

Monkees

"The Good Earth"

Visit "[The Good Earth](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

by Unknown

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?

Visit [Monkees](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.