

Cat Stevens, Tuesday's Dead

If I make a mark in time, I can't say the mark is mine.
I'm only the underline of the word.
Yes, I'm like him, just like you, I can't tell you what to do.
Like everybody else I'm searching thru what I've heard.

Whoa, Where do you go? When you don't want no one to know?
Who told tomorrow Tuesday's dead

Oh preacher won't you paint my dream, won't you show me where you've been
Show me what I haven't seen to ease my mind.
Cause I will learn to understand, if I have a helping hand.
I wouldn't make another demand all my life.

What's my sex, what's my name, all in all it's all the same.
Everybody plays a different game, that is all.
Now, man may live, man may die searching for the question why.
But if he tries to rule the sky he must fall.

Now every second on the nose, the humdrum of the city grows.
Reaching out beyond the throes of our time.
We must try to shake it down. Do our best to break the ground.
Try to turn the world around one more time.
Yeah, we must try to shake it down do our best to break the ground
Try to turn the world around one more time