

# Jon Anderson, State Of Independence

State of life-may I live-may I love  
Coming out the sky, I name me a name  
Coming out-silver word-what it is  
It is the very nature of the sound the game  
Siamese, Indionese. To Tibet treat the life  
As a game, if you please  
Coming up-Carabi-this sense of freedom  
Derives from a medative State  
Movin' on, 'believe' that's it, call it magic  
Third world, it is, I only guessed it  
Shablam idi Shablam ida  
Shablam idi Shablam ida  
Shablam idi Shablam ida  
Shot to the soul-the flame of Oroladin  
The essence of the word  
The 'State Of Independance'  
Sounds like a signal from you  
Bring me to meet your sound  
And I will bring to you my heart  
Love like a signal you call  
Touching my body my soul  
Bring to me, you to meet me here  
Home be the temple of your heart  
Home be the body of your love  
Just like Holy water to my lips  
Yes I do know how I survive  
(Yes I do know) know why I'm alive  
To love and be with you  
Day by day by day by day  
Say-Aye yaya oh  
'Be the sound of higher love' today  
Time, time again, it is said  
We will hear, we will see  
See it all-in his wisdom-hear  
His truth will abound the land  
This truth will abound the land  
This State of independance shall be  
This State of independance shall be