

Countryman

Murray Head

I met a countryman, he didn't understand my ways.
A spark was in his eyes, that set my frenzied mind ablaze
I longed to have his calm, lay down my fighting arms
But was afraid for I had realized that to see thru this man's eyes,
I had to be a child once more; such a sacrifice
Could I pay the price, when I wasn't sure

He stood there smiling, quietly deciding,
How I earned my money, stayed alive.
I talked of wonders, of ups and downers,
Of other ways and means we all survive.

He talked of life and of birth and of death,
And how the wind can take away your breath,
Ooh the seasons, so many reasons for living.
Countryman.

And deep inside him I saw pain and I saw grief
But most of all I saw love - for the living
Always willing to give more, and more.

I found a standing stone on which I stood and saw
A thousand hills around me - green velvet eiderdown.
I played at being "Man", I played at being God
And then I was a seed of grass
Lying scattered on the ground;
And then the wind suggested another point in time.
I didn't feel alone anymore, I was ancient for a minute
Countryman - I was there