



I get up, I get down.

I get up, I get down.

I get up, I get down.

IV. Seasons Of Man

The time between the notes relates the color to the scenes.

A constant vogue of triumphs dislocate man, so it seems.

And space between the focus shape ascend knowledge of love.

As song and chance develop time, lost social temp'rance rules above.

Then according to the man who showed his outstretched arm to space,

He turned around and pointed, revealing all the human race.

I shook my head and smiled a whisper, knowing all about the place.

On the hill we viewed the silence of the valley,

Called to witness cycles only of the past.

And we reach all this with movements in between the said remark.

Close to the edge, down by the river.

Down at the end, round by the corner.

Seasons will pass you by,

Now that it's all over and done,

Called to the seed, right to the sun.

Now that you find, now that you're whole.

Seasons will pass you by,

I get up, I get down.

I get up, I get down.

I get up, I get down.

I get up.