

Still Believing

Mary Black

Night owns my white bones but
What's left is still saying
Strange prayers in high places
Wild airs with wilder graces
Birds fly with no motion
What draws me draws the ocean

Down on my knees again,
Still believing
In the time of reason no more
Down on my knees again
Still believing
Peace of mind is worth any chore

Great dreams and laid schemes
Just blown down by high winds
And strong signs from old forces
Wild dogs run trackless courses
Night changes sweet mountain
Vain hopes need cold fountains

Night owns my white bones but
What's left is still saying