

Chant

Peter Bradley Adams

Call on the rain
And drown out my eyes
And I'll stare at the flame
In a blood streaked sky
Call up the day
In red mountain light
And sing me the name
A thousand times
Ramana, ramana hare

Well I stand this ground
That you walked before
A stranger found
As I slowly crack the door
Then I hear a song come
It's a laughing sound
And with my fear undone
I step back into the crowd
Ramana, ramana hare...