

Writing on the Wall
By Sam Leopold

There were people moving over the mountains
There were people moving over the seas
There were people moving over the desert
There were people moving under the trees

Everybody said, "welcome stranger,
Come on in and sit yourself down."
I've been this whole world over
There's plenty of world to go around
Plenty of world to go around

In times of pain and trouble
You could find your bed
With only sky above you
And rocks beneath your head
And though you're all unsettled
It's all been seen before
In times we failed each other
In times we went to war
In times of transmigrations
Times to choose up sides
Times of prideful nations
Times of rising tides
Where you're upside down and backwards
In a tailspin of a fall
You could read it right to left or left to right
But you've got to read the writing on the wall

Everybody's moving out of the city
Everybody's moving off of the farm
Everybody's moving out of the city
Everybody's moving off of the farm

Ain't no chickens in the barnyard
Ain't no cows in the corn
Ain't no roots in the root cellar
And you've got no roots to hold you down

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You could find your bed

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And though you're all unsettled
It's all been seen before
In times we failed each other
In times we went to war
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Everybody's gonna move in the hard times
You got to find food when the farm fails
Gotta gather hey when the sunshines
And give it all away when the time comes
When there ain't no chicken in the barnyard
Ain't no cows in the corn
Ain't no roots in the root cellar
Got no roots to hold you down

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