

Falling Eagle's Cry

(Tune: "Shelter of the Pines")

October 5, 1984

I've seen the best minds of my generation	D G
Stripped of balance, shorn of soul	A D
With their bodies seeking wisdom	D G
Settle for shelter to pleasure fools	A D
And I've seen ancient hearts of hunger	G D
Their painted screams not yet dry	G D A
I'm looking for the picture without borders	G D
And waiting on a falling eagle's cry	G A D

Under fire from the tower
The village guarded the palace green
Sought protection under water
In the caverns of the dream
 At the turning of the promise
 With angels guarding clowns
 Was it too late for revival?
 Was the answer already taken down?

Through that midnight without turning
Jokers gambled on the graves
Past the promise, past the burning
Home to shelter ran the brave
 As the wagons circled in the desert
 And shadows broke against the sky
 Where the picture, where the border?
 And where was the falling eagle's cry?

Although written a decade after the fall of Saigon, this song still simmers with memories of the Vietnam debacle. Its original working title was "1969."