

Listening To Old Voices

John Hiatt

They have come to haunt the children
They have come to walk the wind
I can hear them as they rustle through the trees
Looking for the love that killed them
So that they might live again
It's a simple prayer that brings me to my knees

With drums and bells and rattles
They have caught us in our time
To watch the eagle rise up from the fire
Now is it true we are possessed
By all the ones we leave behind
Or is it by their lives we are inspired

It's a new light, new day
Listening for new meaning learning how to say
It's a new place but you've always been here
You're just listening to old voices with a new ear

It's the livin' and the dyin'
Well it scares the young ones so
They can hardly catch their breath before too long
They see the tears we're crying
And they watch the river flow
And they follow on the banks until it's gone

I surrender to the mountains
I surrender to the sea
I surrender to the one who calls my name
I surrender to my lover and to my enemy
I surrender to the face that holds no shame

There's a spider at my window
And she spins a web of truth
More beautiful than all those memories
And she surely is God's artist
As she's caught the morning dew
It's a simple prayer that brings me to my knees