

Seeds

Brooke Fraser

Night, field of stars above us
You pick one, we frame it with
Our fingers intertwinedSeeds of every generation
Between our hands
And the promise to teach you
The little I have learned so farChild, what will you live to do?
What have I left for you?
What will we leave behind?You, learning as youre growing
Not yet knowing the world isnt always
Quite as beautiful as it is nowChild, what will you live to do?
What have I left for you?
What will we leave behind?Child, what will you live to do?
What have I made for you?
What will we leave behind?Night, field of stars above us
I pick one and name it for you
And all who are to come

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