

# Sunrise

## Grateful Dead

Gazing at the fire, burning by the water  
Before he speaks the world around us quiets  
With eyes as sharp as arrows and turning to the fire  
He clears the air and cuts it with a feather  
Many in a circle slowly 'round the fire  
When he is gone I want to know him better  
No one is forsaken, no one is a liar  
He plants the tree of life on our foreheads with water  
He hums, there are drums, four winds, rising suns  
We are singing and playing, I hear him saying  
I remember breezes from winds inside your body  
Keep me high, like I told you, I'll sing to them this story and know why

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