

Donovan, The Land Of Doesn't Have To Be

there is a land not far from the ears of sound
the eyes of sight can't see
it's over the trees
you'll be there by tomorrow's breeze

few people get there quick by their chosen road
they don't know it quicker to go
by natural velocity

there is a wall of doubt surrounding
everything that's there
children fair
they ride there
on the dreamy mare

and at the great big gate
waiters wait
they must fill the form
denounce the norm
they are torn
twixt praise and scorn

and in the dawning dawn
yawners yawn
not knowing they've been
or they've seen
what they've seen
or never seen