

THE DAYS OF ASHBURY & HAIGHT

3-23-14
(# 20)

1. **Back in the days of Ashbury & Haight**
What were we seeking, while battling 'gainst fate ?
More vital the question, did we ever find
what we struggled for, from hearts too youthfully blind ?

2. **Back in the days of Ashbury & Haight**
We ran ahead stumbling, youth can never wait.
Each second eternity that might slip away
if we'd not plucked the forbidden fruit of each day . . .
Forbidden, yet hidden, from us, it's chief prey !

REFRAIN: Flickers in the wind, blown across fields of time
By the breath of the moment, in eternity's prime.
Love labeled free, but unripe on the vine . . .
After forty more years, could we savor its wine ?
After forty years' passage, could the fire not decline ?

[INSTRUMENTAL]

3. **Back in the days of Asbury & Haight**
Each craving soul reaching one more empty plate.
Longing to be filled — longing not quelled
by love spilled from hearts, that our vessels never held.

4. **Back in the days of Asbury & Haight**
A puff-of-smoke-dream, in a lost mental state.
Yet our hearts still long now, for what we sought then;
the same passionate soul was our core way back when . . .
Now ripe with experience to try it all again.

REFRAIN: Flickers in the wind, blown across fields of time
By the breath of the moment, in eternity's prime.
Love labeled free, but unripe on the vine . . .
After forty years' passage, might our fires intertwine ?
. . . After forty years gone, could love bloom,
. . . yours and mine ?

[END]

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