

Cows Of Gladness

Seals & Crofts

Milk the cows of gladness, before they all run dry.
Search the rim of madness, before you lean and sigh.
Become a parch of dryness, before you stoop to drink.
Ascend the arch of whyness, before you try to think.

Now lay me down, lay me down.
Churn the butter of happiness. And be my guest.
Milk the cows of gladness.

Put them out, out to pasture, beneath the olive trees.
That line the hillsides of a distant gracefulness.
So they might feed and flourish in abundance.
And you and I may live.

Dye the shirt of wisdom, the colors of the west.
Approach the skirt of isdom, with waves that mount and crest.
Feed the hay of havoc, to the mouths that starve for such.
And milk the cows of gladness, with a firm and gentle touch.

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Churn the butter of happiness. And be my guest.
Milk the cows of gladness.

Put them out, out to pasture, beneath the olive trees.
That line the hillsides of a distant gracefulness.
So they might feed and flourish in abundance.
And you and I may live.