

Boarding Party

"Summer Is The Man"

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The eyes of a man
That can see what we can
Are the eyes that can see
Far beyond you and me
So we'll wait and we'll wait
Until we are like he

He sees the beauty in a flower
That you and I'd pass by
Tormented is his mind
But we've ignored the cries

What is the world
To a man with no hands?
And what is the world
To a man with no ears?
And what is the world
To a man with no tongue?
To a man with all three
But who knows less than he

He feels the world going round
Right beneath his feet
Sees the wealth of man
Struggling in his heat

The frost of Autumn kills the flower
Held in his hand
Pity to lose him now
Summer is the man

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