

James Taylor, Migration

Distant hands in foreign lands are turning hidden wheels,
causing things to come about which no one seems to feel.
All invisible from where we stand, the connections come to pass
and though too strange to comprehend, they affect us nonetheless, yes.

Once again a time of change, oh, the change makes music and the children will dance.

See the pieces of the picture rearrange themselves.
It feels just like a symphony to me, with nothing left to chance.
Just look over your shoulder, it's out of your hands it's over for now.
Leave behind what you can, you can always return.

The rhythm remains unbroken, unspoken but loud and clear,
it's a slow vibration, migration.

Mystery muse, how I hunger for an answer, unsung song, how I long to play the changes.
Hidden rhythm, haven't I always been your dancer?
Sacred secrets of the meaning to my dreaming, migration.