

The Incredible String Band, Here Till Here Is There

where will you go
when days grow short and winds grow cold
and green leaves are shaken
there was a road as once I saw
wound with bright ivies and trumpeting haws
of whitest sand embroidered with flowers
that very few had taken

where will you go
while rivers run and days eat days
and white stars are pining
in hopes more true in hearts more gay
in love that is stronger and brighter that day
in hands that heal in thoughts that play
in all eyes shining

why do we talk of go and stay?
we will all be here til here is there