

## Mahala

Darrell Scott

She's the sweetest when she's sleeping  
I've watched her many times  
She'll wake up and she'll catch me  
Looking straight into her eyes  
But she never seems too worried  
She knows it's just my way  
So I hold to her and kiss her  
And start another day with Mahala

I've watched her grow to love me  
Like a poet would watch a deer  
Sometimes she can't get enough of me  
Sometimes I can't get near  
But we wait for one another  
Like a farmer waits for spring  
Through the long dark nights of winter  
I could face most anything with Mahala

And if you have a broken heart she'll gladly take you in  
She'll hold your hand and talk to you and love you like a friend  
She'll show you things you've never known before  
And when you're finished healing  
You will want to stay some more  
With Mahala

I hope she stays beside me  
'Til she can make it on her own  
And live a life that's worthy  
Of the seeds of love she's sown  
But 'til then I'll turn the light on just to see that she's still there  
And if I were a praying man, Lord knows I'd say a prayer for  
Mahala