

## **Paul Kantner**

# **"Look At The Wood"**

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Look at the wood and the way he carves it  
Must have taken him years  
I asked him the price and he said it was free  
And I couldn't believe my ears

Tell me old man how long have you lived  
To have such amazing talent  
I'm twenty years short of a century  
And the best years are in the balance

As a baby his mother had fed him frogs  
And a wide assortment of lizards  
It made him tough and wise and strange  
And gave him the mind of a wizard

He had a new woman every five years  
Faithful to each in her turn  
They gave him children and time to smile  
And he showed them all the love they could learn  
The man had love to burn

Now he's lived his life and he'll live it again  
Thru one more gentle soul  
You'll know him by his smile and his fork held high  
He'll be dining on toads and moles

Look at the wood and the way he carves it  
Look at the sun, the golden harvest  
Must have taken him years

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