

Seals and Crofts, Not Be Found

(lyrics and music by James Seals, 1969)

From the albums SEALS AND CROFTS (1969) and SEALS AND CROFTS I AND II (1974).

You talk of love in endless riddles, the truth is bent to fit your teeth.
Your ears hear only necessary words and thoughts that make you breathe.
From out of the depths of want you wander, searching for familiar sound.
Of some unsuspecting sorrow, on his way to not be found.

Like a ravel gone unnoticed, 'til the cloth begins to tear.
One small grain of salt in water, at first is not so hard to bear.

Out of an hour or day you're born to play your harp and wear your gown.
Hiding, waiting, for the right one on his way to not be found. Not be found.
Should our paths cross each other I'll keep my eyes fixed on the ground.
I'll keep right on walking past you, rather than to not be found. Not be found, not be found.

To fill one's pipe with dreams of amber, to taste the smoke is ecstasy.
But the one who claims the clouds won't let you know serenity.
Lips that part with sweetened danger, moist with ill and evil sound.
Await their chance to take the stranger to the land of not be found.
Not be found, not be found.