

“Weavers Of Tomorrow”
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USA

1.

Red is the color of survivors of
A patrolman whose shots go blind
Matching colors of killers and healers
While he's clueless over hearts and minds.
Red of the dawn of democracy
Over courtrooms and football fields
Where quarterbacks' strength with
A widow is shared
Bold as faith where strong legs kneel.

2.

White are the stars that light the paths
Of lovers in desire's waltz.
There's a rhythm played by hands that heal,
Hearts patient with each other's' faults.
There is love grown blind to colors matched,
To the gender of flesh and bone.
In the trust that's earned with passion's song
They will make their house a home.

Chorus.

There's a glory in the banner flown
For the march of freedom's tune
Earned where weavers of tomorrow shine
More than stars sewn on a loom.

3.

Blue is the color of Springtime's sky
Where the air is fresh and clear.
Let me earn the meals and rent I share.
Not one dime from abuse or fear.
All the promise forged in sleek, fast cars,
In the e-mails that light your screen
Draws life with berries blue on the vine
Where the air is fresh and clean.

Chorus.

There's a glory in the banner flown
For the march of freedom's tune

Earned where weavers of tomorrow shine
More than stars sewn on a loom.