

Stephen Stills, Treasure Take One

Alone with my guitar
Living on a mountain
Far away
I saw girl
Gypsy woman deepest in the world
When she moved it was a dance
We hid ourselves
And I had no chance
For the treasure of the oneness
That like sand becomes a diamond
Before the wind
And while I changed my strings
A rocky mountain woman
Came to town to sing
Took my heart and ran
When she bade me follow
I just took her hand
I began my journey to the east
A country boy searching for my peace
In the treasure of the oneness
That like sand becomes a diamond
Before the wind
I sit in deep reflection
There are no answers
To my questions
Where did they go
And which one took my heart
Which one took my soul
I may never see it clearly there comes another
Now she turns to beckon me with the Devil's key
The treasure of the oneness
Then becomes sand and lies there naked
Before the wind