

Beta Radio

"The Man Grows"

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I left my dreams, on the ocean it seems
Where the fortunate cleave to their lovers
Oh, the path will tell, toward heaven there's hell
For I'm wrestling the swell of my brothers

And outside of my heart and old man may show
But inside of my heart a new man will grow

Sun sets on my brow, on my back and my plow
As the lambs walking down to the water
I lay down my staff, at the foot of the path
Where the cow must be calf to move forward

And outside of my heart and old man may show
But inside of my heart a new man will grow
And outside of my heart an old man is real
But inside of my heart a new man I feel

And when I am dead, my appetite fed
My deeds will be read in the open

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