

Look to the Rainbow

Al Jarreau

On the day I was born,
said my father, said he,
I've an elegant legacy
waiting for ye.
'Tis a rhyme for your lips
and a song for your heart,
To sing whenever the world falls apart. Look, look, look to the rainbow.
Follow it over the hill and stream.
Look, look, look to the rainbow.
Follow the fellow who follows a dream.
Follow the fellow, follow the fellow,
Follow the fellow who follows a dream. 'Twas a sumptuous gift bequeathed to a child.
Oh, the lure of that song
Kept her feet running wild.
For you never grow old and you never stand still
With a whippoorwill singing beyond the next hill. So, I bundled me heart and I roamed the world free.
To the east with the lark
Tow the west with the sea.
And I searched all the world and I scanned all the skies.
But I found it at last in my own true love's eyes.

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