

# 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