



L A K E R M U S I C

## **So Say We All**

A battered bag  
Hung in a tree  
Rustles like  
The fallen leaves

It's hung up there  
An empty sack  
Can't go forward  
Can't go back

The constellation  
Streetlights' glow  
The firmament  
Displayed below

And in the dark  
The passing cars  
Describe the arc  
Of shooting stars

And someday it may  
Finally fall  
It might get lucky  
So say we all

It's still up there  
Just rearranged  
Waiting for  
The wind to change

A final breath  
A shift of air  
It's blown away  
To God knows where

And someday it may  
Finally fall  
It might get lucky  
So say we all

Words and music: David Francey  
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