

Paul Kantner, Harp Tree Lament

Music: David Freiberg

Lyrics: Robert Hunter

What would it gain me
If I was to go
Like Jacob of old
To the well of the world
To wax halls where candles
Burn on through the day
To light you a path
So you'd never lose your way

I was down in the valley
Where the shadows are long
The birds in the harp tree
Were singing this song
There is time to deliver
Time to receive
All that you're lacking
Of whatever you need

Turn around - by the by
You'll still see the sea
As it was in the dawning
As it always will be

Raise up your bottles
And drink down the blood
You planted the vine here
In spite of the flood
Turn an ear to the harp tree
An eye to the wall
The songs in the singing
Or nowhere at all

No where to come from
No place to retire
No shelter nowhere
Except in the fire
The birds in the harp tree
Can finish their song
Then rest in its branches
Which is where they belong

But where can a man go
That's sweet to his soul
When his time is not ready
But he's still turning old
Here's a dream for the piper
And a tune for his lady
Outside the thin wall
The waves are still raging

Here's one for the harp tree
And one for his song
One for the morning
When the night was too long
Here's one for the candle
That lights you to bed
And one for the sword
That hangs over your head