

Trijntje Oosterhuis "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 loping along 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 could 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
And the fellow that found the philosopher's ½

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