Look Around C G F C G Dm

Don’t be foolish. No, be foolish.

Each of these trees was once a seed. Be foolish

Each of these houses was a dream, be foolish.

Each of your children was a kiss, be foolish.

Be foolish . . .

Don’t look around. No, look around.

Mystery in plain sight, high crown of the walnut,

sudden wind in the hot noon stirs the leaves and the shadows,

the shadows. Look around.

Look around. Is it beauty? Is it God?

Skeins of cloud and pale blue scrim of sky,

seas of light and loss and joy and fright.

Look around.

Seas of emptiness, seas of dazzle, look around, Am G F

Dust and fire and oblivion, look around. Am G Dm

Everything on the other side of oblivion . . . Am G F

Be foolish, look around. Am G Dm

Each of these trees was once a seed. Be foolish.

Each of these houses was a dream. Look around.

Each of these children was a kiss.

Each of our children was a kiss,

Each of us was just a kiss,

Be foolish. Look around.

The God of Dirt (Em) Am C Em Am C Bm Am C Em Am C Bm Em

The god of dirt she asked me what we’d done with the treasure

The god of dirt she asked me what we’d done

I don’t remember, I said, Lake Erie, the St. Lawrence

We barely noticed that it was gone.

Is that right? said the god of dirt, then she said taste and see

And she sang from just off in the pines.

Her song was sweet and intricate and rang like a crystal,

In some lost hollow of my mind.

In some hollow of my mind I had heard her,

Flitting and calling from an ancient tree.

Now she sang bright and simple as a wren, as a wood thrush

Singing through the branches just once for me.

Listen said the god of dirt and tangled up my mind

In blue and gold and green thickets of song

In blue and gold and green she tangled up my body

And then she whispered *That was it,* and then she was gone.

The Boy Who Listened Too Hard

(G D C G D Am G D C Am G D C)

In my private game I had to throw the baseball up

and hit it under the maple trees, and over the fence.

And now and then I did it,

now and then.

And the mighty black and yellow spiders in the iris beds

by the old garage never killed me,

but I was sure they could, I was sure they could.

Sunday night in the stickiest dusk of July

I sat on the hard pew while the clock ticked

and the preacher spoke of the unpardonable sin.

The pew was hard, the clock was ticking, and I was sure

I had done it without trying, without knowing,

committed the unpardonable sin.

So I closed my eyes and sang “Just As I Am”

six times in a row and I tried to surrender,

I tried to believe I had surrendered.

But far back in my head I had already switched to Dylan

and I was dancing ‘neath the diamond sky Em D Am

Yeah me and Bob we danced just as I am thine own to be Em D Am

beneath the diamond sky, without a single plea, Em D Am

one hand waving free, without a plea. Em D Am Em D Am G D C

Play a song for me now I am weary, this is my single plea.

Play an old song that I’ve never heard,

play it smooth and loud and long, play it long.

Play “The Boy Who Listened Too Hard,”

play “The Boy with Dirt in His Nose,”

play “The Boy with the Lousy Guitar in His Arms,”

play “The Boy Whose Eyes Are Still Closed.”

play “The Boy Whose Eyes Are Still Closed.”

(repeat)

The Tent C G D Em C G D

 C G Am Em C G D Em

I walked out in the morning on the road along the shoreline

And an eagle turned its head to me and flew on down the way.

And the rusty red arbutus held its leaves up bright and shining

And the hemlocks and the cedars let the wind have its way

And they sang, God has pitched his tent at the base of the mountain,

God has pitched her tent among the swirling waves,

God has pitched a tent in the meadow where the deer graze,

God has pitched a tent among the lost and the saved.

The deer can find the faintest paths among the crowded cedars,

And the velvet on their antlers is delicate as lace.

And they step soft and nibble the red berries in the bushes,

They will turn to gaze in any stranger’s face.

And God has pitched a tent high up on the mountain,

God has pitched a tent in sight of the sea,

God has pitched a tent open to the breezes,

God has pitched a tent inside of you and me . . .

On the island everything was cool and quiet

But when we caught the ferry back the world was still there.

The president was twisting, and the good folk were resisting,

And hate and love and trouble were contending everywhere.

But God has pitched a tent where the refugees huddle,

God has pitched a tent where the black drones fly,

God has pitched a tent where the young men lie bleeding,

God has pitched a tent where the stolen children cry.

God has pitched a tent among the angry and the fearful,

God has pitched a tent among the torches and the lies,

God has pitched a tent on both sides of the border

And there are doors in every wall and no one left outside.

And God has pitched a tent high up on the mountain,

God has pitched a tent in sight of the sea,

God has pitched a tent open to the breezes,

God has pitched a tent inside of you and me . . .