Eyes Of The World

Sirone

Right outside this lazy summer home
You ain't got time to call your soul a critic no
Right outside the lazy gate of winter's summer home
wonderin' where the nut-thatch winters
Wings a mile long just carried the bird awayWake up to find out that you are the eyes of the world
The heart has its beaches, its homeland and thoughts of its own
Wake now, discover that you are the song that the mornin' brings
But the heart has its seasons, its evenins and songs of its ownThere comes a redeemer, and he slowly too fades away
And there follows his wagon behind him that's loaded with clay
And the seeds that were silent all burst into bloom, and decay
And night comes so quiet, it's close on the heels of the dayWake up to find out that you are the eyes of the world
The heart has its beaches, its homeland and thoughts of its own
Wake now, discover that you are the song that the mornin' brings
The heart has its seasons, its evenin's and songs of its ownSometimes we live no particular way but our own
And sometimes we visit your country and live in your home
Sometimes we ride on your horses, sometimes we walk alone
Sometimes the songs that we hear are just songs of our ownWake up to find out that you are the eyes of the world
The heart has its beaches, its homeland and thoughts of its own
Wake now, discover that you are the song that the mornin' brings
But the heart has its seasons, its evenin's and songs of its own

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