

The Mustard Seed

Son Mieux

I found myself drunk with thirst
Sleeping in the midst of this world
Trying to find what was yet to arise
Deep inside this heart of mine
My soul is afflicted, for I've been blind
They don't want to leave as empty as I've come
Heard the clocks are ticking, seeing the time is short
Life is running fast out of your hands

Let the mustard seed grow a big old tree
So the birds of heaven can come down to me
Let the mustard seed grow a big old tree
So the birds of heaven come together

Silenced my mind, shook off the wine
Everything is here and it's now
I was born free yesterday
But tomorrow's the keys to my chains
We're all great beggars, the minimal time
Together what we'll leave behind
But if more is what we need to feel rich in here
Then poverty awaits down the line

Let the mustard seed grow a big old tree
So the birds of heaven can come down to me
Let the mustard seed grow a big old tree
So the birds of heaven come together

Come together, no, no

Let the mustard seed grow a big old tree
So the birds of heaven can come down to me
Let the mustard seed grow a big old tree
So the birds of heaven come together, no, no
Let the mustard seed grow a big old tree
(I will work like I don't need the money)
So the birds of heaven can come down to me
(I will love like I've never been hurt before)
Let the mustard seed grow a big old tree
(And I will dance like nobody's watching)
So the birds of heaven come together
(I will live like I've never lived before)

I find myself saying these words
Waking up in the midst of this world