

Monkees "Good Earth"

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When I was a child and the road was dark and the way
was long and alone,
My heart would lift as I turned the bend and saw the
lights of home.
Now high above in a silent sky,
In a still and starry space,
A man looks down on the earth below,
And that blue and green and shining glow,
To him is the lights of home.

It's the good earth, yes the good earth.
It's a land of sun and rain and snow,
And mulberry trees and mistletoe,
And burning plains and raging seas,
And Sunday morning taking your ease,
Watching your children grow.

It's the good earth, yes the good earth,
Where we fought and loved and killed and died,
And ruined and ravished the countryside,
But now, from a million miles away,
From another world that's cold and gray,
Someone is able to look and say,
"That's the good earth."

So isn't it time we stopped the tears?
We've lived together for thousands of years,
And whether I'm wrong, and whether you're right,
Whether you're black, and whether I'm white,
One day we'll stand on the edge of the world,
And someone will ask us the land of our birth,
And we'll look into his eyes and quietly say:
"It's the good earth, yes the good earth."

Why can't we be good on the good earth?

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