

Cause and Effect

Horace Silver

Every thought, every word, every little deed,
will in time start to grow once I plant the seed.
Reapin' what I sow, shouldn't I really know,
I am the winner and the loser, the blessed and the damned,
the cause and effect of what I really am.

Every year, every month, every week or day,
I must be careful of what I do and say.
Reapin' what I sow shouldn't I really know,
I am the winner and the loser, the blessed and the damned,
the cause and effect of what I really am.

I am the jury. I am the judge.
What will my verdict be?
Shall I go on and sentence myself,
or shall I set me free?

Every rock, every stone, every little weed,
if I don't cast them out they will kill the seed.
Reapin' what I sow, shouldn't I really know,
I am the winner and the loser, the blessed and the damned,
the cause and effect of what I really am.

Lyrics submitted by Frank Quaglia.

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