

James Taylor "On The 4th Of July"

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Shall I tell it again how we started as friends
who would run into one another now and again.
At the Yippee Cai O or the Mesa Dupree, or a dozen
different everyday places to be.
I was living alone, we were ever so brave on the
telephone.
Would you care to come down for fireworks time,
we could each just reach, we step out of line.
And the smell of the smoke and the lay of the land
and the feeling of finding one's heart in one's hand
and the tiny tin voice of the radio band singing "love
must stand,"
love forever and ever must stand.
Unbelievable you, impossible me, the fool who fell out
of the family tree,
the fellow that found the philosopher's stone, deep
underground like a dinosaur bone.
Who fell into you at a quarter to two with a tear in your
eye for the Fourth of July
for the patriots and the minutemen and the things you
believe they believed in then
Such as freedom, and freedom's land and the
kingdom of God and the rights of man
with the tiny tin voice of the radio band singing "love
must stand,"
love forever and ever must stand and forever must
stand.
Oh, the smell of the smoke as we lay on the land
and the feeling of finding my heart in my hand
with the tiny tin voice of the radio band singing "love
must stand,"
love forever and ever must stand and forever must
stand.
All on the Fourth of July, on the Fourth of July.

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