

Graham Nash, And So It Goes

I'm the oil upon the water,
I'm the lava in the flow.
Resting like a rock beside the seaside.
I'm the son and you're the daughter
of the stranger that we know,
who gets a little stoned beside the wayside.

Well, there's one thing to try
everybody knows
music gets you high
everybody grows
and so it goes.

You're the lips that make the laughter
you're the sunshine in the snow
shining out on everything you feel
you're the bird that dropped the berry
on the island far below
finding out that everything is real.

Well, there's one thing to try
etc.

We are loved and we are lonely
we are many, we are few.
make it out of love and build a dream
we are hoboes, we are holy
we are me and we are you,
can't it be as easy as it seems?

Well, there's one thing to try
etc.