

# Song of Being a Child

Van Morrison

When the child was a child  
It walked with arms hanging  
Wanted the stream to be a river and the river a torrent  
And this puddle, the sea  
When the child was a child, it didn't know  
It was a child  
Everything for it was filled with life and all life was one  
Saw the horizon without trying to reach it  
Couldn't rush itself And think on command  
Was often terribly bored  
And couldn't wait  
Passed up greeting the moments  
And prayed only with it's lips  
When the child was a child  
It didn't have an opinion about a thing  
Had no habits  
Often sat crossed-legged, took off running  
Had a cow lick in it's hair  
And didn't put on a face when photographed

When the child was a child  
It was the time of the following questions  
Why am I me and why not you  
Why am I here and why not there  
Why did time begin and where does space end  
Isn't what I see and hear and smell  
Just the appearance of the world in front of the world  
Isn't life under the sun just a dream  
Does evil actually exist in people  
Who really are evil  
Why can't it be that I who am  
Wasn't before I was  
And that sometime I, the I, I am  
No longer will be the I, I am

When the child was a child  
It gagged on spinach, on peas, on rice pudding  
And on steamed cauliflower  
And now eats all of it and not just because it has to  
When the child was a child  
It woke up once in a strange bed  
And now time and time again  
Many people seem beautiful to it  
And now not so many and now only if it's lucky  
It had a precise picture of paradise  
And now can only vaguely conceive of it at best  
It couldn't imagine nothingness  
And today shudders in the face of it  
Go for the ball  
Which today rolls between it's legs  
With it's I'm here it came  
Into the house which now is empty

When the child was a child  
It played with enthusiasm  
And now only with such former concentration  
Where it's work is concerned

When the game, task, activity, subject happens to be it's work

When the child was a child

It was enough to live on apples and bread. And it's still that way

When the child was a child berries fell

Only like berries into it's hand. And still do

The fresh walnuts made it's tongue raw. And still do

Atop each mountain it craved

Yet a higher mountain. And in each city it craved

Yet a bigger city. And still does

Reach for the cherries in the treetop

As elated as it still is today

Was shy in front of strangers. And still is

It waited for the first snow. And still waits that way

When the child was a child

It waited restlessly each day for the return of the loved one

And still waits that way

When the child was a child

It hurled a stick like a lance into a tree

And it's still quivering there today

The child, the child was a child

Was a child, was a child, was a child, was a child

Child, child, child

When the child, when the child, when the child

When the child, when the child

The child, child, child, child, child

And on and on and on and on, etc. And onward

With a sense of wonder

Upon the highest hill. Upon the highest hill

When the child was a child

Are you there

Shassas, shassas

Up on a highest hill

When the child was a child, was a child, was a child

Was a child, was a child, was a child, etc.