

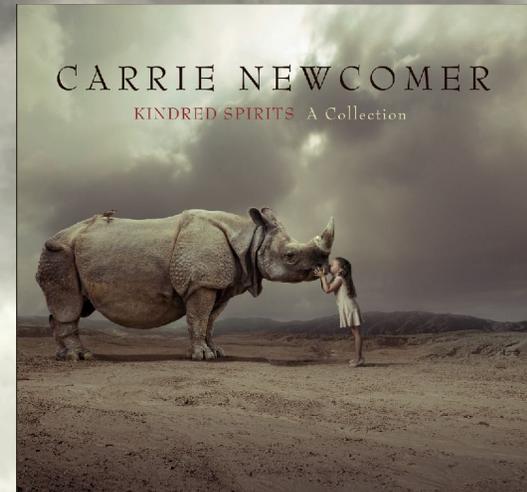
CARRIE NEWCOMER

KINDRED SPIRITS A Collection



CARRIE NEWCOMER **KINDRED SPIRITS:** A COLLECTION LYRICS

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2. I Believe 4:35 (featuring Ayaan Ali Khan)
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The Speed of Soul

This song was inspired by Phillip Gulley's essay The March of Progress and a Native American saying, "You should never travel further in a day than your soul can travel." Just because we can, doesn't mean we should.

I found her sleeping in a Kansas truck stop,
In the corner booth.
She'd been waiting there for months,
And that's the truth.

She looked at me with wary eyes,
She'd heard all my lies.
She was not surprised,
She just looked at me
And shook her head.

Chorus: Come back, Come home.
I'm gathering the crumbs and stones.
Been traveling faster than my soul
Can go.

One subject line, one click away,
But at the end of the day,
I couldn't even say,
The things that I had done.

So I spent the morning sweeping floors.
I didn't want much more,
Then to do just one thing at a time,
And call it mine.

Chorus

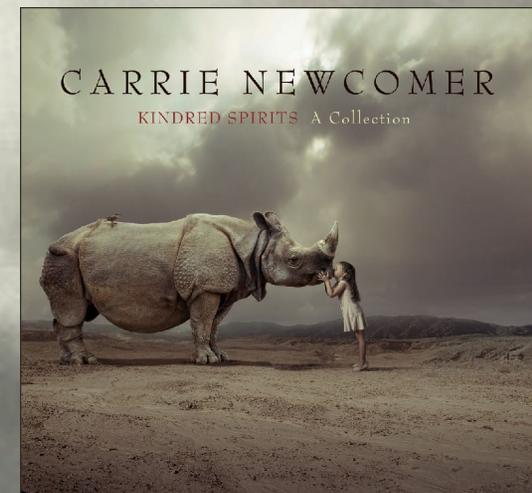
Before songs were grooves and lines

And caught in jars like fireflies,
The only place a song was held
Soft and razor-sharp
Was in the heart.

Mr. Gatling made a Gatling gun
He said it would end war
For who could send some mothers son
Through such a door

But the bullets move at the speed of cold
Drones do as they're told
And the men go home at night
And kiss the wife
And watch TV
And never see
All those souls untethered
Floating out to sea

Chorus



I Believe

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer

I believe there are some debts
that we never can repay
I believe there are some words
that you can never unsay
And I don't know a single soul
who didn't get lost along the way.

I believe in socks and gloves
knit out of soft grey wool,
And that there's a place in heaven for those
Who teach in public school.
And I know I get some things right ,
But mostly I'm a fool.

Chorus I believe in a good strong cup of ginger tea,
And all these shoots and roots will become a tree.
All I know is I can't help but see
All of this as so very holy.

I believe in jars of jelly
put up by careful hands,
I believe most folks are doing
about the best they can,
And I know there are some things
that I will never understand.

Chorus I believe there's healing in the sound of your voice,
And that a summer tomato is a cause to rejoice,
And that following a song was never really a choice.
Never really.

