

Cocoon

Peter Allen

Took a walk not knowing where I was going
No, that's wrong
You always know where you're heading for
I came upon a spot
Where we first forgot ourselves
And started to become one another
The spot was overgrown
The wind was blowing
No, that's wrong
Something else was in the air
A long forgotten voice
The sound of little boys in a choir
An angel couldn't sing much higher

Before you get to be a butterfly
You gotta spend time in a cocoon
Before you can all walk in the sun
You gotta be alone with the moon
And when you start to apologize
It'll be over soon
Before you get to be a butterfly
You gotta spend time in a cocoon

The grass keeps growing
Every blade on it's own
No, that's wrong
They all combine to make something whole
Cause when you stand up tall
Well, you're only helping all of your brothers
One smiling man's worth twenty others

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