

Jon Anderson

"Song Of Seven"

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In the meeting place I sit beside, betwixt the points of
heaven
I befell a friendly atmosphere revolving around seven
Oh, that number mystified my soul and captured within
feelings
Those of doubt and understanding, hand in hand they
set me reeling
Met me a stranger, he came here to town
Bearing gifts full of promises, discoveries of light
Said me many reasons why my merry tale
Could be justified and just both together entwined
I tell you a reason, he said, "Bless you, you fool, you
fool"
You want "so belief," yet you want so much
More," you seeker
Now I see you're baffled, yet again you administer fear
Of the unexpected, you don't know the score
Everywhere you look you release parts of your senses
And everywhere there's purpose in answer to all your
dreams
I can hear you saying what a dreamer, what a fool to
life
Isn't it a pity that he won't come back to earth
Haven't you imagination, and is it not available
How you can be sooner or later than your thinking
Haven't you imagination and is it so impossible
That you ask of everything so your eyes can see clearly
So in an instant your story bound
A desert, the underground, on mountains high
A glacier, the heat of the day
City jungle, the sky at night
In space on a starry night
An atmosphere impossible
So you never really care
So we talk about the strength of dreams
And we talked at length of every dream
And we talked about the strength of dreams
And we talked about the strength of dreaming
I befell a friendly atmosphere revolving around seven
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