

# Thousand Ways

## The Tallest Man on Earth

Oh, I have lived for ages I'm a thousand turns of tides  
I'm a thousand wakes of springtime and thousand infant cries  
Oh, a thousand infant cries I got sixteen hundred tigers now tied to silver strings  
When they plowed in the pastures, oh the mighty heart will sing  
Oh, the mighty heart will sing But I'll always be blamed for the sun going down with a sigh  
But I'm the light in the middle of every man's fog I bend my arrows now in circles and I shoot around the hill  
If I don't get you in the morning, by the evening I sure will  
By the evening I sure will Because I'm the fire on the mountain you have lit up in your dream  
But also water on the fountain you could send myself on me  
You could send myself on me Because I'll always be blamed for the sun going down with a sigh  
But I'm the light in the middle of every man's fog And no I never meant to say these words but yes you ought to  
know  
That the dark in what I've always been, it will not ever go  
No it will not ever go And for so I lived a thousand years, a thousand turns of tides  
Just a thousand leaves in autumn and a thousand ways to try  
Oh, a thousand  
It's just a thousand ways to try  
Ways to try

Songwriters

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