

Not Be Found

Seals & Crofts

You talk of love in endless riddles, the truth is bent to fit y
our teeth
Your ears hear only necessary words and thoughts that make you
breathe
From out of the depths of want you wander, searching for famili
ar sound
Of some unsuspecting sorrow, on his way to not be found
Like a ravel gone unnoticed, 'til the cloth begins to tear
One small grain of salt in water, at first is not so hard to be
ar
Out of an hour or day you're born to play your harp and wear yo
ur gown
Hiding, waiting, for the right one on his way to not be found.
Not be found
Should our paths cross each other I'll keep my eyes fixed on th
e ground
I'll keep right on walking past you, rather than to not be foun
d. Not be found, not be found
To fill one's pipe with dreams of amber, to taste the smoke is
ecstasy
But the one who claims the clouds won't let you know serenity
Lips that part with sweetened danger, moist with ill and evil s
ound
Await their chance to take the stranger to the land of not be f
ound
Not be found, not be found