

A Visitor

Steve Forbert

My problems are few
If I don't stop to think
The red golden leaves
Scream the song of the sun
The high rolling hills
Give it all in the fall
Ohh, the hard days are gone... now

I'm traveling alone
Up the highway of sight
The blue shadows fall
On the graveyard of stone
The mild afternoon
Puts the coffee cup down
My eyes see the moon... rise

And yes, I am a visitor
I've got a life to live
While I'm here upon this
Circumstance called Earth

And all I am is energy
And now I'm in this form
I came shooting down the universe
At birth

Hear a voice in the dark
As you get into bed
It's sounding again
In the back of my head

A cloud fills the sky
While the sun sinks away
And the green river's grey... now

The weird whistling wind
And the anger of time
Cannot break my heart
As I ride into town

The night falls with rain
From the east to the west
And the bright light hotel... mmm... shines

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I've got a life to live
While I'm here upon this
Circumstance called Earth

And all I am is energy
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Goodbye now