All Gates Open

Can

Sometimes it’s hard to say where the songs come from,
Especially when there are so many around,
The breathing sound is usually just below the gate,
It has to be much louder to be heard.
All gates open,
All gates are open now.

Songs, music.

Sometimes it’s hard to say where the songs come from,
Especially when there are so many around,
The breathing sound just doesn’t usually reach the gate,
It has to be much louder to be heard.

Then the gates, they couldn’t say where the beats came from,
By the time we realize the way we got to play.
All gates are open now, now it seems,
Now the music blended with the sounds we play.

All gates are open now.

Then the gates, they couldn’t say where the beats came from,
By the time we realize the way we got to play.
All gates are open now, now it seems,
Now the music blended with the sounds we play.
Now is there any way for you to say where the woman ends,
Where the music ends and where the man begins?
All gates are open now for you and for me,
How we play the tune, each other’s symphony.
And your breathing sound is really beauty,
It doesn’t seem much softer than the drum

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