

# Eyes Of the World

Grateful Dead

Right outside this lazy summer home  
You ain't got time to call your soul a critic, no.  
Right outside the lazy gate of winter's summer home,  
Wonderin' where the nut thatch winters, wings a mile long  
Just carried the bird away.

Wake up to find out that you are the eyes of the world.  
The heart has its beaches, its homeland and thoughts of its own.  
Wake now discover that you are the song that the morning brings.  
The heart has its seasons, its evenings and songs of its own.

There comes a redeemer and he slowly too fades away.  
There follows his wagon behind him that's loaded with clay.  
The seeds that were silent all burst into bloom and decay,  
Night comes so quiet, it's close on the heels of the day.

Sometimes we live no particular way but our own.  
Sometimes we visit your country and live in your home.  
Sometimes we ride on your horses, sometimes we walk alone,  
Sometimes the songs that we hear are just songs of our own.

bass lead, open jam in E, wind down, fade out.