What's Become Of The Baby

Grateful Dead

Waves of violet go crashing and laughing
The rainbow winged singing birds fly 'round the sun
Sun bells rain down in a liquid profusion
Mermaids on porpoises draw up the dawn
What's become of the baby this cold December morning?
Songbirds frozen in their flight
Drifting to the earth, remnants of forgotten dreaming
Dawning answer comes there none
Go to sleep you child, dream of never ending always
Panes of crystal ice sparkle like waterfalls
Lighting the polished ice caverns of the dawn
But where in the looking glass fields of illusion
Wandered the child who was perfect as dawn

What's become of the baby this cold December morning?
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Racing in rhythms of the sun
All the world revolves captured in the eye of woman
Allah, where are you now?
All eyes are blinded by the sparkling waters
Scheherazade gathering stories to tell
From [Incomprehensible] gold fantasy petals that fall
But where is the childhood who played with the sunshines
And chased the cloud shape to the regions of mind?
Standing stream cries the south wind
Lost in the regions of [Incomprehensible]
Shadow like chains of illusion, delusions of living and dead

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