

All the Roots Grow Deeper When It's Dry

David Wilcox

Summer lasted a generation
A generation and then the winter wind
The bounty harvest that seemed so endless
It seemed so endless until it gave what it could giveProsperity will have its seasons
Even when it's here, it's going by
And when it's gone we pretend we know the reasons
And all the roots grow deeper when it's dryIt looked so easy, we change the weather
We would turn this world ourselves, our world so small
But slower rhythms still unheard of
Said that every blessed summer someday has to fallProsperity will have its seasons
Even when it's here, it's going by
When it's gone we pretend we know the reasons
And all the roots grow deeper when it's dry, when it's dry

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