

Klezmatic

"Heaven"

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It's after my work tired and weary, I lay down to rest
My eyes,
I see this world change in a whirlwind and heaven flies
Down from the skies;
I see rising up from my wreckage cities and mansions
so
Bright
I see my friends eyes and their faces lit up with a
Bright shining light.

I walk through the sunshiny factory where dresses and
Shirts are both clean;
A brother and sister are singing at work as they watch
All the wheels;
No smudge clouds of smoke hide my valley, my sky it
is
Clear for miles;
The mountains are all dancing happy, the trees are
Waving me smiles.

There are no sickly faces about me, the children are
Healthy and gay;
Not one homeless soul is around me, nor lost, nor
Cripple nor lame;
The street laid in finest of plastics, the atom is
Laboring as well;
No airships are crashing here by me, no dead ones in
Burning hotels.

No fast cars collide nor turn over, no death curve
Along my new road;
No cheaters, no gamblers, no robbers, no graveyard,
no
Prisons, no jails;
No gasbombs, no brass knucks, no billies, no battles
'Tween worker and boss;
No patrolmen, no officer, policeman, to ride into
Crowds on his horse.

The last labor battles are ended, they're shown on the
Screen and the page;

The workhand is happy at building his world like the
Play on his stage;

Profiteers are gone and forgotten, except in my history
And book;
My friends all have jobs here in heaven and sing as I
Stand here and look.

I am sawing the finest made fiddle, I am touching the
Richest skin drum;
I am blowing the sweetest of woodwinds and blowing the
Deepest of horns;
I dance to my music I'm making, and the world joins in
With my dance;
Science and hope cures the fevers, not one grain is
Blowing by chance.

Every hand works in hand with the other and not for
Power nor greed;
Every hand works to it's fullest ability and is paid in
It's deepest of need;
No cancer, no tuberculosis, no paralysis nor asylums
Are here
No bowery nor skid row of homeless, no eye that is
Blinded by tears.

If you can only see with me this vision of heaven I
Dreamed,
Then you can take new faith in working with comrades
And friends
And when I woke up from my sleeping and looked
down my
Raggedy street,
I go back to work with my vision and I drink down the
Bitter and sweet.

I know as you hear such a dream, friend, you will not
Pass it along;
I do not expect you to sing it as I do, nor to sing
Such a curious song;
I wrote down this song for my own self, and sing it now
To my own soul.
But if you'll sing songs of your dreamings, then you
Will reap treasures untold.

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