

Written in Mexico City, no guitar, perhaps music added later

Here's What I Can Give

Sabodog

When I lay myself down to sleep
My head on my pillow, the load off my feet
The room is all dark, the moon's in the sky
My hands clasp together, to the heavens I sigh

I think of the planet
I think of my friends
I think of the glories
I think of the end

I pray for my children, my partner, my mom
I think of the good things that to me have come

I hope for the future, the forests, the oceans, the people,
the fishes, the squirrels and the gophers

I give what I can, try and do what is right
I close my eyes, but I'm up for the night.