Pagan Streams

Van Morrison

And we walked the pagan streams
And searched for white horses on surrounding hills
We lived where dusk had meaningAnd repaired to quiet sleep, where noise abated
In touch with the silence
On honey street, on honey streetWhat 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 streetAnd we walked the pagan streams
In meditation and contemplation
And we didn't need anybody, or anythingThen, no concepts being free
And I wanna climb that hillside again with you
One more timeAs 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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