

White Birds

Spring 1972

White birds on the water	B A E
Black birds in the sky	E A B
Mountains are for climbing	E A D
For those who cannot fly	G D A
	G D E

One man in a thousand
Knows the reason for
The troubles that the changing winds
Blow against his door

One man in a million
Can sweep them all away
Lie down with the grasses
Dance upon the sea

So if you've had some fortune
Won't you lay your money down
It cannot buy you passage
On the last ship out of town

The mountain still will stand there
When you're far away
So take a lesson from the sun
Dance against the day

White birds on the water
Black birds in the sky
Mountains are for climbing
For those who cannot fly

The first song I wrote that still seems honest and integrated to me. I sang it first with my brother Greg's Grateful Dead-infatuated band Gerion, flattering myself that I was going to be the next Robert Hunter. That didn't happen, but "White Birds" continues to make me appreciate the power of simplicity.