

# 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 your 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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