

Seven Wonders

Nickel Creek

When shadows fall, he'll close his eyes
To hear the clocks unwind
Powerless to leash the hands of time
Kingdoms fall, the earth revolves
The rain will come this spring
And nothing he could say would change a thing
"Seven wonders", crowed the man
Knowing six are gone
And how the great illusion lingers on
He can't enfold, the sun or moon
Or wind within his hand
But count the times he'll shout, "The Great I Am"
With all the while, a Pontiff smile
Veiling his disgrace
At never owning more than second place
"Seven wonders", crowed the man
Knowing six are gone
And how the great illusion lingers on
"Seven wonders", crowed the man
Knowing six are gone
And how the great illusion lingers
All the grand illusion lingers
While the sad confusion lingers on
La, la, la, la
La, la, la, la
La, la, la, la
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