

# The Healing Colors Of Sound

Spock's Beard

(God says)  
Melt the ice by summer  
Turn the grass from green to gold  
Live the greatest story ever told

Don't mess the sacred mother  
If things go wrong  
Hey, it's all right  
But don't kid yourself  
I know what you'd really like

You'd like to be in my shoes  
Wouldn't you now  
Wouldn't you now  
You'd like to be in my shoes  
Wouldn't you now  
Wouldn't you now

Melt the ice by summer  
Send the critics down to NBC  
'Cause I'm the will  
Of the world that's about to be

And you'd like to be in my shoes  
Wouldn't you now  
Wouldn't you now  
You'd like to be in my shoes  
Wouldn't you now  
Wouldn't you now

A baby was born in a small town yesterday  
He's a magical child with a cosmic death ray  
But his mother always wanted to play  
Such a long way down

But mommy comes back  
She always comes back to get me  
Mommy comes back, she always comes back  
And she never will forget me now

The baby grows up  
And soon becomes a kid  
Spends his whole life explaining  
The things that his mother did  
Then they say she went  
And drowned  
Such a long way down

But mommy comes back  
She always comes back to get me  
Mommy comes back, she always comes back  
And she never will forget me now

When she came up  
She'd looked better  
"Look, dear, I made you a sweater"

Now it's all done  
They live up in Monticello  
With some pizza pockets  
Some papers and a case of mello-yellow  
But don't go in celloe - such a long way  
Run when you hear the cello  
You're in for a long stay  
Hey, hey

But mommy comes back  
She always comes back to get me  
Mommy comes back, she always comes back  
And she never will forget me now

Children yet to be born  
Don't you mourn me now  
'Cause the crows are in the corn  
Lay it down, lay it down

Old man's on his porch  
His house burning down  
When he passes you his torch  
Lay it down, lay it down

And the young man comes  
To beat his drums  
And the old man sings  
'Here it comes, here it comes'  
And Newsweek's featured  
Everyone by now  
Lay it down, lay it down now  
Lay it down

We built this house of cards  
We can tear it down  
When it hurts don't take it hard  
Lay it down, lay it down

And the wildman brings  
His wild man things  
While the press keeps  
Pressing on the pressure king  
And the drums are beating  
Everywhere by now  
Lay it down, lay it down  
Lay it down

One man said in sign  
Don't you want to feel O.K.?  
And the sighted man said to the blind  
Don't you look at me that way again  
Don't you look at me that way again

So they shared a glass of wine  
And they started to feel O.K. again  
Then one said one more time  
Said 'Don't you see there's now way to win  
Don't you see there's no way you can win'

But you can turn around to the healing colors of sound  
Just turn around to the healing colors of sound

Old man's ship won't sail

Don't you think they've failed by now?  
You can't just turn your tail  
No, you can't go home that way again  
No, you can't go home that way again

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Just turn around to the healing colors of sound

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Turn the grass from green to gold  
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And you'd like to be in my shoes  
Wouldn't you now  
Wouldn't you now