

Church Not Made With Hands

The Waterboys

Bye bye shadow lands
The term is over
And all the holidays have begun
Now she walks on fresh fields
Her tracks are on the land
She is everywhere and noplac
When its dark and evening falls
She moves among men
They would seek to have her
As a prize
But she is in the shadows
Ocean and the sand
She is everywhere and noplac
Her church not made with hands
Not contained by man
She dancing high as clouds
Faster than the arrow
Straight as any crow that flies
Across great seas she travels
Up through rising lands
She is everywhere and noplac
Her church not made with hands
Isn't that a pretty sun
Setting in a pretty sky?
Will we stay and watch it darken
The church not made with hands
Not contained by man
That precious place
Unmade
By man