

# Joy Spring

## Bobby Shew

We sing a spring  
(Sing joy spring)  
A rare and most mysterious spring  
(This most occult thing)  
Is buried deep in the soul  
(It's story never has been told)

The joy spring, the fountain of pleasure  
Is deep inside you whether you're diggin' it or not  
Once you're aware of this spring  
You'll know that it's the greatest  
Treasure you've got  
And furthermore  
The joy spring, the bounteous treasure  
Cannot be bartered away and never  
Can be sold  
Nothing can take it from you  
It's yours and yours alone to have  
And to hold  
And something more:  
It never is lost to fire or theft  
It's always around  
When trouble is gone the pleasure  
Is left I've always found  
It's burglar-proof same as the treasure  
Man lays up in heaven worth a  
Price no one can measure  
that says a lot  
So joy spring this fountain of pleasure  
That's deep inside you let me inform  
You in all truth \*(to Coda second time)  
Ponce de Leon sought this  
When he was searchin' for the fountain of youth

Ol' Ponce de Leon laughed so much he  
Never did find the magic fountain  
But many people with a well-adjusted  
Spirit they could hear it when y'told  
'em it was there tellin' them was

Like tellin' it on the mountain

It's quite a life havin' the gift of  
laughter I'm a man who knows in a  
minute I can tell y'just exactly how the story goes  
It involves a firm conviction in another  
previous life givin' your mind a chance to fly  
Fly aroun' the universe investigatin' other  
galaxies n' certain other subtle  
types o'life tryin' t'dig it gettin'  
pretty well-acquainted with a lot of  
other strife an' pretty much acquirin'  
yourself plenty of education  
pretty soon here comes earth birth  
'n then y'ready t'put it all t'work  
but soon as you're finished bein' born  
you start forgettin' what you knew  
'Cause you're another kinda you - a  
reincarnation manifestation  
of spirit in sensation

Y'really got that right  
The average person isn't bright  
not so bright that they recall the fatal fall  
down here t' this earth  
their minds disguise their death to spirit  
life and call it birth  
that's their reason for forgetting and they  
find it very upsetting when reminded  
tell 'em they've lived before  
They'll show y' the nearest open door  
Gotta have feelin' while dealin' with  
walkers in their sleep  
they can't imagine somethin' as deep

Here they come - here they come - there they are  
Unimaginative and ignorant of falling from a star  
Here they come - there they are - there they go  
Life is over in a minute an' they never dug  
it in it or enjoy a minute of it  
'cause they put too much above it  
that was gross  
somethin' that was worth a couple bucks  
at mos'

So there is the reason that the maker of man  
    included there in his plan  
    A certain fountain deep within'  
    where there was laughter, youth 'n gold  
    for human beings t'have 'n hold  
    'n share the memory of where we've all been

Brothers called Grimm knew chances were slim'  
    Anybody would dig that the human soul  
        was Snow White  
    and the Seven Dwarfs were seven tempers  
        in man  
    whose digging out the gold completes  
        the plan  
    An Bacon was hip that Shakespeare  
        couldn't read  
    and so he gave him all the rhymes  
        that have lasted through the years  
    and kept eternal truths alive through  
        several centuries  
    That's how we know them now  
        they lasted 'cause they're true

What was it from "MacBeth?"  
    "Life's but a walking shadow  
        a player poor  
    that struts and frets upon the stage  
        and's seen no more  
    A tale that truly has an idiotic ring  
    That's full of lotsa sound and fury  
        signifying nothing..."

That's right signifying nothing  
    I'll repeat it! Nothing  
    Don't forget it - Nothing  
    And that's the reason for that spring  
        of joy  
    That the Father put inside of every  
        single girl and boy

Show time! Everyone's on  
    let's hit the stage  
    It's show time everyone an' proceed  
        to act your age

Whatever you're frownin' at is funny  
enough f'laughin'  
so you're wastin' all your humor on a frown  
While you're bringin' your spirit down

You gotta book yourself a comic in your act  
without some laughter life's a maudlin  
farce 'n that's a fact

Once you know about the spring you always can smile  
It becomes your one expression  
and you're always wearin' it like the  
Buddhas do

Ponce de Leon sought this  
When he was searchin'  
for the fountain of youth  
I say in truth he  
sought a magical thing  
For he was searchin'  
for the joy spring

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