

# Eyes Of The World

## Eden's Curse

Right outside this lazy summer home  
You ain't got time to call your soul a critic no  
Right outside the lazy gate of winter's summer home  
wonderin' where the nut-thatch winters  
Wings a mile long just carried the bird away  
Wake up to find out that you are the eyes of the world  
The heart has its beaches, its homeland and thoughts of its own  
Wake now, discover that you are the song that the mornin' brings  
But the heart has its seasons, its evenins and songs of its own  
There comes a redeemer, and he slowly too fades  
away  
And there follows his wagon behind him that's loaded with clay  
And the seeds that were silent all burst into bloom, and decay  
And night comes so quiet, it's close on the heels of the day  
Wake up to find out that you are the eyes of the world  
The heart has its beaches, its homeland and thoughts of its own  
Wake now, discover that you are the song that the mornin' brings  
The heart has its seasons, its evenin's and songs of its own  
Sometimes we live no particular way but our own  
And sometimes we visit your country and live in your home  
Sometimes we ride on your horses, sometimes we walk alone  
Sometimes the songs that we hear are just songs of our own  
Wake up to find out that you are the eyes of the  
world  
The heart has its beaches, its homeland and thoughts of its own  
Wake now, discover that you are the song that the mornin' brings  
But the heart has its seasons, its evenin's and songs of its own

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