

603-1000  
Sometimes we sing

Sometimes we sing  
And pound on the dash  
We open the windows  
And belt out the clash  
London may be falling  
But we're in the zone  
We're howling and singing  
And we're all alone

Sometimes we sing  
And choke back the tears  
A cat stevens chorus  
The peace train it hears  
We look all around  
At a misty eyed friend  
And still we keep singing  
Right up til the end

Sometimes we're singing  
But the words and the tune  
Echo quite hollow  
From the sound we're immune  
Hootie for one  
Writes songs with no heart  
We may be singing  
But our souls are apart

And sometimes we're singing  
To honor our love  
To see things as graceful  
Even if not from above  
For thousands of years  
We hear echoes in time  
Of songs of devotion  
Of reverence sublime