

## Big Harp

### "Groove Thing"

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This is the midnight radio one  
As music in the moonlit starry night  
Beneath this purple haze our common dark  
The heavens obscure, starlight travels into infinity  
Yet we only see it when the night is black.  
This is the question the brothers and sisters fear;  
What is the color of the soul?  
Said Buddha, Jesus, Plato, and the poets of Old,  
That evening is the color of the soul.  
We hide ourselves in artificial light  
We think ourselves safe and outta sight.  
You have a million dollars still  
Enough money to build a city on every hill.  
Work hard brother,  
Love alone will pay your bill.  
Look good sister,  
Love alone will pay your bill.  
Die rich,  
Love alone will pay your bill  
And evening is still the color of the soul.

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