

Thousand Ways

The Tallest Man on Earth

Oh, I have lived for ages
I'm a thousand turns of tides
I'm a thousand wakes of springtime
And thousand infant cries
Oh, a thousand infant cries

I got sixteen hundred tigers
Now tied to silver strings
When they plowed in the pastures
The mighty heart will sing
Oh, the mighty heart will sing

But I'll always be blamed
For the sun going down with a sigh
But I'm the light in the middle
Of every man's fog

I bend my arrows now in circles
And I shoot around the hill
If I don't get you in the morning
By the evening I sure will
By the evening I sure will

Because I'm the fire on the mountain
You have lit up in your dream
But also water on the fountain
You could send myself on me
You could send myself on me

Because I'll always be blamed
For the sun going down with a sigh
But I'm the light in the middle
Of every man's fog

And no I never meant to say these words
But yes you ought to know
That the dark in what I've always been
It will not ever go
No, it will not ever go

And for so I lived a thousand years
A thousand turns of tides
Just a thousand leaves in autumn
And a thousand ways to try
Oh, a thousand
It's just a thousand ways to try
Ways to try