

Greatful Dead

"Eyes Of The World"

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Right outside this lazy summer home

you ain't got time to call your soul a critic no.

Right outside the lazy gate of winter's summer home,

wond'rin' where the nut-thatch winters,

wings a mile long just carried the bird away.

Wake up to find out that you are the eyes of the world,

the heart has it's beaches, it's homeland and thoughts
of it's own.

Wake now, discover that you are the song that the
mornin' brings,

But the heart has it's seasons, it's evenin's and songs
of it's own.

There comes a redeemer, and he slowly too fades
away,

And there follows his wagon behind him that's loaded
with clay.

And the seeds that were silent all burst into bloom, and
decay,

and night comes so quiet, it's close on the heels of the
day.

Wake up to find out that you are the eyes of the world,

the heart has it's beaches, it's homeland and thoughts
of it's own.

Wake now, discover that you are the song that the
mornin' brings,

But the heart has it's seasons, it's evenin's and songs
of it's own.

Sometimes we live no particular way but our own,

And sometimes we visit your country and live in your
home,

sometimes we ride on your horses, sometimes we walk
alone,

sometimes the songs that we hear are just songs of
our own.

Wake up to find out that you are the eyes of the world,

the heart has it's beaches, it's homeland and thoughts
of it's own.

Wake now, discover that you are the song that the
mornin' brings,

But the heart has it's seasons, it's evenin's and songs
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