

## Follower 2

Cowboy Junkies

My father's stories fell upon us  
Filled us with his light  
Gospels, fertile minds  
Taking root, taking root

His pocket change would jingle  
Sacramental bells  
Heads tucked low  
Sneaking peaks, sneaking peaks

And the rain comes down  
It's dark, and the browns  
Begin to bite  
Here you will always be  
Behind me, and you will not go away

There he sleeps, an untamed land  
Dark corners yet discovered

His heart yet to be  
Trod upon, trod upon

I can't bare to hear his breathing  
Simply knowing what's to come

I can't bare to hear your breathing  
Knowing what's to come