

# The Treasure

Stephen Stills

Alone with my guitar  
Living on a mountain  
Far away  
I saw girl  
Gypsy woman deepest in the world  
When she moved it was a dance  
We hid ourselves  
And I had no chance

For the treasure of the oneness  
That like sand becomes a diamond  
Before the wind

And while I changed my strings  
A rocky mountain woman  
Came to town to sing  
Took my heart and ran  
When she bade me follow  
I just took her hand  
I began my journey to the east  
A country boy searching for my peace

In the treasure of the oneness  
That like sand becomes a diamond  
Before the wind

I sit in deep reflection  
There are no answers  
To my questions  
Where did they go  
And which one took my heart  
Which one took my soul  
I may never see it clearly there comes another  
Now she turns to beckon me with the Devil's key

The treasure of the oneness  
Then becomes sand and lies there naked  
Before the wind