

Miracle In Itself

Ron Sexsmith

As the fields go hurrying by
In a blaze of earth and sky
My thoughts go racing too
To find their way back home to you

How do I make myself clear?
Don't speak the language here
Don't know my way around
I'm a stranger in this town you know

'Patience?', says my heart and mind
But my soul knows it must leave in time

As the sun goes solemnly down
In the fields beyond this town
It holds me in its spell
It's a miracle in itself you know

'Patience?', says my heart and mind
But my soul knows it must leave in time
It must leave in time

It holds me in its spell
It's a miracle in itself, you know