

State of Independence

Jon Anderson

State of life, may I live? May I love?
Coming out the sky, I name me a name Coming out-silver word-what it is
It is the very nature of the sound the game
Siamese, Indionese. To Tibet treat the life
As a game, if you please (Hey) Coming up, Carabi, this sense of freedom
Derives from a mediative state Movin' on, 'believe' that's it, call it magic
Third world, it is, I only guessed it Shablam idi shablam ida
Shablam idi shablam ida
Shablam idi shablam ida Shot to the soul-the flame of Oroladin
The essence of the word
The 'state of independence' Sounds like a signal from you
Bring me to meet your sound
And I will bring you to my heart Love like a signal you call
Touching my body, my soul
Bring to me, you to meet me here Home be the temple of your heart
Home be the body of your love
Just like holy water to my lips (hey, hey)
Yes I do know how I survive
(yes I do know) know why I'm alive
To love and be with you
Day by day by day by day (hey, hey)
Say-aye yaya oh
(yayah yaya oh)
'be the sound of higher love' today (yayah)
(hey, hey)
Time, time again, it is said
We will hear, we will see
See it all-in his wisdom-hear
His truth will abound the land
This truth will abound the land
This state of independence shall be
This state of independence shall be
Time, time again, it is said
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See it all-in his wisdom-hear
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This truth will abound the land This state of independence shall be
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Songwriters

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