

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

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

But you can turn around to the healing colors of sound
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And you'd like to be in my shoes
Wouldn't you now
Wouldn't you now