

Grant Lee Phillips, Fountain Of Youth

Brown doves on the wire
Do they ever tire
Up in the eggshell sky
I know if it was me
Wings a take ya far
The burden of flight is ours

Even thout the sun in your eyes
Some things are hard to find
You could go the rest of your life
Till the fountain of youth runs dry

Ever in pursuit of another clue
The sea in response is blue
Take a look around
Have you any doubt
The heart is responding too

Even thout the sun in your eyes
Some things are hard to find
You could go the rest of your life
Till the fountain of youth runs dry

Comes another freeze
All the barren trees
Under the eggshell sky
They may disappear
Splendor of the years
Unknowable without tears

Even thout the sun in your eyes
Some things are hard to find
You could go the rest of your life
Till the fountain of youth runs dry
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