

## Born on Earth

Dispatch

Oh, do you know there's a place you can go  
It's a place that is weathered and worn  
But you can't stay there long  
Like the plow and the stone  
But you can wait if you'd like to be born

Born to a dark heaven on earth  
Plagued by man's greed and sorrow, sorrow and hurt  
Born also to the beauty of tomorrow  
Leading us back to the dirt

The old oak tree watches us like we were bees  
Flitting and frittering in the golden  
Everybody knows we all died yesterday  
And the day after that we were born

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Leading us back to the dirt

I worry my mind, I worry my mind  
I worry my mind 'til I lose all the time

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