

Grateful Dead "Eyes Of The World"

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Right outside this lazy summer home
You ain't got time to call your soul a critic no
Right outside the lazy gate of winter's summer home
wonderin' where the nut-thatch winters
Wings a mile long just carried the bird away

Wake up to find out that you are the eyes of the world
The heart has its beaches, its homeland and thoughts
of its own
Wake now, discover that you are the song that the
mornin' brings
But the heart has its seasons, its evenins and songs of
its own

There comes a redeemer, and he slowly too fades
away
And there follows his wagon behind him that's loaded
with clay
And the seeds that were silent all burst into bloom, and
decay
And night comes so quiet, it's close on the heels of the
day

Wake up to find out that you are the eyes of the world
The heart has its beaches, its homeland and thoughts
of its own
Wake now, discover that you are the song that the
mornin' brings
The heart has its seasons, its evenin's and songs of its
own

Sometimes we live no particular way but our own
And sometimes we visit your country and live in your
home
Sometimes we ride on your horses, sometimes we walk
alone
Sometimes the songs that we hear are just songs of
our own

Wake up to find out that you are the eyes of the world
The heart has its beaches, its homeland and thoughts
of its own

Wake now, discover that you are the song that the
mornin' brings
But the heart has its seasons, its evenin's and songs of
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