

The Way

Donovan

I stay behind I walk ahead
Apart yet a part of ev'rything
Nothing done and all is well
Never used yet always full
Out of nothing comes the one
Out of one comes the two
Out of two comes three
Out of three comes all things
The more it moves the more it yields
The valley spirit never dies
The root of heaven and of earth
Empty now of ev'rything
From above it is not bright
From below it is not dark
You cannot see when it began
Follow it there is no end
It has no aim it is so small
It has no name it is so great
It is not seen it is not heard
Nothing done or left undone
The weak can overcome the strong
The supple overcomes the stiff
Ev'ryone knows this well
yet so few can practice it
Out of nothing comes the one
Out of one comes the two
Out of two comes three
Out of three comes all things