

Edge of Glory

Joan Baez

My house stands at the edge of glory
Steady as the seasons change
Dreams of grace arise before me
And they call me home again

I went forth with no protection
Through a fierce and blinding rain
Seeking truth but not perfection
Saw my father's face again

Father, father can you hear me
Through this swirl of thoughts unsaid
All you wanted I did not know
All you asked I tried to give

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Take this hand that I hold out
Meant to bridge the years apart
Come in, come in from the howling wind
To the clearing of my heart

Still and lovely came the morning
Gone was my father's face
In my house a bright reflection
New among my dreams of grace

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