

Willy Mason, When The Leaves Have Fallen

when the leaves have fallen from the last live tree
will you still be calling with a song for me
when the rocks are empty of the gold we seek
will you give me reason reason to move my feet
when the disillusioned are cleaned off the streets
will you clean my shirt and hide me from police
when i no longer follow another mans beliefs
will you walk with me when i'm on my own two feet
when we've finally poisoned every last threatening beast
will you make my heart pound and shake up my beliefs
when each lock is picked and possession means to lose
will we sleep sound while the rich shake in their shoes
until they learn to sing the blues
when the dogs are called off on their search for truth
will you sit with me while they howl whats the use
when the ocean swallows up the priests on higher ground
will you swim with me my love deep into the sound