

# Guadalupe

Tom Russell

There are ghosts out in the rain tonight  
High up in those ancient trees  
Lord, I've given up without a fight  
Another blind fool on his knees  
And all the Gods that I've abandoned

Begin to speak in simple tongues  
Lord, suddenly I've come to know  
There are no roads left to run  
Now it's the hour of dogs a-barking

That's what the old ones used to say  
It's first light or it's sundown  
Before the children cease their play  
When the mountains glow like mission wine

And turn gray like a Spanish roan  
Ten thousand eyes will stop to worship  
And turn away and head on home  
She is reaching out her arms tonight

Lord, my poverty is real  
I pray roses shall rain down on me  
From Guadalupe on her hill  
But who am I to doubt these mysteries  
Cured in centuries of blood and candle smoke  
I am the least of all your pilgrims here

I am most in need of hope  
She appeared to Juan Diego  
She left her image on his cape  
Five hundred years of sorrow

Have not destroyed their deepest faith  
But here I am your ragged disbeliever  
Old doubting Thomas drowns in tears  
As I watched your church sink through the earth

Like a heart worn down through fear  
She is reaching out her arms tonight  
Lord, my poverty is real  
I pray roses shall rain down on me  
From Guadalupe on her hill

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Cured in centuries of blood and candle smoke  
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