

## STILL SMALL VOICE

I've got a blundering voice  
I've got a grumbling voice  
I've got a rumbling voice  
I've got a voice for fumbling over the clouds  
I've got a thundering voice  
I've got a voice that is full of blasphemy  
I've got a voice for carrying on the war

I've got a way of tiptoeing up to the lily of the valley  
I've got a voice for calling heigh-ho-silver over  
the plains

I've got a still small voice over the meadows  
That just touches my shoulders  
That speaks to me as always  
That is full of prattle  
That goes on like a child

## EARTH AND SKY

I wish the earth were flat  
I wish the sky were for the roof  
I wish the plow was endless

I wish the sky were endless  
I wish there were more clouds  
I wish the leaves in the fields were endless

I wish the nights were full of fireflies  
I wish the nights were full of twinkling stars  
I wish I knew why

## WAR CLOUD

Do you guys  
Know of a tenpin  
On top of a cloud  
That is never going  
To be bowled over  
Do you guys  
Know of a tenpin  
On top of the desert  
Do you guys  
Know of a ball and chain  
And the ball  
Is never going  
To busterloose  
Or the war club  
Is never going  
To be knocked down