

This Picture "The Great Tree"

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We are all standing at the bottom of the sea,
We are all staring skywards, what is it we see?
We see a ship sailing westward,
A man running south, with all these crazy words spilling
from his mouth,
"He thinks he's a God - I think he's a tree"

So move over water, move over son,
Move towards the only point that's way beyond the sun,
Move over water, move over son, as fast as we can we
run for the sun,
I'm getting blinded, I'm getting blinded

I gaze out across the ocean from the top of the world,
I find myself laughing at the stones you have hurled,
As each of them hit me, on the back of the head,
I realise the foolish things mankind has said,
"He thinks he's a king, his Kingdom is dead"

So move over water, move over son,
Make the earth a paradise, don't get burnt by the sun,
Move over water, move over son, is everybody weird
am I the only one?
I'm getting blinded, I'm getting blinded

Hey! Run for the sun...

Are you sitting comfortably in the palace of your home,
Forgetting all the places where your mind still could
roam,
Like the Great Wall of China, of the Himalayan dawn,
The Forests of the Amazon where our lifeline is born,
"So you think you're a man - Breathe while you can"

Move over water, move over son,
Move towards the only point that's way beyond the sun,
Move over water, move over son, as fast as we can we
run for the sun,
I'm getting blinded, I'm getting blinded

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