

## Grateful Dead "Sunrise"

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Gazing at the fire, burning by the water  
Before he speaks the world around us quiets

With eyes as sharp as arrows and turning to the fire  
He clears the air and cuts it with a feather

Many in a circle slowly 'round the fire  
When he is gone I want to know him better

No one is forsaken, no one is a liar  
He plants the tree of life on our foreheads with water

He hums, there are drums, four winds, rising suns  
We are singing and playing, I her him saying

I remember breezes from winds inside your body  
Keep me high, like I told you, I'll sing to them this story  
and know why

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