

## **Kathy Mar**

# **"The Sheep Look Up"**

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Once the world was a wind-up toy, we watched it spin  
and dance  
We watch it now from the other side of our last  
remaining chance  
And the world falls down like some tired bull in a  
crimson Spanish ring  
We've learned to love it far too late to save it from  
anything

Once we dreamed of a soft romance where lovers were  
sweet and kind  
But gentle men and ladies fair we never seem to find  
And so we've settled in lands of lust where decadent  
passions play  
And we burn with fever through the night and burn with  
shame all day

And when the children ask us why as we know the  
children must  
Why all our world and all our dreams came down to  
pain and dust  
Will we blame it on the ones before who never  
answered our whys  
Or admit we questioned far too late to save this dream  
that dies  
Words and music: Kathy Mar

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