

John Denver, Swans Against The Sun

Wild grace
Has its own place
Has its own face
Prone to flight

Sky grown
Wind blown wing flown
Over air blown
Back to night

Flashing
Freely clashing
Love of chaos
Love of one

Bright storms
Rising free forms
Wild swans
Against the sun

Spirit
None go near it
All men fear it
In the night

Some say
Love goes one way
And then one day
No more flight

This year
It is not clear
Just what ends here
Or what's begun

We are bright storms
Rising free forms
We're wild swans
Against the sun