Bound By the Beauty

Jane Siberry

I'm bound by the fire
I'm bound by the beauty
I'm bound by desire
I'm bound by the dutyI'm coming back in 500 years
And the first thing I'm gonna do
When I get back here
Is to see these things I love
And they'd better be here, better be here
Better be hereAnd first I'm going to find a forest
And stand there in the trees
And kiss the fragrant forest floor
And lie down in the leaves
And listen to the birds sing
The sweetest sound you'll hearAnd everything the dappled
Everything the birds
Everything the earthiness
Everything the verdant, the verdant, the verdant
The verdant dreamI'm bound by the fire
I'm bound by the beauty
I'm bound by desire
I'm bound by the dutyI'm coming back in 500 years
And the first thing I'm gonna do
When I get back here
Is to see these things I love
And they'd better be here, better be here
Better be hereAnd then I'm going to find an open field
And lie down in the flowers
And then I'm going to find a guitar
And play, play, play for hours
And then I'm going to find a river
To see what kind of body inAnd everything the granite
Everything the kiss
Everything the earthiness
Everything the verdant, the verdant, the verdant
The verdant dreamI'm bound by the beauty
I'm bound by desire
I'm bound to keep returning
I'm bound by the beauty of the lightThe slightest change, the constant rearrange
Of light upon the land

I'm bound by the beauty of the wind
That blows across the earth
The unfetteredness the wheatnessAnd through the flying hair
The slowness of the falling leaves
Across this warm November door
And the geese the flying southness
The arms out evermore, I'm bound by the snow

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