

Denis Walter

"Someplace Green"

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The good Lord made man, then he rested for a little
while
He said look what I've done, ain't it pretty, then he
cracked a smile
I'll watch him grow, I'll hear him talk, learn to love and
fight
And when he's had his fill of these I'll walk him through
the night

To someplace green, someplace nice
Someplace that I call paradise
It's growin' greener in the rain
Awaitin' there for man to claim

The good Lord looked down on the earth one afternoon
and frowned
He said man ain't learned an awful lot since I carved
him out of ground
He's built a lot of steeples of clay and rocks and sand
But he hasn't learned to get along with his fellow man

And someplace green, someplace nice
Someplace that I call paradise
It's growin' greener in the rain
Awaitin' there for man to claim

The good Lord's been around a while, he'll turn a tee at
least
And I guess he'll be around a while, when time and tide
have ceased
Looking down from somewhere, trying hard to find
If man has earned his paradise the other side of time

And someplace green, someplace nice
Someplace that he calls paradise
It's growin' greener in the rain
Awaitin' there for - man - to - claim...

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