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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