

The Grateful Dead, Sunrise

Gazing at the fire, burning by the water
Before he speaks the world around us quiets.

With eyes as sharp as arrows and turning to the fire
He clears the air and cuts it with a feather.

Many in a circle slowly 'round the fire
When he is gone I want to know him better.

No one is forsaken, no one is a liar,
He plants the tree of life on our foreheads with water.

He hums, there are drums, four winds, rising suns,
We are singing and playing, I hear what he's saying.

I remember breezes from winds inside your body
keep me high, like I told you, I'll sing to them this story and know why.