

THE RHYTHM (GRACEFULLY ...)

10-16-15
(#74)

- 1. Gracefully, gently, they drift on past . . .
never with a clue how long this moment will last.
Crystal ball, wishing and all, for things that will never come to pass . . .
pleasantries of the present ease, golden gift-wrapped, but untapped.
But we dance, we dance, never even quite aware
of the rhythm in everything, everywhere.**
- 2. We invest our best treasures in this vast banquet hall,
yet they're thrown again to the worthless winds anew.
With nothing new under the sun, once we think we've seen it all,
through endless change, still never changing what we do.
But we dance, we dance, never even quite aware
of the rhythm in everything, everywhere.**

[INSTRUMENTAL]

- 3. The universe is the dance floor of this great banquet hall.
Galleries of galaxies showcase the waltz we're in.
Each new guest challenges our best, but none last as the best of all
— Wouldn't stop the spinning if we knew how to
— Wouldn't know how to re-begin.
But we dance, we dance, never even quite aware
of the rhythm in everything, everywhere.**
- 4. Gracefully and gracelessly we gently dance on by
to a rhythm very few others ever feel.
If reality spit directly into the crosshairs of their eye
could they finally separate the unreality from the real ?
— As we take every dance step into forever hereafter,
to the music of the universe's laughter. *
As we dance, we dance, never even quite aware
of the rhythm in everything, everywhere.**

[REPEAT LAST TWO LINES]

[INSTRUMENTAL]

[END]

Written: October 9-16, 2015 [G, M]

• ¾ time

* Sounds of universe's laughter in background