've been
And as the music plays and we become all the days
That become the years of our lives, of our lives.