## **A Few Good Things Remain**

## **Kathy Mattea**

I heard a siren late last night, You must have felt me shiver, Shaken by a wave of fright, That you calm with a whisper. And fear gave way to better things, Like a warm summer and sweeter dreams.

Like a warm spring rain, on a roof above; The way you call my name, when we make love. While the world outside my window goes insane, You're here to remind me, a few good things remain.

When living leaves my pride bruised up, I'm fragile as a feather. The storms of life just won't let up, You're like a change of weather. When dust settles on my dreams, You wash them clean.

Like a warm spring rain, on a roof above; The way you call my name, when we make love. While the world outside my window goes insane, You're here to remind me, a few good things remain.

While the world outside my window goes insane, You're here to remind me, a few good things remain.

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