

Kick the Sod

The dead are all around us
Gather witness to our follies
We join them in their laughter
Knowing life is short

We've come so far the end is nigh
A snort a chuckle burp or fart
A liveliness a living soul
We kick the sod up to the sky

Trust is hard to come by/ Trust is hard to give
Kick the sod up to the sky/ Dance and trust then live

Dance upon our elders graves
Kick the sod up merry high
The keepers have all gone home (*may delete 'all' eventually*)
Those husbands to their wives

We'll dance around the silent stones
They mark a kind of history
If there's sorrow we don't know
It's long ago a mystery

Trust is hard to come by/ Trust is hard to give
Kick the sod up to the sky/ Dance and trust then live

We wish for shoes for shoeless ones
A bowl of soup the bowl a hat
A bowl a hat but what we want
Is a job to buy some bread

Is life a folly?
All answers end with no
Sing out and dance if jolly
Kick the sod up and go

yes life is a folly / Trust is hard to give
Kick the sod up to the sky/ Dance and trust then live

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