

Wild Places

Peter, Paul and Mary

1. Silence slips between us, solitude complete
The stillness clear and close as heaven's door
The earth beats out it's rhythm, in slow and perfect time
Counterpoint and harmonies, life's melodies entwine
And we fight the battle here where there's time to fall in step
The secrets are still known here, but the secrets never kept

R: Wild places, somewhere we can see the Father's hand
Wild places, somewhere we can be alone with you
We need a promised land.

2. Maybe we'll be wounded in the healing,
It's to be broken to be sure
Can we embrace this strange awakening together?
Is wisdom carved into creation?
The old relationships defined
As forbidding as her truth may be
We'll learn her ways with time
We'll learn to take it as it comes
We can't change faster than we can
Already we're a long way from the children we began

R:

Wood smoke rising, faces alive in the firelight
Forsaking the road and making it home to be there tonight
The young making good what they found in the wood
What they learned of a land
Putting dreams back together
Talking it through, reaching out for the hand

There's a moment caught suspended
Communion born between our eyes
Our vision clears it's golden flight ascending
And we have seen what we have come for
And we will some day see again
But we have climbed into the mountains
So we must climb back down 'til then

But we'll take it as it is crazy with love and disbelief
And the magic of your morning
The wilderness, the peace

R:

...somewhere we can Touch the Father's hand....

We need a promised land.