

Patti Smith

"Fuji-san"

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Oh, mountain of our eyes, what do you see?
The girl with the omen dice, bowing to thee
Mortal soldiers clear the path, shake the omen tree
Oh, mountain of our eyes, oh plea
Oh, hear our plea

See the five fingers laid, like a hand in blue
In sideways of the pure
Together glimpse of you, together glimpse of you
The great lake, the white shoot
Your white mind, mind
Whoa, mountain of mine
Whoa, Fuji-san, for a planning
Into the blue, into the great mist
Into the bright, into your light

Oh, mountain of our eyes, we're calling you
Will you hear our cries, what will the poor boy do?
What will the poor girl do?
We're coming to you
Whoa, Fuji-san
Whoa, mountain of our eyes, what do you see?
The girl with the omen dice, shaking the tree
Shaking the omen tree

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