

# Tai Shan

## Rush

High on the sacred mountain  
Up the seven thousand stairs  
In the golden light of autumn  
There was magic in the air  
Clouds surrounded the summit  
The wind blew strong and cold  
Among the silent temples  
And the writings carved in gold  
Somewhere in my instincts  
The primitive took hold  
I stood at the top of the mountain  
And China sang to me  
In the peaceful haze of harvest time  
A song of eternity  
If you raise your hands to heaven  
You will live a hundred years  
I stood there like a mystic  
Lost in the atmosphere  
The clouds were suddenly parted  
For a moment I could see  
The patterns of the landscape  
Reaching to the eastern sea  
I looked upon a presence  
Spanning forty centuries  
I stood at the top of the mountain  
And China sang to me  
In the peaceful haze of harvest time  
A song of eternity  
I thought of time and distance  
The hardships of history  
I heard the hope and the hunger  
When China sang to me  
When China sang to me

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