

# Jaromir Nohavica, The Comet

I spotted a comet streaming across the sky  
I wanted to sing to it but it left my sight  
Disappeared in a parkland as a forest hind  
In my eyes a few small gold coins were left behind  
I hid the coins under an oak tree in the earth  
When it flies once again we will then not be here  
We will then not be here oh so futile and proud  
I spotted a comet and wanted to sing out  
Ref: Of water, of the grass, of the woods  
of a death which we would allay if we could  
of our love, of lost trust, of the Earth  
and of all the people  
who ever lived on the planet here  
The wagons are clinking in the stellar stations  
Mister Kepler described heavenly relations  
In the stellar glasses I found out from my search  
the secret which we now carry on our shoulders  
a great and long standing secret of creation  
that only a person gives birth to a person  
that a root is connected to the tree branches  
the essence of our hopes  
wanders through the cosmos  
Ref: Of water, of the grass, of the woods  
of a death which we would allay if we could  
of our love, of lost trust, of the Earth  
and of all the people  
who ever lived on the planet here  
I spotted a comet as it were in relief  
From the hand of an artist who is now deceased  
I climbed up to the sky I wanted to touch it  
My vanity had stripped me completely naked  
As a white marble statue carved out by David  
I stood there and I searched  
and I searched overhead  
We will then not be here oh so futile and proud  
We will then not be here the others will sing out  
Ref: Of water, of the grass, of the woods  
of a death which we would allay if we could  
of our love, of lost trust, of the Earth  
and it will be a song about us and a comet