

Gary Brooker, The Cycle

(Brooker)

Rain is falling all around
It seeps into the ground and it flows
let it grow, let it grow

Streams by water filled
Feed rivers, turning mills and it grows
let it flow, let it flow

Raindrops are tears falling from Heaven
I've seen the mist rise up from the Severn
The chain is complete, the cycle not broken
Teardrops are rain that say more than any words spoken

Wheat and barleycorn
by help of moisture born, our food
Let it grow, let it grow

Usk or the Wye, it doesn't bother me
Sea, river, lake, as long as they're close and free
Ask me why? Water's a part of me
I'm even-tenths wet! Yes all but a third of me's Water
Water {Severn, Usk and Wye are rivers in the south-west of England}

Dark and thund'ry skies
Cloud our eyes: that's how it goes

Let it flow, let it flow
Let it grow, Let it grow
Let it flow, let it flow.