

The Mating of the Doves

The Felice Brothers

From the Gulf of Aden to the marble coast
To the rolling hills of Oregon
And the Tigris River and the wind that blows
In the hanging bowers of Babylon

I'm a fool for giving all that I gave
To you pitiful people
When the world was made
And if I come back down from the stars above
It's just to watch
The mating of the doves

I was there in Egypt when your king was slain
And it made me cry a million tears
And it formed a river in a western state
And it carved a canyon through the years

And I'm a fool for giving all that I gave
To you pitiful people
When the world was made
And if I come back down from the stars above
It's just to watch
The mating of the doves

So you can preach of Heaven and you can warn of Hell
And you can murder millions in my name
But I gave you Heaven and the only Hell
Is the one you made from fear and hate

You're all fools for thinking that I'm coming back
For some fiery judgement
And turn the worlds to black
For if I come back down it's not to judge but love
And be among
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