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