

Well I try to close my eyes  
Clear my mind  
Just listen to the wildflowers grow  
Such whispers on the breeze  
It don't come easy now  
Over all this noise

Spent my youth among the pine  
They used to sing a tune so fine  
And the wind moved like an echo  
Carryin' their voices

And I saw it in a dream  
Monuments to trees  
As the air we breathe turned our lungs to dust  
And the redwoods so tall  
And all their awe  
Began to rust

With no bend and sway at all  
That ancient dance is lost  
And the wind moved like an echo  
Beside every gust

Well some day I hope to find  
That land of funny wine  
Where the coffee grows on the white oak trees  
And those sugar coated mountains  
In the spring begin to melt into  
Sweetest streams

Where each night the starlight and the sea  
Together form eternity  
And the wind moves like an echo  
As the world drops off to sleep