

Van Morrison, The Master's Eyes

How the light shone from the master
How the light shone from the master
How the light shone from the master's eyes

Or how the truth shone, from the master
How the truth shone, from the master
How the truth shone, from the master's eyes

Why didn't they leave us to wander through battered summers
Why didn't they leave us to wander when there was no other

And my questions all were answered
When the light shone from the master
When the light shone, from the master's eyes

From the master's eyes. Oh how the light shone (etc.)