

Red Box, Moving

Well there's a small time breeze
And he goes where he goes
Taking the wrong way down
To a mountain who says
"I see the seven seas
Hair and toes of the world
Not in a million years
Blow you hot, blow you cold
Will you get through me."

Down in the inner eye of every storm
Down in the deepest part of everyone
Down in the inner eye of every storm
Down in the deepest part of everyone

Blows over silver sea
Could be you, could be me
And he drinks her in
Till his heart is brim full
And it's a graceful fall
That he rains over hills
Be it grain by grain
Though no two are the same
He will get to you

Down in the inner eye of every storm
Down in the deepest part of everyone
Down in the inner eye of every storm
Down in the deepest part of everyone

Break down the walls
And shake up the shape you're in
Break down the walls and float
Break down the walls
And shake up the shake in you
Break down the walls and float the whole new year

Far and tall and wide we go
Over, under, through
I give you my warning that my aim is true
Rain a rain of precious hope

Down in the inner eye of every storm
Down in the deepest part of everyone
Down in the inner eye of every storm
Down in the deepest part of everyone

Well there's a small time breeze
Could be me, could be you
As we move on through