

Was it in your higher wisdom
that you turned your light from me
Or was it just your sense of humor
that for a moment I should see
In that darkness was I weeping
In that silence sadly free
Now I'm waiting in your valley
to be standing on your mountain
That I might tumble down your hillside
to a place that waits for me.

From a time I dare to mention
I was shown the broken line
In this world of good intentions
the cruelest love can seem so kind
And you may harbor quiet sorrow
but to speak it is the crime
And so I'm waiting in your valley
to be standing on your mountain
That I might tumble down your hillside
to a place that waits for me.

I am soldier without country
having laid my guns to rest
I am Time without the notion
You could say I floundered with the best
I have followed after hunger
and I watched my wants infest
Now I'm waiting in your valley
to be standing on your mountain
That I might tumble down your hillside
to a place that waits for me.

I have asked so many people
what the spark of life might be
But they bade me not to ask for
more than the muted heart could be
And though they posed me many faces
all but one I could not see
And so I'm waiting in your valley
to be standing on your mountain
That I might tumble down your hillside
to a place that waits for me.