

Robert Calvert, Magical Potion

See that fine
full fresh river that's a flowin';
like the place that I'll be goin';
on the day I die.

That red-wood tree
growing higher than a masthead
won't allow no force to blast it
&'s branches from the sky.

This morning dew, don't it take like wine to you
in this brand-new world so brave and true.

This golden corn is gleaming like it's just been born
in a brave new world, a brave new world ... out of the blue

See that fat
salmon swimming in the water
has anybody

ever caught a
fish like that at all ?

There's herds of deer
and droves of Buffalo a roamin';
it's enough to do your dome in
it's A merical !

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Feel that sun
like a great gold gong that's beating,
like a brass-bell fanfare greeting
summoning the day.

And hear that bird
unfurls its song and hoist it flying
like a flag that's testifying
more than words can say.

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