

Brooke Fraser, Seeds

Night

Field of stars above us

You pick one, we frame it with our fingers intertwined

Seeds of every generation between our hands

And the promise to teach you the little I have learned so far

Child

What will you live to do? What have I left for you? What will we leave behind?

You

Learning as you're growing, not yet knowing the world isn't always quite as beautiful as it is now

Child

What will you live to do? What have I left for you? What will we leave behind? (x2)

Night

Field of stars above us

I pick one and name it for you and all who are to come