Bridge: I believe in a good long letter written on real paper and
with real pen,
I believe in the ones I love and know I'll never see again,
I believe in the kindness of strangers and the comfort of old

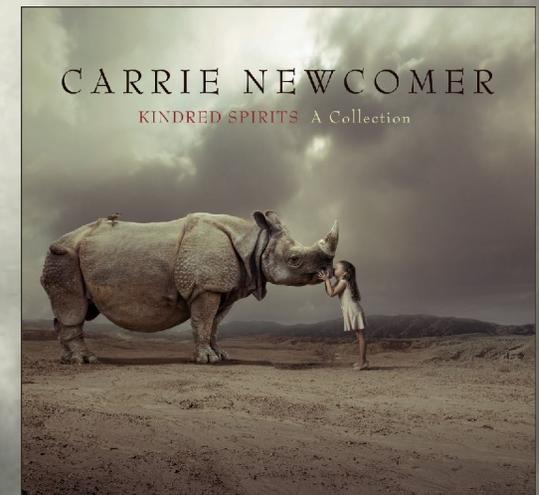
friends,
And when I close my eyes to sleep at night it's good to say,
"Amen"

I believe that life's comprised of smiles and sniffles and tears,
And in an old coat that still has another good year,
Ball I need is here.

Chorus I believe in a good strong cup of ginger tea,
And all these shoots and roots will become a tree.
All I know is I can't help but see
All of this as so very holy.

I believe.

Originally appeared on Carrie Newcomer's Available Light
Recording *Everything is Everywhere*.



I Breathe In Breathe Out

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer

This song was inspired by a beautiful poem written by an American mystic poet named Mary Oliver called, "Blackwater Pond."

To live we learn what we love most,
Embrace it all and hold it close .
Breathe it in and breathe it out, let it go.

To live is to love so many things,
Fly on beautiful wax wings.
Breathe it in and breathe it out, let it go.

Breathe it in and breathe it out, let it go.
Breathe it in and breathe it out, let it go, let it go.
Breath in breath out, let it go, let it go.

I held anger like a coal,
Burning hot but did not let go,
With the thought that I could throw it at someone.
Such a hard lesson to learn,
My own hand was what got burned.
Breathe it in and breathe it out, Let it go

Breathe it in and breathe it out, let it go.
Breathe it in and breathe it out, let it go, let it go.
Breath in breath out, let it go, let it go.

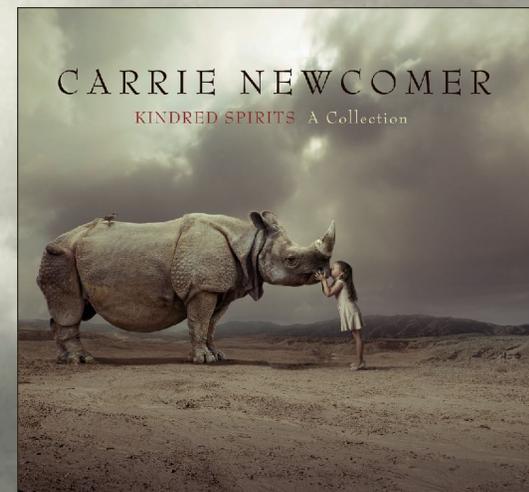
What is won is won,
What is done is done
Let it go
What is real is real,
What we feel we feel
Then let go

I saw one candle in the night,
Become a thousand lights.
Breathe it in and breathe it out, let it go.
Life is fleeting this I know,
Short and draped in marigolds.
Breathe it in and breathe it out, let it go.

Breathe it in and breathe it out, let it go.

Breathe it in and breathe it out, let it go, let it go.
Breath in breath out, let it go, let it go.

Originally appeared on Carrie Newcomer's Available Light Recording
Everything is Everywhere.



There is a Tree

"I dreamt that the spirit of God passed by close enough to fog the window. I've come to believe that mystery is as near as my front porch. There is a song at the center of all things."

Last night I dreamt you very near
Though the night was dark beyond the glass.
I knew you'd left before I woke
But you'd fogged the window when you passed.

The air was still and smelled like rain,
Though I'd never known so dry a spell.
And what I heard there in the dark,
Are the secrets I will never tell?

Chorus: There is a tree beyond the world.
In it's ancient roots a song is curled.
I'm the fool whose life's been spent.
Between what's said and what is meant.

I didn't mean what went so wrong.
Some things I wish I didn't know.
I've always lived inside my head.
And often utterly alone

I will be a pillow for your head.
You can make me promises you can't keep.
And I'll believe each word you've said.
And hum to you while you sleep.

