

## What You Have

Roy Harper

Mocy my dear  
Another tender year  
They said that we were too young to think  
They filled our heads with fear  
The sand flows through our fingers  
With our dreaming out to sea  
But what we really had  
Is all there really is to be  
Oh Mocy my dear  
Their being is so clear

Mocy my dear  
I've seen a funny game  
Last night I met a girl  
And Summer was her name  
I offered her this everything  
She said that sex was cheap  
She thinks that love's a position  
She has to give or keep  
Oh Mocy my dear  
And yet they never hear  
Mocy my dear  
My memory is plain  
I've been so hurt  
But I've caused a lot of pain  
And I am just as guilty  
As the ones that I would blame  
We all of us have no excuse  
We're everyone the same  
Oh Mocy my dear  
That being has no fear

Mocy my love  
Our whispering has stood  
Three Summers through  
The timelessness we flood  
Sweeping us back to the lands  
That only being knows  
Motionless the river  
Of our liberation flows  
Oh Mocy my dear  
Of being anywhere