Migration

James Taylor

Distant hands in foreign lands
Are turning hidden wheels
Causing things to come about
Which no one seems to feel
All invisible from where we stand
The connections come to pass
And though too strange to comprehend
They affect us nonetheless, yes
Once again a time of change
O the change makes music
And the children will dance
See the pieces of the picture rearrange themselves
It feels just like a symphony to me,

With nothing left to chance
Just look over your shoulder
It's out of you hands
It's over for now
Leave behind what you can
You can always return
The rhythm remains unbroken
Unspoken but loud and clear
It's a slow vibration. migration
Mystery muse, how I hunger for an answer
Unsung song, how I long to play the changes
Hidden rhythm, haven't I always been your dancer
Sacred secrets of the meaning to my dreaming. migration

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