

Glass Hammer, Sun Song

As the sire of a boy
Who is only five you see
I find I must pass judgment
On a million matters

Once he woke me from sleep
The sun began to touch the sky
He hit me with a question
And I had no answer

Can the sun sing?
He had heard singing
Once voice ringing
Coming from beyond his room

Searching out the source
He dared to part the curtains
Then he saw the morning sun

Some would say he dreamed it
Fibbed and merely schemed it
Yet I'm really not so sure

Seeming so convinced he
Stirred from deep within me
Meditations on a theme

We were very young
We were racing through a garden
Laughing in the sunshine

And reveling in the sound of his
Singing, singing
Such the sound

Snuggled close beside me
Here the boy was waiting
Waiting for the answer
To his mystery
Dare I kill the magic
Rob his world of beauty
Toss away the morning joy

We were very old
We were climbing toward the summit
Far above the meadows
Far above the clouds
Just to hear him singing
Once again

So the next dawning
Found us waiting in his room
Bundled up in blankets
Sharing secrets in the gloom

Suddenly we heard it
Morning captured in a song
He who made the sunlight
Bidding us to sing along

When you hear him singing
Night is nearly over

Climb to the sun for there you will find

All is bathed in light