

James Taylor, Yellow And Rose

Yellow and rose, yellow and rose, yellow and rose.

Oh boy, Botany Bay, watching the water go by.
Here's your home so far away, here is a tear for your eye.
Here is a vast and unknown land, here are the strangers on the sand.

Oh, seeds of the universe ever endeavor to grow.
Tiny pieces of everything, into the water they go.
Everything changes for the strangers on the shore.
They are blue and green no more, they are yellow and rose.

Down under got the south side, this groovy crazy planet.
Watching from the outside, it's as smooth as a gravy sandwich.
People play music night for day, one caught the sun in a sekere.

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Remember when we thought we were in California? We thought it was the eye of the hurricane.
Old gypsy woman she tried to warn you, "You'll be back this way again,
hungry for the rain, it's written in your hand, plain."

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