

## 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.

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The way you call my name, when we make love.  
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