

There's A World Of Song

Darrell Scott

There's a song in my heart, there's a song on the wind
There's a song in everything that has ever been

In the fluttering of bird wings, just before it starts to rain
In the healing of a patient, doctors still can't explain
The homeless in a trash can, working on a meal
The loaf of bread cooling on the window sill

In the laughter of a child, in the crying of the same
In the roar of a lion, who must never be tamed
In the honking of a car horn, heartbeat of a new born
The drunkard who is just now coming to

There's a world of song in this world we're passing through

In the whisper of a new bride, upon her wedding night
Two women of the street, yelling, stirring up a fight
Man standing by a window, calling out a name
A remembered soldier in a picture frame

In the giving of your word, in the words you never said
In the school yard, the wrecked car, the voices in your head
In the passing of a loved one, in giving up on someone
The old man bending down to tie his shoe

There's a World of Song in this world we're passing through

So let us sing with all our might
From our first morning to our last good night
I sing with you, you sing with me
In perfectly imperfect harmony

In an Appaloosa stallion, lying in the morning shade
In a girl with her weathered hands, reaching to get paid
In a mother locked in prison, reliving her mistake
In a young man in a straw hat leaning on a rake

In the needle in the junkie, cornstalk in the wind
In the melting of the glacier, the shaking of gin
In the salesman and the martyr, the hard day getting harder
The wishing wells that never do come true

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