

# The Soul Is the Rock (Album Version)

## Gordon Lightfoot

The soul is the rock and  
The rock will not be moved  
Nothing is disputed,  
Yet nothing is disproved  
And the seeds of the earth  
That were planted long ago  
Still yield a better harvest  
Than the rock was prone to grow  
Say what you like to, do what you do  
Everyone's sleeping now two by two  
Bats in the roof, cats in the hall  
Dust on the stairway, gnats on the wall  
Big rain comin'  
Big rain comin' this way  
Rain on the rock  
Rain on the rock  
Rain on the rock  
The sea is the space which  
The rock has displaced  
The mind is some stranger  
That some soul has embraced  
And somewhere between,  
In a no-man's land of dreams  
The heart becomes the soldier  
Yet the rock is not redeemed  
Say what you like to, do what you can  
Live like a sheep, die like a lamb  
Bats in the roof, cats in the hall  
Dust on the stairway, gnats on the wall  
Big rain comin'  
Big rain comin' this way  
Rain on the rock  
Rain on the rock  
Rain on the rock  
The soul is the rock and  
The rock will always roll  
In circles 'round the sun  
Doing rings around the pole  
When the mind is not sure  
What the heart will do next  
The rock becomes the master  
And the road becomes what's left  
Late one night when the moon shone down  
We went to the mill on the edge of the town  
She wore white, I wore black  
The town was sleeping when we got back  
Big rain comin'

Big rain comin' this way  
Rain on the rock  
Rain on the rock  
Rain on the rockThe soul is the rock and  
The rock will not be harmed  
Though man must be cheated  
Just as women must be charmed  
And the mind is the light  
For the heart which cannot see  
The soul becomes the stranger  
But the rock will always beSay what you like to, do what you do  
Everyone's sleeping now two by two  
Bats in the roof, cats in the hall  
Dust on the stairway, gnats on the wallOh.. Big rain comin'  
Big rain comin' this way  
Rain on the rock  
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The rock will not be moved  
Nothing is disputed  
Yet nothing is disproved  
And the seeds of the earth  
That were planted long ago  
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Than the rock was prone to growAnd the seeds of the earth  
That were planted long ago  
Still yield a better harvest  
Than the rock was prone to grow

Songwriters

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