

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 !
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
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.
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