For A Spanish Guitar

Gene Clark

The dissonant bells of the sea
Who are ringing the rhymes of the deep
As they sing of the ages asleep
Not so near or so farAnd the old masters wind of the waves
Sped forth for the free men and slaves
Whispers of secrets it saves
And about whom they areAnd the workings of sunshine and rain
And the visions they paint that remain
Pulsate from my soul through my brain
In a Spanish guitarThe beggar whom sits in the street
On his miserable throne of defeat
Envisions no wealth there to meet
Thinking nowhere is farAnd the laughter of children employed
By the fantasies not yet destroyed
By the dogmas of those they avoid
Knowing not what they areAnd the right and the wrong and insane
And the answers they cannot explain
Pulsate from my soul through my brain
In a Spanish guitarTo play on a Spanish guitar
With the sun shining down where you are
Skipping and singing a bar
From the music aroundJust to laugh through the columns of trees
To soar like a seagull in breeze
To stand in the rain if you please
Or to never be found

Songwriters
CLARK, GENEPublished by
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/