

New Potato Caboose

Grateful Dead

Last leaf fallen, bare earth where green was born
Above my doorknob, two eagles hang against a cloud
Sun comes up, blood red wind yells among the stone
All graceful instruments are known When the windows all are broken and your love's become a toothless crone
When the voices of the storm sound like a crowd
Winter morning breaks, you're all alone The eyes are blind, blue visions, all a seer can own
And touching makes the flesh to cry out loud
This ground on which the seed of love is sown
All graceful instruments are known

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