

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 a thousand
infant cries
oh a thousand infant cries

I got sixteen hundred tigers now tied to silver strings
When they plowed in the pastures, oh 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

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