Horoscope

Donald Swann/Michael Flanders

Maybe that I am blind
maybe that I won't find
The signs within my mind
maybe that I am blind
Maybe that I am blind
maybe that I won't find
The signs within my mind
maybe that I am blind
We'll hope my heart is burning
that's so good I will be learning
The Secrets how to live to take and to give.
Temptation's and desire
my world is like a fire
In magic circles
the earth is slowly turning
I'm looking
I'm searching
I read my horoscope
I'm looking
I'm searching
I read my horoscope
Maybe that I am blind - Maybe that I won't find -
The signs within my mindThere ain't no communication
but I'm trying to make it
There's a world of gloss and I'm trying to break it
With my tiny little hands I'm building castles in the sand
I'm only one of the Lost generation
I'm looking
I'm searching
. . .
Maybe that I am blind
maybe that I won't find
. . .
I don't know why or if I'm going for
But I look to the sky and I follow my star
I'm looking at the space through my kaleidoscope
And ev'ry day I read my horoscope
I'm looking
I'm searching

. . .

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