

Migration

James Taylor

Distant hands in foreign lands
Are turning hidden wheels
Causing things to come about
Which no one seems to feel
All invisible from where we stand
The connections come to pass
And though too strange to comprehend
They affect us nonetheless, yes

Once again a time of change
O the change makes music
And the children will dance

See the pieces of the picture rearrange themselves
It feels just like a symphony to me,
With nothing left to chance

Just look over your shoulder
It's out of your hands
It's over for now
Leave behind what you can
You can always return

The rhythm remains unbroken
Unspoken but loud and clear
It's a slow vibration. Migration

Mystery muse, how I hunger for an answer
Unsung song, how I long to play the changes
Hidden rhythm, haven't I always been your dancer
Sacred secrets of the meaning to my dreaming. Migration