

Country Big "The Seer"

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Long ago I heard a tale
I never wilt forget
The time was in the telling
On the bank the scene was set

The sky was rolling blindly on
The daylight had not gone
She washed her hair among the stones
And saw what was to come

All this will pass
There will be blood among the corn
And heroes in the hills
But there is more to come my boy
Before you've had your fill

Men will come and rope the sail
As though it were their own
And they will bathe their feet in oil
As I have bathed my own

All this will pass
All things must come
Just as I tell you here

Stones will stand together
As if searching for the stars
And all come crashing down again
Before they reach too far

She turned to face the setting sun
I turned to walk away
But then she called my name again
And beckoned me to stay

All this will pass
All things must come
Just as I tell you here

She told me of the famous sons
Who write their names in peace
Yet be cut down before the time

Has come for our release

Just as I tell you here

Even now

I wait for the coming day

Even now

She waits in the dawn

For the tales she tells

For the gifts that she will sell

For the sight she knows

For a vision that still grows

With the dream in her eyes no one's seen

I listened for so long that day

That I can hardly tell

If what she said was heaven sent

Or brought to bear in hell

That men of hope would stand alone

And still be cast a lie

Just as Romans cast them

On the day they were to die

All this will pass

There is more of what she told

Much better left alone

For who are we to question her

Who stands among the stones

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