Chorus

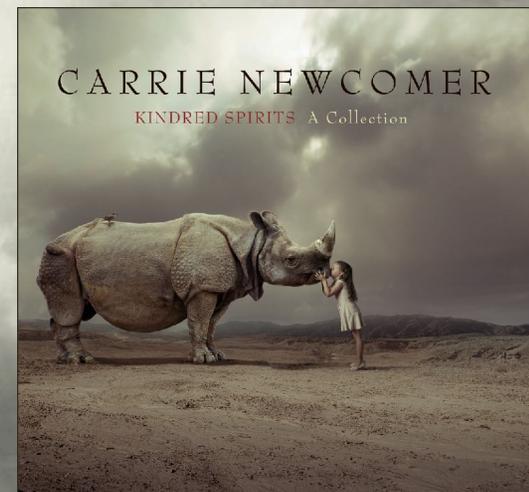
You took me by my shaking hand,
Laughed at me and closed the door,
Put your hands to my waist,
And waltzed rue round the kitchen floor.

Chorus

So I will wander without fail
In circles that grow ever wide
The sky expands and then exhales
With an ache that never subsides

Chorus

Originally appeared on Carrie Newcomer's Rounder Records Recording *The Geography of Light*.



Geodes

"My home in Southern Indiana is a rolling green land abundant in limestone and the mysterious rocks called geodes. Geodes are so copious in this part of the state that we pile them in our gardens and think of them as commonplace. I am fascinated with these unassuming brown and grey stones that contain inside them a sparkling center of quartz crystals. They are surprising beautiful and a wonderful metaphor. They remind me to look deeper, because often within what may appear quite ordinary is a core of beauty and mystery. Sometimes I will take visiting friends on muddy walks along the hills and hollows of my home pointing out the creek beds full of geodes. Often they confess that if I hadn't pointed out these unadorned stones their presence would have been missed entirely. But once familiar with the signature lumpy look of geodes these friends begin to see the stones everywhere. This is how paying attention works. At first I have to look quite deliberately to find the sparkling center of things, but eventually I begin to notice the patterns and come to expect the unexpected." -Carrie

You can't always tell one from another.
And it's best not to judge a book by its tattered cover.
I have found when I tried or looked deeper inside.
What appears unadorned might be wondrously formed.
You can't always tell but sometimes you just know.

Round here we throw geodes in our gardens.
They're as common as the rain or corn silk in July.
Unpretentious browns and grays the stain of Indiana clay,
They're what's left of shallow seas glacial rock and mystery,
And inside their shines a crystal bright as promise,

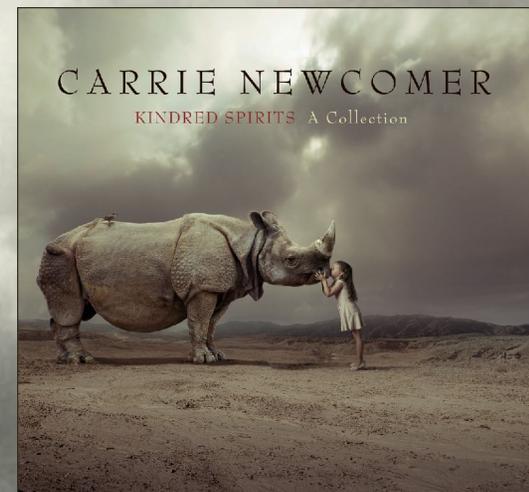
All these things that we call familiar,
Are just miracles clothed in the commonplace.
You'll see it if you try in the next stranger's eyes,
God walks around in muddy boots, sometimes rags and that's
the truth,
You can't always tell, but sometimes you just know.

Some say geodes are made from pockets of tears,
Trapped away in small places for years upon years.
Pressed down and transformed, 'til the true self was born,

And the whole world moved on like the last notes of a song,
A love letter sent without return address.

You can't always tell one from another.
And it's best not to judge a book by its tattered cover.
Now I don't open them to see folks 'round here just like me,
We have come to believe there's hidden good in common
things.
You can't always tell but sometimes you just know.
You can't always tell but sometimes you just know.

Originally appeared on Carrie Newcomer's Rounder Records
Recording *The Geography of Light*.



The Gathering of Spirits

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer

Chorus: Let it go my love my truest,
Let it sail on silver wings
Life's a twinkling that's for certain,
But it's such a fine thing
There's a gathering of spirits
There's a festival of friends
And we'll take up where we left off
When we all meet again.

