

# Caedmon's Call, Open Letter

Well, I'm finding the green cleared from my eyes  
I am young and I am deep within the woods  
What I'm discovering is far from the land I've heard tell of  
But I'm not so vain to think that I'm the first

The first to see and to turn their eyes away  
And I know that's not a popular approach  
And I'm also learning the rules to the game I'm supposed to play  
And they are proving to be far beyond reproach

And just 'cause we subscribe to different paths  
Doesn't give you right to just sit and laugh

Can you still see from whence you've come  
'Cause I won't bow down to a place so low  
I think that you're wrong and I think you're wrong  
I hope you don't mind me saying so

It's not as though this truck's been up on blocks for years in my front yard  
Waiting for the fuel of you to make it go  
Well, I guess it all depends on who you answer to  
Cause I still believe it's Who not what you know

Why don't you write me a letter or call me on the phone  
Tell me of all the big important things we'll do  
I know you're understanding of what freedom means to me  
But I bet you won't mention how you'll hide me till I belong to you

All of these things you say I lack  
You can keep just give my innocence back

If it comes right down to yes or no  
Just lock the door and on my way I'll go

Well don't call us  
We will call you