Far Above The World Below

By John T. Wurzer – In C or G capo 5

I’m a million miles away from here in a story that’s unfolding deep inside the caverns of my mind

I’m a billion days from yesteryear in a lifetime that’s still holding onto dreams that I was forced to leave behind

Clear blue skyways are my highways and I ride them without out aid of man or his insufferable ego

I ride the thermals with no need of wings, in the heavens, with no need of strings, far above the pains of the world below

Oh honey, Oh. Oh honey, Oh Oh Oh. Oh, I love you so.

Oh honey, Oh. Oh honey, Oh Oh Oh. Far above the pains of the world below

Everything is peaceful; contentment breeds a sleeveful of focused inner calm that soothes with cleansing waves of light

I don’t bow to any others, but I know I’m not alone as I continue to evolve and grow like romance in the night

No search for other purpose, no need to slaughter or to birth us, it seems so obviously worthless, nothing else I even care to know

It’s like I’m drifting through an afterlife, a newlywed with a brand new wife, far above the pains of the world below

Soon there comes a cooling shower that somehow feeds and grows a flower in an hour maybe less blessed and smiling at me from my left

As the skyway turns to pasture, nothing moves slower, fast or faster, in this wise here ever after, I never lose my breath

I feel like floating down a river warm and willing with no shiver to deliver what I once could not imagine could be so.

Teaching lawlessness to lawyers; Huckleberry Finns and Thomas Sawyers, just a voyeur far above the pains of the scattered world below.

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