Verse: I can't explain it. I couldn't if I tried
How the only things we carry
Are the things we hold inside
Like a day in out the open,
Like the love we won't forget
Like the laughter that we started
And hasn't died down yet

Chorus

Verse: Oh yah, now didn't we
And don't we make it shine
Aren't we standing in the center of
Something rare and fine
Some glow like embers
Or light through colored glass
Some give it all in one great flame
Throwing kisses as they pass

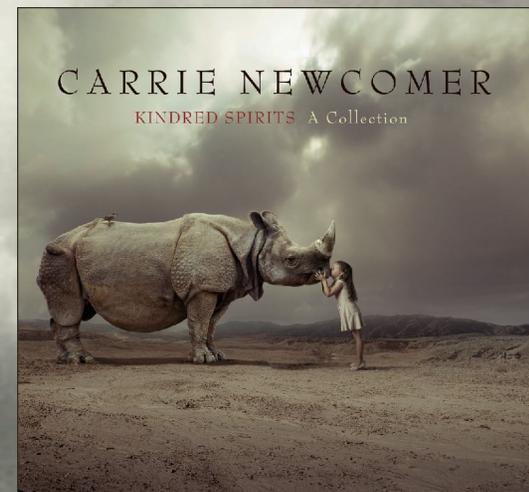
Chorus

Verse: Just east of Eden
But there's heaven in our midst
And we're never really all that far
From those we love and miss
Wade out in the water
There's a glory all around
The wisest say there's a 1000 ways

The kneel and kiss the ground

Chorus: Let it go my love my truest,
Let it sail on silver wings
Life's a twinkling that's for certain,
But it's such a fine thing
There's a gathering of spirits
There's a festival of friends
And we'll take up where we left off
When we all meet again.
And we'll take up where we left off
When we all meet again.

Originally appeared on Carrie Newcomer's Rounder Records
Recording *The Gathering of Spirits*.



Sparrow

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer

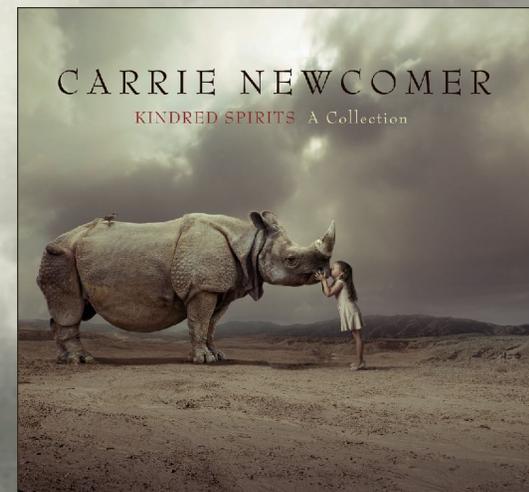
When the evening like a sparrow
Folds down it's small wings
All the light bones and the feathers of the day
Only now in that moment
Stop the rushing and just hold me
Lay your hands where it hurts
And we'll leave it that way

I have often dreamt of angels
But I very rarely see them
But I know that they've been there
Because something smells like sky
In the rustle of their presence
It sounds a lot like your breathing
Sounds a lot like a promise
But I can't say why

I have searched all the wise and the unwise places
I have known the price of passion
And what solitude can buy
But it was you I was looking for in all those faces
Always you I was hoping for
When I closed my eyes

I will gather all the feathers
That collect up in the corners
All the rising and the fallings
In the quiet of the day
When you speak there's a flutter
Of some winged thing stirring
Lay your head on my heart
And we'll leave it that way

Originally appeared on Carrie Newcomer's Rounder Records
Recording *Bare to the Bone Live*.



I Do Not Know its Name

The opening lines of the Tao Te Ching are translated as "The Tao that can be expressed is not the Everlasting Tao. The Name that can be named is not the Everlasting Name." This song is a little hymn to mystery and the mysterious.

He leaned and whispered as he turned the page,
And he said "Make yourself into a flame"
A crazy old lion with his hair all backlit,
Grinnin' like a little boy who has a secret.

Chorus: I do not know its name
'Though it's ever intertwining,
And I believe it must look like an old man shining

We were eating summer peaches by a roadside stand,
Juice running down like laughter on our chin and on our hands
When we were done we looked around and smiled at each other,
And you said, "Come on Carrie, let's have another."

Chorus: I do not know its name
No matter how I try
But I think it must taste like peaches eaten by the roadside

He drove a rental car shuttle to the airport on Sundays
We chatted that grey morning 'bout the choir he sang with
Wednesdays.
He sang a haunting gospel hymn shameless and clear,
With only me a wandering stranger sitting there to hear.

