

## Morning star "Golden boy"

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Now when I see the trees  
tremble with the wind in their leaves  
that's when i think of him  
blowing around in the wind.

For everyone a gift to bring  
a price to pay and a song to sing  
a day to lose and another to win  
and a handful of sand to fling.

I wonder did you see the kid  
who amazed us by the things that he did.  
Is it enough to have the gift to bring joy?  
Guess it's tough to be the golden boy.

\* \*

Once i saw him play a rhythm so compelling  
made folks forget the souls they're selling  
loves they're losing, lies they're telling.  
Hearts were brimming, eyes were welling.

Another time i saw him at home.  
Found him standing in a corner alone.  
I asked if there was something to do.  
He turned to me and said brother not you

\* \*

This is for the lovesick man  
who bends down to take a scoop of sand  
and watch it slowly trickle out of his hand  
and then fling what was left to the wind.

And this is for the smoke and the snow  
and for everything we have to let go.  
We don't weep for the setting sun

Oh, the beat goes on and on.

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