

# Nickel Creek, Seven Wonders

When shadows fall, he'll close his eyes to hear the clocks unwind.  
Powerless to leash the hands of time.  
Kingdoms fall, the earth revolves, the rain will come this spring,  
And nothing he could say would change a thing.

Seven wonders crowed the man, knowing six are gone.  
And how the great illusion lingers on.

He can't enfold the sun or moon, the wind within his hands,  
But count the times he'll shout the great I Am.  
When all the while, a pontiff smile, veiling his disgrace  
At never owning more than second place.

Seven wonders crowed the man, knowing six are gone.  
And how the great illusion lingers on.

Seven wonders crowed the man, knowing six are gone.  
And how the great illusion lingers;  
Oh, the grand illusion lingers;  
While the sad confusion lingers on.