

Paul Kantner, Look At The Wood

Look at the wood and the way he carves it
Must have taken him years
I asked him the price and he said it was free
And I couldn't believe my ears

Tell me old man how long have you lived
To have such amazing talent
I'm twenty years short of a century
And the best years are in the balance

As a baby his mother had fed him frogs
And a wide assortment of lizards
It made him tough and wise and strange
And gave him the mind of a wizard

He had a new woman every five years
Faithful to each in her turn
They gave him children and time to smile
And he showed them all the love they could learn
The man had love to burn

Now he's lived his life and he'll live it again
Thru one more gentle soul
You'll know him by his smile and his fork held high
He'll be dining on toads and moles

Look at the wood and the way he carves it
Look at the sun, the golden harvest
Must have taken him years