Spanish Guitar

Gene Clark

ClarkThe dissonant bells of the sea who are ringing the rhymes of the deep
As they sing of the ages asleep, not so near or so far
And the old masters wind of the waves sped forth for the free men and slaves
Whispers of secrets it saves and about whom they are.And the workings of sunshine and rain
And the visions they paint that remain
Pulsate from my soul through my brain in a spanish guitar.The beggar whom sits in the street on his miserable throne of defeat
Envisions no wealth there to meet, thinking nowhere is far
And the laughter of children employed by the fantasies not yet destroyed
By the dogmas of those they avoid knowing not what they are.And the right and the wrong and insane
And the answers they cannot explain
Pulsate from my soul through my brain in a spanish guitar.To play on a spanish guitar with the sun shining down where you are
Skipping and singing a bar from the music around
Just to laugh through the columns of trees, to soar like a seagull in breeze
To stand in the rain if you please or to never be found.

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