

## Pockets of Peace

Xavier Rudd

Here and now our choices here are growing thin,  
As children grow they grow with what they see  
In these times where paranoia closes in  
Power and hate a rampaging disease  
In our minds we build the blocks to what we need  
In our minds we are reaching out for peace  
In our hearts we know of such the hills to climb  
In our hearts a sense of mass defeat

Shame shame these games that they play with you and me  
Shame for these games that they play our children will keep

These are our times this problem much too big to hold  
For you and I far too high to reach  
We can begin by holding close the things we know  
And valuing our pockets of peace  
These are the earth the sun the moon the sea the sky  
These are the gifts to which we all agree  
Through these things and those we love we can unite  
And sink into our pockets of peace