

CATS UPON THE ROOFTOPS

cats upon the rooftops
pigeons in the eaves
old men lost at bus stops
rings lost in the leaves
seekers climb the mountain
then don't know what to do
but every coin in the fountain
is a wish i made for you

the evening it is ending
the sun is going down
there's an angel whose attending
every need that can be found
the days cannot be tamed
at least not for to keep
and every song that can't be named
is singing you to sleep

it's not fair
the ways of history
i don't care
they don't mean too much to me
i wasn't there
and i would not want to be
but i swear
the future is yet to be

may you know the image
that the master seeks in paints
may you find favour
in the congress of the saints
i wish you rock and roll
and the rock of ages too
keep the devil in the hole
and the road in front of you