

Neil Diamond, Be

Lost

On a painted sky
Where the clouds are hung
For the poet's eye
You may find him
If you may find him

There

On a distant shore
By the wings of dreams
Through an open door
You may know him
If you may

Be

As a page that aches for a word
Which speaks on a theme that is timeless
And the one God will make for your day

Sing

As a song in search of a voice that is silent
And the sun
God will make for your way

And we dance

To a whispered voice
Overheard by the soul,
Undertook by the heart
And you may know it
If you may know it

While the sand would become the stone
Which begat the spark
Turned to living bone
Holy, holy
Sanctus, sanctus

Be

As a page that aches for a word
Which speaks on a theme that is timeless
While the one God will make for your day

Sing

As a song in search of a voice that is silent
And the one God will make for your way