

Full Service "Multitudes"

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Snow-dogs and fisherman out in the surf
Foaming white ocean and stars frozen shut
The multitudes are singing again
The bells are ringin' 'round 'em again
I hear 'em singin' 'round 'em again
I hear 'em singin' 'round 'em again
The bells are ringin' 'round 'em again
The multitudes are singin' again

"Don't worry, fisherman
Go home and sleep.
At least you have something,
Have something to eat."

"You're right, I said.
"They'll come again.
Tomorrow then.

"I'll cast my line,
They'll take a bite,
Resume the fight."

Next day he stood again
This time it hurt
His knees and his joints hurt
But his mind hurt the worst
The multitudes are singing again
The bells are ringin' 'round 'em again
I hear 'em singin' 'round 'em again
I hear 'em singin' 'round 'em again
The bells are ringin' 'round 'em again
The multitudes are singin' again

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