

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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