

WISDOM OF A CHILD

Words & Music by Allen Power

I know you're only children and your story's just begun,
But you possess a secret, old as stone.
For in that brief beginning, before the race is run,
Lives a simple song that calls us home.
Your hearts are free of prejudice, your love is free of shame.
You're not afraid to pose the question 'Why?'.
Happiness that hides no guilt and sorrow without blame,
And a spirit that is boundless as the sky.

*Lead me down the golden pathways of your youth,
Inside these boots my achin' feet are longing to run wild.
In the sound of your laughter lies a ring of truth.
I pray that we'll keep searching for the secret in your smiles,
And growing old enough to gain the wisdom of a child.*

Somewhere on our journey, we wander from the road,
Not content with what's before our eyes.
Entangled in the brambles of self-doubt and self-control,
We're wounded on the thorns of wicked lies.
So now it's fear that motivates us, greed that guides our hand,
And power flowing from the blood we spill.
Learning to survive on hatred, ravaging the land,
With hollow hearts our treasures cannot fill.

Chorus

I know I'm not the first one to dwell on simpler days.
I know we can't reverse the flow of years.
But deep within your stories, your riddles and your games,
There's a lesson for us if we choose to hear:
First take off those heavy boots of doubt and disbelief,
Then the garments of deception and disdain.
For only when we're naked as the truth that lies beneath,
Can we stand as equals and begin again.

Chorus

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