

# Gene Clark, Opening Day

Struck by the sight of waking dreams  
At hand our time`s before our eyes  
Called out to look beyond what seemed  
To hear the woe an angel cry  
In the distance the sun rose  
Near we heard a clock chime  
But the breeze murmured not yet  
For there still is just a very little time  
Our faces drenched by pouring rain  
We laughed as closely we had clung  
Our senses keen from lack of pain  
Our souls the streams of songs we sung  
Now the shadings around us  
Judged yet not by our sight  
In the light of our questing  
The truth came through more clearly into sight  
Around the eyes of disbelief  
Intoxicated by their doubt  
Moreover offered no relief  
Afraid to look for finding out  
Yet some danced and some sang songs  
And some live for today  
And around us the windows  
Of wonder were unshuttered on our way