

James Taylor, On The Fourth Of July

Shall I tell it again how we started as friends
Who would run into one another now and again
At the Yippee Cai O or the Mesa Dupree
Or a dozen different everyday places to be

I was loping along living alone
We were ever so brave on the telephone
Would you care to come down for fireworks time
We could each just reach
We step out of line

And the smell of the smoke and the lay of the land
and the feeling of finding one's heart in one's hand
and the tiny tin voice of the radio band singing
"love must stand"
Love forever and ever must stand

Unbelievable you, impossible me
The fool who fell out of the family tree
The fellow that found the philosopher's stone
Deep underground like a dinosaur bone

Who fell into you at a quarter to two
With a tear in your eye for the Fourth of July
For the patriots and the minutemen
And the things you believe they believed in then

Such as freedom, and freedom's land
And the kingdom of God and the rights of man
With the tiny tin voice of the radio band
Singing "love must stand"
Love forever and ever must stand
And forever must stand

Oh the smell of the smoke as we lay on the land
And the feeling of finding my heart in my hand
With the tiny, tin voice of the radio band
Singing "love must stand"
Love forever and ever must stand.

All on the Fourth of July
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