

## On The 4th Of July

Trijntje Oosterhuis

Shall I tell it again how we started as friends  
Who would run into one another now and again  
At the Yippee Cai O or the Mesa Dupree  
Or a dozen different everyday places to be

I was loping along living alone  
We were ever so brave on the telephone  
Would you care to come down for fireworks time  
We could each just reach  
We could step out of line

And the smell of the smoke and the lay of the land  
And the feeling of finding one's heart in one's hand  
And the tiny tin voice of the radio band singing  
Love must stand  
Love forever and ever must stand

Unbelievable you, impossible me  
The fool who fell out of the family tree  
And the fellow that found the philosophers stone  
Deep underground like a dinosaur bone

Who fell into you at a quarter to two  
With a tear in your eye for the 4th of July  
For the patriots and the minutemen  
And the things you believe they believed in then

Such as freedom, and freedom's land  
And the kingdom of God and the rights of man  
With the tiny tin voice of the radio band  
Singing love must stand  
Love forever and ever must stand  
And forever must stand

Oh the smell of the smoke as we lay on the land  
And the feeling of finding my heart in my hand  
With the tiny, tin voice of the radio band  
Singing love must stand  
Love forever and ever must stand  
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