

Ollie, Ollie Oxen Free

Late summer evening, that great summer light,
Getting too late now for first bounce or fly
Just a bunch of us cousins and some kids from next door,
Nobody ready to go back indoors.

So, me being the youngest, I had to be it,
Just count to 100 while all the rest hid.
When you open your eyes and you quiet your heart,
You could see in the silence, you could hear in the dark.

Ollie, ollie oxen,
Ollie, ollie oxen,
Ollie, ollie oxen in free.

You knew all the places that always worked well,
Plus a few of your own where you could hide from yourself;
But go out too long, too far, too alone,
Under cover of darkness they'll slip on back home.

How far would you go? How far would you roam?
Just to find someone else in the darkness alone.
Go seeking so far, you forget where you're from,
So ready or not, here I come.

Late summer evening, that same summer light,
Same bunch of cousins 'bout to call it a night.
We found our way back to what's always been here,
And out of the dark comes a call soft and clear.