

Pagan Streams

[Van Morrison](#)

And we walked the pagan streams
And searched for white horses on surrounding hills
We lived where dusk had meaning And repaired to quiet sleep, where noise abated
In touch with the silence
On honey street, on honey street What happened to a sense of wonder?
On yonder hillside, getting dim
Why didn't they leave us, alone? Why couldn't we just be ourselves?
We could dream and keep bees
And live on honey street And we walked the pagan streams
In meditation and contemplation
And we didn't need anybody, or anything Then, no concepts being free
And I wanna climb that hillside again with you
One more time As the great, great, great, great, great, great, great
Being watches over
And we repair, repair, repair, repair, we repair
To honey street, to honey street

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