

The Way

Donovan

From the album sutras I stay behind I walk ahead

Apart yet a part of ev'rything

Nothing done and all is well

Never used yet always full

Out of nothing comes the one

Out of one comes the two

Out of two comes three

Out of three comes all things

The more it moves the more it yields

The valley spirit never dies

The root of heaven and of earth

Empty now of ev'rything

>From above it is not bright

>From below it is not dark

You cannot see when it began

Follow it there is no end

It has no aim it is so small

It has no name it is so great

It is not seen it is not heard

Nothing done or left undone

The weak can overcome the strong

The supple overcomes the stiff

Ev'ryone knows this well

Yet so few can practice it

Out of nothing comes the one

Out of one comes the two

Out of two comes three

Out of three comes all things

Songwriters

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