

# Big Country, Seer

Long ago I heard a tale  
I never will forget  
The time was in the telling  
On the bank the scene was set

The sky was rolling blindly on  
The daylight had not gone  
She washed her hair among the stones  
And saw what was to come

All this will pass  
There will be blood among the corn  
And heroes in the hills  
But there is more to come my boy  
Before you've had your fill

Men will come and rope the sail  
As though it were their own  
And they will bathe their feet in oil  
As I have bathed my own

All this will pass  
All things must come  
Just as I tell you here

Stones will stand together  
As if searching for the stars  
And all come crashing down again  
Before they reach too far

She turned to face the setting sun  
I turned to walk away  
But then she called my name again  
And beckoned me to stay

All this will pass  
All things must come

Just as I tell you here

She told me of the famous sons  
Who write their names in peace  
Yet be cut down before the time  
Has come for our release

Just as I tell you here

Even now  
I wait for the coming day  
Even now  
She waits in the dawn

For the tales she tells  
For the gifts that she will sell  
For the sight she knows  
For a vision that still grows  
With the dream in her eyes no one's seen

I listened for so long that day  
That I can hardly tell  
If what she said was heaven sent  
Or brought to bear in hell

That men of hope would stand alone  
And still be cast a lie  
Just as Romans cast them  
On the day they were to die

All this will pass

There is more of what she told  
Much better left alone  
For who are we to question her  
Who stands among the stones