

eyes of the world

becky.T

Right outside this lazy summer home

You ain't got time to call your soul a critic no

Right outside the lazy gate of winter's summer home

wonderin' where the nut-thatch winters

Wings a mile long just carried the bird awayWake up to find out that you are the eyes of the world

The heart has its beaches, its homeland and thoughts of its own

Wake now, discover that you are the song that the mornin' brings

But the heart has its seasons, its evenins and songs of its ownThere comes a redeemer, and he slowly too fades
away

And there follows his wagon behind him that's loaded with clay

And the seeds that were silent all burst into bloom, and decay

And night comes so quiet, it's close on the heels of the dayWake up to find out that you are the eyes of the world

The heart has its beaches, its homeland and thoughts of its own

Wake now, discover that you are the song that the mornin' brings

The heart has its seasons, its evenin's and songs of its ownSometimes we live no particular way but our own

And sometimes we visit your country and live in your home

Sometimes we ride on your horses, sometimes we walk alone

Sometimes the songs that we hear are just songs of our ownWake up to find out that you are the eyes of the
world

The heart has its beaches, its homeland and thoughts of its own

Wake now, discover that you are the song that the mornin' brings

But the heart has its seasons, its evenin's and songs of its own

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