

Someone Else's Prayer

Mary Chapin Carpenter

Tonight the brightest moon in a hundred years
Floods the streets of Rome and I am standing here
Wondering where the ghosts of antiquity
Hide on nights like this once a century
Where do shadows fall when there's only light
Why'd you follow me halfway 'round the world tonight
What I'd give right now not to even care
And then this could be someone else's prayer

And on a sleepless night by St. Stephen's Green
Oh I turned and tossed with my Irish dreams
And when the morning shone through the burned off mist
I could sense you still just as close as this
Just as close as lips brush against a cheek
It's your voice I hear and it's your name I speak
But when I look around there's no one there
How I wish you were someone else's prayer

And now the twilight comes as a silent guest
And of all its gifts I like stillness best
Except for tin roof rains that commence with spring
It's a lullaby when that tin roof sings
Now you can look for me on the streets of Rome
Or in Dublin town but I've gone back home
I would always be just a stranger there
And now you're free to be someone else's prayer