

Roy Harper "The Lord's Prayer"

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A) Poem
B) Modal Song parts I to IV
C) Front Song
D) Middle Song
E) End Song (Front Song reprise)

There once was a man from the old stone age
And he used to follow the weather
But now he's got hung up on filling a page
Upon whether to go or together
And he's been around for so damn long
With his whooping and wailing
Crushing questions between right and wrong
And impaling
The best he can hope and the worst he can fear
On the solstices of an illusion
A massive erection of pushy defence
Up the whole of the prosecution
Great solace the wound, great relish the pain
To be loosing the reins of a poem
To bleed from the tip of my tongue yet again
That part of my heart that is showing
These children conceived in the womb of this crash
To be the sponsors of nothing much more
Than rearguard directions of crossfingered sections
Of purpose pot - looking for nothing
But what is this last desperate vestige of heart over
head
But another conjecture
No more the tomb of the martyred dead
Than the ghost of our parting gesture
And a hundred billion crystal balls
Represent a remarkable failure
To swell the song each moment long
At the counterpoint of nature
As four thumbs flick the tarot deck
And two tongues fork eight aces
Maybe sixteen fingers feel
The fool lives in two places
Where rosy lee can read this tea
And leave me living the story
A white dove with a hawks' head
And an open mind before me

To sail for a land where life is a high
Not a word to be heard or be spoken
But the soul - woven web of the endless touch
Of a child who could never be broken
Who plays a new world on the brink of the ebb
As the fish cats prowl in the harbour
And now soars high on the beckoning tides' long arm
To weigh his last anchor
And the sou'westers sing as the lifeboat bells ring
In the heads on the faces of changes
The heavens collage on excalibres edge
The star in his movie converges
With fate, in his task, and doom on his brow
And a ship in his eye in a bottle
Who speeds, to force, to want, to have,
To find, to further fortune,
Who comes from the north, west, south and east
Of the passions of a spirit
With all the flight of the wildest beast
To ever spur a stirrup,
Whose pulse is the master of action
Whose heart is an everlasting secret
Whose arms are desire
Whose lips are welcome
Whose eyes tell stories
Whose head is a journey
Whose hands unfold
Whose feet fly
Whose face is the stained glass window of a
continuous orgasm.
Whose being is mine
Whose wounds are precious
Whose poem is a flower
Whose gentleness is the devil
Whose identity is naked
Whose magic is a gift
Whose power is the transparent tapestry of history
Whose stamp is a freak
Whose wits are battles
Whose cousin is dog
Whose times are well fought for
Whose stoneage is clever
Whose poets know
Whose music is barbarian
Whose artists are helpless spherical mirrors spinning
on the horns of a tidal
wave
Whose information is belief
Whose complexes become religion
Whose foundation is spread
Whose word is god

Whose books are projectiles
Whose message is must
Whose excuse is holy
Who passed it down to me;
Whose enemies are landmarks
Whose fear is himself
Whose hope is lust
Whose wish is fresh
Whose position is wary
Whose mottoes are covers
Whose name is hidden
Whose nose is suspicious
Whose technology is a tangent
Whose strategy is dissent
Whose thoughts are games
Who shares his lot
Whose ace is death
Whose fingers invent
Whose tales weave
Whose knots are tied
Whose mouth is open
Whose ears pierce
Whose direction is out
Who is aware of disease
Who feels the need to cleanse his soul
Whose style is disguise
Whose dream is innate
Whose woman is soothing
Whose little children are the delicate blossom of an
orchard of electricity
Whose spell is for conflict
Whose quest is strength
Whose war declared
Whose suicide is noticed
Whose shadow is cast
Whose vibes you feel
Whose pedigrees are haunted
Whose age is unknown
Who takes under his wing
Whose freaks are real
Whose reality is hunger
Whose words are jagged
Whose tears are shed
Whose sick hang
Whose weak are kicked
Whose cities are bad shelters
Whose sanctuary is an idea
Who sat round a fire
Whose teeth chew
Whose faith is change
Whose old age comes quickly

Whose youth burns
Whose systems are white sticks tapping walls
Whose prize possession is the planet;
Whose wildest lust is escalation
Whose cul-de-sacs are feelers
Whose main route is massive
Whose run is a dance
Whose vehicle is fantasy
Whose home is high
Whose role continues
Whose bearing is savage
Whose saints are dead
Whose sons bark
Whose daughters play
Whose strength is against
Who grows in the sun and sleeps in the moon
Who roams deserts, plateaux, mountains, forests and
plains with vast armies
Who am I
The spirit of those who were not here
And never knew it
Who left this prayer to elope
A lover's journey through it
So children leave your windows open
Across the sea
Join our hands across the many land
You and me
Never grown old
Seeing without ever being told
Something to say
Shut away
Blackboard so grey
Anyway
I'm dreaming
Out along the back row
Out the window
Cast away
Be free with me
Today
Great heart mean streak
Spare part speed freak
I set myself a problem when I built myself a wheel
I got myself another when I rode a horse to feel
The plains underneath my reins
As fast as running water
And the big lady I'm playing with
Has played a game of poker
With me and cat and this and that
Until she scored my joker
Now we ride in chariots
By the side of one another

Her soft side
My rough ride,
Nothing to fear
The unknown soldier's grave is already here
Is it too late
To create
A world made with care
Is it there
Or fleeting
Here today and gone
Tomorrow's child
Looking so wild and free
Are we a choice
With no voice
Can it be
Great heart, mean streak
Spare part speed freak

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