

Gene Clark

"Spanish Guitar"

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Clark

The dissonant bells of the sea who are ringing the
rhymes of the deep
As they sing of the ages asleep, not so near or so far
And the old masters wind of the waves sped forth for
the free men and slaves
Whispers of secrets it saves and about whom they are.

And the workings of sunshine and rain
And the visions they paint that remain
Pulsate from my soul through my brain in a spanish
guitar.

The beggar whom sits in the street on his miserable
throne of defeat
Envisions no wealth there to meet, thinking nowhere is
far
And the laughter of children employed by the fantasies
not yet destroyed
By the dogmas of those they avoid knowing not what
they are.

And the right and the wrong and insane
And the answers they cannot explain
Pulsate from my soul through my brain in a spanish
guitar.

To play on a spanish guitar with the sun shining down
where you are
Skipping and singing a bar from the music around
Just to laugh through the columns of trees, to soar like
a seagull in breeze
To stand in the rain if you please or to never be found.

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