

# Eyes of the World

## Grateful Dead

Right outside this lazy summer home  
you ain't got time to call your soul a critic no.  
Right outside the lazy gate of winter's summer home,  
wond'rin' where the nut-thatch winters,  
wings a mile long just carried the bird away. Wake up to find out that you are the eyes of the  
world,  
the heart has it's beaches, it's homeland and thoughts of it's own.  
Wake now, discover that you are the song that the mornin' brings,  
But the heart has it's seasons, it's evenin's and songs of it's own.  
There comes a redeemer, and he slowly too fades away,  
And there follows his wagon behind him that's loaded with clay.  
And the seeds that were silent all burst into bloom, and decay,  
and night comes so quiet, it's close on the heels of the day. Wake up to find out that you are the  
eyes of the world,  
the heart has it's beaches, it's homeland and thoughts of it's own.  
Wake now, discover that you are the song that the mornin' brings,  
But the heart has it's seasons, it's evenin's and songs of it's own. Sometimes we live no particular  
way but our own,  
And sometimes we visit your country and live in your home,  
sometimes we ride on your horses, sometimes we walk alone,  
sometimes the songs that we hear are just songs of our own.  
Wake up to find out that you are the eyes of the world,  
the heart has it's beaches, it's homeland and thoughts of it's own.  
Wake now, discover that you are the song that the mornin' brings,  
But the heart has it's seasons, it's evenin's and songs of it's own.

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