Seeds

Brooke Fraser

Night, field of stars above us
You pick one, we frame it with
Our fingers intertwined
Seeds of every generation
Between our hands
And the promise to teach you
The little I have learned so far
Child, what will you live to do?
What have I left for you?
What will we leave behind?
You, learning as you?re growing
Not yet knowing the world isn?t always
Quite as beautiful as it is now
Child, what will you live to do?
What have I left for you?
What will we leave behind?
Child, what will you live to do?
What have I made for you?
What will we leave behind?
Night, field of stars above us
I pick one and name it for you
And all who are to come

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