

All Blues Hail Mary

Joe Henry

From the mountain comes a soul
And the stones grow up like trees
Frm the mountain comes a soul
And the stones grow up like trees

All blues hail Mary with her roses
But you're their masterpiece

Cut away each blade of grass
Our feet cannot tramp down
The limb of every hanging tree
The time's left hanging round

All blues sing that love is light not glory
A story not a crown

I won't be death's sad trophy now while I still lie awake
I won't be death's sad trophy now while I still lie awake
All blues say that love and death and you
Are chances yet to take

How dark this bit of light so late
That falls across your breast
How dark this bit of light so late
That falls across your breast

All blues and grace by God
And I will have to learn the rest