

# Bound By The Beauty

Jane Siberry

I'm bound by the fire  
I'm bound by the beauty  
I'm bound by desire  
I'm bound by the duty  
I'm coming back in 500 years  
And the first thing I'm gonna do  
When I get back here  
Is to see these things I love  
And they'd better be here, better be here  
Better be here  
And first I'm going to find a forest  
And stand there in the trees  
And kiss the fragrant forest floor  
And lie down in the leaves  
And listen to the birds sing  
The sweetest sound you'll hear  
And everything the dappled  
Everything the birds  
Everything the earthiness  
Everything the verdant, the verdant, the verdant  
The verdant dream  
I'm bound by the fire  
I'm bound by the beauty  
I'm bound by desire  
I'm bound by the duty  
I'm coming back in 500 years  
And the first thing I'm gonna do  
When I get back here  
Is to see these things I love  
And they'd better be here, better be here  
Better be here  
And then I'm going to find an open field  
And lie down in the flowers  
And then I'm going to find a guitar  
And play, play, play for hours  
And then I'm going to find a river  
To see what kind of body in  
And everything the granite  
Everything the kiss  
Everything the earthiness  
Everything the verdant, the verdant, the verdant  
The verdant dream  
I'm bound by the beauty  
I'm bound by desire  
I'm bound to keep returning  
I'm bound by the beauty of the light  
The slightest change, the constant rearrange  
Of light upon the land  
I'm bound by the beauty of the wind  
That blows across the earth  
The unfetteredness the wheatness  
And through the flying hair  
The slowness of the falling leaves  
Across this warm November door  
And the geese the flying southness  
The arms out evermore, I'm bound by the snow