

LOOKING FOR THE RAINBOW

Words & Music by Allen Power

I've sailed a lifetime on these oceans,
With full sheets, running 'fore the storms
Between the wind and waves' commotion, I was born
And as the farmer tends his acres,
I plow these waters as I go
My harvest lies beneath the breakers, far below

*And you can find me at the rim of the tempest
Wherever winds of change may blow
Reaching onward to the edge of the darkness
And looking for the rainbow*

Each passing season leaves us graying
Our face has lost the subtle hues
Another blossom falls, decaying, from our view
Too many eyes have narrow vision
Too many hearts love black and white
The rose is crushed by blind ambition in the night

Chorus

We've seen it blooming over centuries, as empires rise and fade
We've chased the rainbow with a frenzy - an endless fools' parade
Now as the colors pale before us, the secret can be told:
The treasure lies within the spectrum - there is no pot of gold

Arise you shepherds of creation
You are the masters of your fate
The bitter tide of desolation will not wait
The die is cast, you sons and daughters
The wind is high, the way is clear
And though your paths be land or water, I will hear

Chorus

And I will find you...etc.

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