

Yesterday's Child
(David Crosby/James Raymond)

I know where there's a spring of blood and water
It bubbles up from somewhere deep in the hearts of man
There have come whirlpools to this place in recent times
Drinking down the breath of brothers

And you might think that it's your world and the rest of us
should fall away
In forty moons you might find that it belongs to
yesterday's child

I wish I had been raised wild by wolves and padded
through a forest a thousand years before man
Singing with my clan at two moons or three
echoing across the world the exact sound of freedom

And if you feel that way
Face the dark and fight
or keep on dreaming
Cause dreams make light
In forty moons you might find that it belongs to
yesterday's child

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