

Follow

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Let the river rock you like a cradle
Climb to the tree tops child if you're able
Let your hands tie a knot across the table
Come and touch the things you cannot feel

Then close your fingertips and fly where I can't hold you
Let the sun-rain fall and let the dewy clouds enfold you
And maybe you can sing to me the words that I just told you,
If all the things you feel ain't what they seem
Then don't mind me, 'cause I ain't nothin' but a dream.

Well, the mocking bird sings each different song
Each song has wings, they won't stay long
Do those who hear think he's doing wrong?
While the church bell tolls its one-note song
And the school bell is tinkling to the throng.
Come here where your ears cannot hear

And close your eyes, child, and listen to what I'll tell you
Follow in the darkest night the sounds that may impel you
And the song that I am singing may disturb or serve to quell you
If all the sounds you hear ain't what they seem,
Then don't mind me 'cause I ain't nothin' but a dream.

The rising smell of fresh-cut grass
Smothered cities choke and yell with fuming gas
I hold some grapes up to the sun
And their flavor breaks upon my tongue
With eager tongues we taste our strife
And fill our lungs with seeds of life
Come taste and smell the waters of our time

And close your lips, child, so softly that I might kiss you
Let your flower perfume out and let the winds caress you
As I walk on through the garden, I am hoping I don't miss you
If all the things you taste ain't what they seem
Then don't mind me 'cause I ain't nothin' but a dream.

The sun and moon both are right
And we'll see them soon through days of night
But now silver leaves on mirrors bring delight
And the colors of your eyes are fiery bright
While darkness blinds the skies with all its light
Come see where your eyes cannot see

And close your eyes, child, and look at what I'll show you
Let your mind go reeling out and let the breezes blow you
And maybe, when we meet there, suddenly I will know you
If all the things you see ain't quite what they seem
Then don't mind me 'cause I ain't nothin' but a dream
And you can follow, and you can follow, follow...