

The Trader

Beach Boys

Hi
Trader

Trader sailed a jeweled crown
Humanity rowed the way
Exploring to command more land
Scheming how to rule the waves.
Trader spied a virgin plain
And named it for velvet robes
Wrote home declaring,
"There's a place
Where totally folks are free
(Happily completely)
Nourishment fills the prairies and the hillsides
And animals stalk the mountains and the seaside
And fish abound the lakes and birds the skies
Signed sincerely."

Trader found the jeweled land
Was occupied before he came
By humans of a second look
Who couldn't even write their names shame
Trader said they're not as good
As folks who wear velvet robes
Wrote home again and asked, "Please help
Their breasts I see; they're not like me
Banish them from our prairies and our hillsides
Clear them from our mountains and our seaside
I want them off our lakes so please reply
Signed sincerely."

Trader he got the crown okay
Cleared humanity from his way
He civilized all he saw
Making changes every single day say
Shops sprang over the prairies and the hillsides
Then roads cut through the mountains to the seaside
The other kind fled to hide, by and by,
And so sincerely
Cried.

Making it softly
Like the evening sea, trying to be
Making it go
Creating it gently
Like a morning breeze, a life of ease
Eyes that see
Beyond tomorrow, through to the time without hours
Passing the Eden of Flowers
Reason to live.

Embracing together
Like the merging streams, crying dreams
Making it full
Begging intently
For a slight reprieve, a night of ease
Hands to touch

Beyond the sorrow, on to the force without power
Piercing the crust of the tower
Reason to live.

Hoping
Like a budding rose, humbling shows
Making it.
Struggling lonely
Like a desert field, break the seal, make it real
Ears to hear
Beyond the showers, on to the suns of tomorrows
Burning the flesh of all sorrows
Reason to live.
Reason to continue
Reason to go on
Reason to live
Reason to live
Reason to live