

There's something I must tell you,
There's one thing you must know :
Green is the color I remember on the hills of long ago.
I was told to be watchful,
I was told to beware.
For something in the way that he spoke showed he didn't care.
Suddenly, things are not as they ought to be and I know that it
's destiny.
Destiny, and just like before,
I yearn for a return to the way things used to be.
He stood out in the shadows,
He was not one to explain
Then he moved past the trees, a distant figure against the green terrain.
Suddenly, things are not as they ought to be and I know that it
's destiny.
Destiny, and just like before,
I yearn for a return to the way things used to be.
Out there stands a manzanita,
Underneath there lies a stone,
Without a name or a symbol,
Fading in the waiting light alone.