

St. Mary's Bell

The Samples

I can see by your gaze, I'm feeling in my home port,
And I can feel this morning,
Thinking was I here, or was I gone?
And the walls do come down.
Did you feel this morning rise above the misty, sandy, floor?
On a road by the mission,
Drive there and it may flood some more,
And the walls do come down.
Lightning on the hilltop,
Water flowing down, not up;
Who can make this rain stop?
If the valley floods, what becomes of us?
And the walls crumble down,
The walls crumble down.
Everywhere it's morning;
Feel it in my head and all about.
And the mission bells keep ringing;
Are they in my head or not at all?
Everywhere is morning,
Everywhere is morning,
And the walls do come down.
The walls do come down.
The walls, they come down.