

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 give Prosperity 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 dry It 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 fall Prosperity 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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