

# One True Vine

Mavis Staples

I was last in line  
For the one true vine  
Endless winding thread  
I was dead at first  
I had done my worst  
And you came to me

Life had ceased  
I was lost and tired  
You set me free  
From this mighty, mighty fire  
Just in time to be  
My one true vine

You still come to me  
And you comfort me  
The only one that I believe  
I trust you  
I hope that someday you will  
Trust me too  
I wanna be what you are to me

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