

## Pagan Streams

Van Morrison

And we walked the pagan streams  
And searched for white horses on surrounding hills  
We lived where dusk had meaning  
And repaired to quiet sleep, where noise abated  
In touch with the silence  
On Honey Street, on Honey Street

What happened to a sense of wonder  
On yonder hillside, getting dim  
Why didn't they leave us, alone  
Why couldn't we just be ourselves  
We could dream, and keep bees  
And live on Honey Street

And we walked the pagan streams  
In meditation and contemplation  
And we didn't need anybody, or anything  
Then, no concepts, being free  
And I want to climb that hillside again, with you  
One more time

As the great, great, great, great, great, great, great  
Being watches over  
And we repair, repair, repair, shh, repair, shh, we repair  
To Honey Street, to Honey Street.