

P.F.M. (Premiata Forneria Marconi) "The World Became The World"

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Outside my window in the courtyard
of the world
The gentle rain was falling.
No breath of wind, no cry of beast or bird
Too quiet, too still, I turned ...
To see the raindrops like a thousand
poet's words
splash their circles on the stones,
Ans seem to wash over everything with love
And for a moment the courtyard heard.

Until the sun came bursting through the clouds
Hung up his rainbows in the sky
And with a laugh of flames said, "Now go
chase the gold"
And the world became the world ...

Now we're all travellers some seekers
and some sought
Who leave the courtyard to be caught
In nets of self, damned certainty and choice

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