

17 Hippies "Across Waters"

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Come in son, take off them boots,
Hang up your coat,
Pull up that chair to the stove, where it's warm.
Will you have coffee or tea
On this grey November morning... ?

Thank you for asking, I guess I'm ok,
Last night I woke up
With a dream that's been haunting me...
Over and over again I see faces
Turning away from the fire...

... that's burning the house
That my father was born in.
Down by the river,
Now covered in ice
That people are trying to cross,
Frantically hoping to save what is left
Of their lives.

Across the waters.
Across the cold dark waters.

Then all of a sudden the images change,
Far away hills roll away in the sun.
I feel the longing of spring...
There's me as a child.

Happily laughing goodbye to my father
Who is leaving to fight in some war
And the house seems to whisper: leave...

Across the waters...

So thank you for asking,
Yes I'm ok, this fire has burnt down low
But don't worry.
It has ceased to remind me
Of my home by the river...
I'm ready to leave.

