

Echo

The Movement

We walk this ground till the leaves turn brown
And the springtime calls us again
We wobble as the world spins around and around
It reminds us of the spaces we've been
We see the new day bring the sun and the moon
And whisper our secrets to the dead
Our voices echo in triumph and doom
Only the spirits will remember what we said
And they say nothing's gonna be the same
Everything is gonna have to change
But we keep on pushin like a steaming train
Hoping that the fire will remain
But I say everyone will know our name
Spoken by the people on the page
And maybe we'll live on in the wind and the rain
To see our children do the same

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