Chorus: I do not know its name
Elusive and subtle,
But I believe it must sound like that man singing in the shuttle.

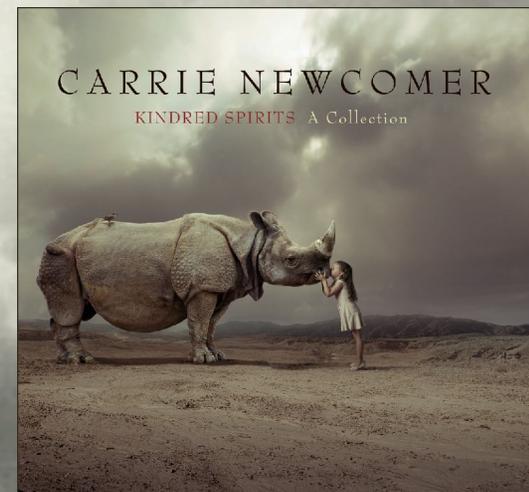
Standing in the river barefoot in the current,
I hear a birdcall and try to learn it.
The water is a wonder, it's cold and fast and deep,
I saw fish go swimming out too far for me to reach.

Chorus: I do not know its name,
Swimmer or watcher.
But I believe that there is always something,
Moving beneath the water.

If holy is a sphere that cannot be rendered,
There is no middle place because all of it is center

I do not know its name
I do not know its name
I do not know its name

Originally appeared on Carrie Newcomer's Rounder Records
Recording *Before and After*.



Before and After

There are experiences by which we mark our lives. Some of these experiences are large events - the birth of a child, the loss of a parent, a wedding or divorce. Some of these experiences are small moments that we did not realize at the time would effect us so profoundly. There is always another a before and after and because of that, our lives grow deeper.

The dust settles after a hit and run
Bewildered by the damage done
I don't know why we chose the roads we travel
Or how a life could get so unraveled.

Chorus: We live our lives from then until now,
By the mercy received and the marks on our brow
To my heart I'll collect what the four winds will scatter
And frame my life into before and after.

Once a trick of light made me believe,
A red fire was blazing from every tree.
We held hands as the evening gathered.
I forgave myself for what I didn't ask her.

I once saw the sky filled with falling stars
Bumped my head in the dark and it left a scar
Held on too tight before I let it go,
Then forgave my myself for what I didn't know.

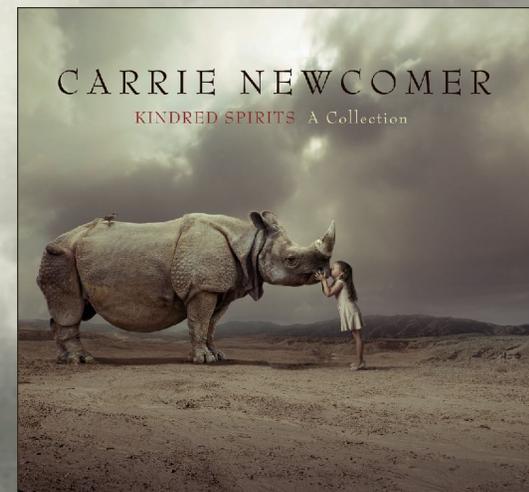
Chorus: We live our lives from then until now,
By the mercy received and the marks on our brow
To my heart I'll collect what the four winds will scatter
And frame my life into before and after.

I've stretched my soul over fifty states,
I have lived on fumes and religious cornflakes,
And once I dreamt my shoe had grown thin and battered,
And forgave myself for what didn't matter.

God said Cain where is your brother,
And who will tell his grieving mother?
Jacob dreamt an angel called his name
And he never was the same

Chorus: We live our lives from then until now,
By the mercy received and the marks on our brow
To my heart I'll collect what the four winds will scatter
And frame my life into before and after.

Originally appeared on Carrie Newcomer's Rounder Records Recording *Before and After*.



Where You Been

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer

I come to expect holiness in unexpected places and that it is best not to limit where and within whom we look for the Sacred. A true compassionate and radical love has always been counter culture. Hope has always been an audacious act of belief in the possibility for something better. As Jim Wallis and others have stated, "We are the prophets we've been waiting for."

He was driving in to Chicago in a borrowed El Camino,
On a hazeless day in springtime I think the Cinco De Mayo.
Maybe it was St Paddy's Or the Gay Pride parade,
But I've never seen nobody light up the street that way.

