

Fairport Convention, Wizard Of The Worldly Game

For seven years I've stood right here
And the flowers ?don't be? by day
All for the yarns that I was told
I spread my arms when they grew cold
And warded off the rain
The bigger the tree, the deeper the roots
The grass that is trodden underfoot
Give it time and it will surely rise again
I'm rocked by winds and am soaked by rains
And I bow and sometimes bend
Until I fall and crush the forms
Of a few small friends who stood through storms
And will surely rise again
The bigger the tree, the deeper the roots
The grass that is trodden underfoot
Give it time and it will surely rise again
It's . . . dust, the Derby's just
We do . . . done
?Wild to wind? and wise to pain
Wizard of the worldly game
Treason into trust
The bigger the tree, the deeper the roots
The grass that is trodden underfoot
Give it time and it will surely rise again