

## **Richie Havens**

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Let the river rock you like a cradle  
Climb to the treetops, child, if you're able  
Let your hands tie a knot across the table.  
Come and touch the things you cannot feel.

And close your fingertips and fly where I can't hold you  
Let the sun-rain fall and let the dewy clouds enfold you  
And maybe you can sing to me the words I just told  
you,  
If all the things you feel ain't what they seem.  
And don't mind me 'cos I ain't nothin' but a dream.

The mocking bird sings each different song  
Each song has wings - they won't stay long.  
Do those who hear think he's doing wrong?  
While the church bell tolls its one-note song  
And the school bell is tinkling to the throng.  
Come here where your ears cannot hear.

And close your eyes, child, and listen to what I'll tell  
you  
Follow in the darkest night the sounds that may impel  
you  
And the song that I am singing may disturb or serve to  
quell you  
If all the sounds you hear ain't what they seem,  
Then don't mind me 'cos I ain't nothin' but a dream

The rising smell of fresh-cut grass  
Smothered cities choke and yell with fuming gas  
I hold some grapes up to the sun  
And their flavour breaks upon my tongue.  
With eager tongues we taste our strife  
And fill our lungs with seas of life.  
Come taste and smell the waters of our time.

And close your lips, child, so softly I might kiss you,  
Let your flower perfume out and let the winds caress  
you.  
As I walk on through the garden, I am hoping I don't  
miss you  
If all the things you taste ain't what they seem,

Then don't mind me 'cos I ain't nothin' but a dream .

The sun and moon both arise  
And we'll see them soon through days and nights  
But now silver leaves are mirrors, bring delights.  
And the colours of your eyes are fiery bright,  
While darkness blinds the skies with all its light.  
Come see where your eyes cannot see.

And close your eyes, child, and look at what I'll show  
you;  
Let your mind go reeling out and let the breezes blow  
you,  
And maybe when we meet then suddenly I will know  
you.  
If all the things you see ain't  
quite what they seem,  
Then don't mind me 'cos I ain't nothin' but a dream .  
And you can follow; And you can follow; follow...

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