

THE STRING

tuning: cgdggd

I have found a hole in the center of the heart
Through which a thread goes, enters and departs
It's fastened in the middle to inside of me
From where it then continues through the heart of everything

So when I get a feeling like a pulling on the chest
I have to ask if that was me or one of the rest
Sometimes it's painful, sometimes just a tap
Sometimes it happens violently and knocks me on my back

When pain is not just mine alone, that's when I know
Somebody's tugging on the string

And when I start shaking, like a tremor in the ground
Or an organ pipe in rank when it's resonating sound
Such a fine emotion of such intensity
Takes a hold, and I know that it can't be only me

Then I guess that someone, maybe far away
Has grown a little tired of the instrument they play
And somehow has discovered that universal thread
And reached out a courageous hand and plucked that chord instead

When life seems like it's only music, then I know
Somebody's playing the string

And sometimes when I stand beneath the sky at night
I take up the slack till the string is tight
And staring at the stars, I take a step or two
And I see them move
I think I see them move

Everything's connected like peas are in a pod
Or beads upon a necklace, decorating God
Going around the rosy, we're all in the ring
Hand in hand, like a strand through the heart of everything