

## 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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