

Sunrise

Grateful Dead

Gazing at the fire, burning by the water
Before he speaks the world around us quiets
With eyes as sharp as arrows and turning to the fire
He clears the air and cuts it with a feather
Many in a circle slowly 'round the fire
When he is gone I want to know him better
No one is forsaken, no one is a liar
He plants the tree of life on our foreheads with water
He hums, there are drums, four winds, rising suns
We are singing and playing, I hear him saying
I remember breezes from winds inside your body
Keep me high, like I told you, I'll sing to them this story and know why

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