Opening Day

Gene Clark

Struck by the sight of waking dreams
At hand our time`s before our eyes
Called out to look beyond what seemed
To hear the woe an angel cry
In the distance the sun rose
Near we heard a clock chime
But the breeze murmured not yet
For there still is just a very little time
Our faces drenched by pouring rain
We laughed as closely we had clung
Our senses keen from lack of pain
Our souls the streams of songs we sung
Now the shadings around us
Judged yet not by our sight
In the light of our questing
The truth came through more clearly into sight
Around the eyes of disbelief
Intoxicated by their doubt
Moreover offered no relief
Afraid to look for finding out
Yet some danced and some sang songs
And some live for today
And around us the windows
Of wonder were unshuttered on our way

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