Chorus:

Brother/ Sister where you been? Hold on if you can.
Just do your best then
say, "Amen."

Called in sick and spent the weekend, drinking St Paulies in Wisconsin.
I'd been fishing with my buddies most of Sunday afternoon.
And there beneath the halo of the Old Milwaukee sign,
He said, There's big ones in the shallows I see them all the time.

Chorus

I stopped into the Seven-Eleven, I was buying an Aquafina.
He was wearing knock-off sneakers I was nursing a hangover.
He said, "You're worth a lot more baby than you've ever dared to dream of."
Like he knew all the secret sketchy places I'd been looking for love

Chorus

A tall skinny guy with dread locks said they're giving' out free bagels & lox.
So I took the kids and all my plastic bags and walked the seven blocks.

There were joggers and commuters, skate board kids and Goths.
There were drunks and dogs and meter maids in that downtown vacant lot.

He said, "The universe is unfolding and the center still is holding,
There's enough if we just share it, now ya'all don't forget to pass the basket.

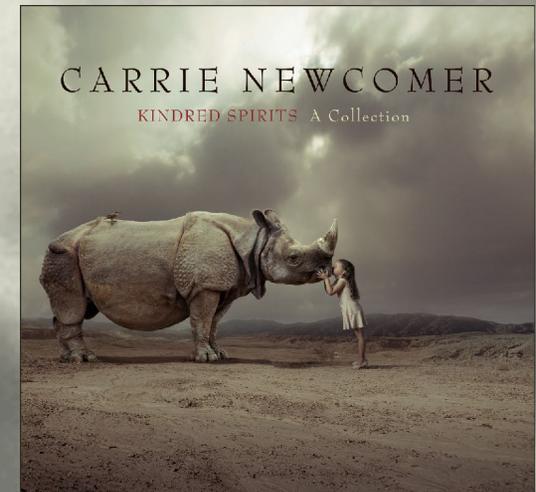
Blessed are all the good hearted, the poets and the dreamers,
And all us crazy holy hungry ones who believe in something better."

Chorus

I saw Jesus on talking shop, with Buddha at the Starbucks,
I saw Gia and Ganesh, doing double Dutch in the park,
And Mohammad was throwing popcorn to the pigeons and the sparrows.
And all us crazy holy hungry ones still believe in something better,

Chorus:

Originally appeared on Carrie Newcomer's Rounder Records Recording *The Geography of Light*.



Betty's Diner

Words and Music By Carrie Newcomer

Miranda works the late night counter, in a joint called Betty's Diner.
Chrome and checkered tablecloths and one steamy windowpane.
She got the job that shaky fall, and after hours she'll write till dawn.
With a nod and smile she serves them all.

Chorus: Here we are all in one place, the wants and wounds of the human race
Despair and hope sit face to face when you come in from the cold.
Let her fill your cup with something kind, eggs and toast like bread and wine.
She's heard it all so she don't mind.

Arthur lets his earl grey steep, since April it's been hard to sleep.
You know they tried most everything, yet it took her in the end.
Kevin tests new saxophones, but swears he's leaving quality control.
For the Chicago scene, or New Orleans, where they still play righteous horns.

Chorus

Jack studies here after work, to get past high school he's the first.
His big hands look comfortable with a hammer or a pen.
Emma leaned and kissed his cheek, and when she did his knees got weak.
Miranda smiles at Em and winks.

Chorus

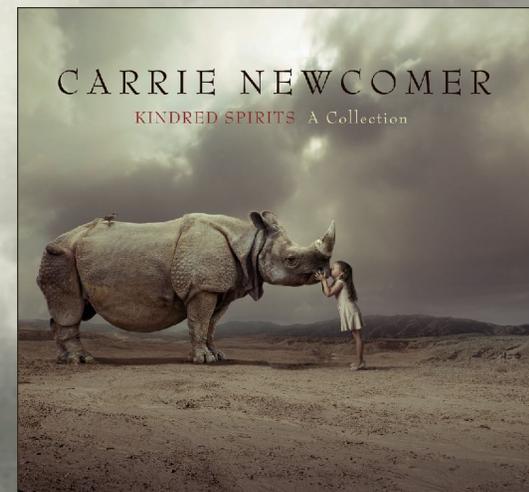
You never know who'll be your witness
You never know who grants forgiveness
Look to heaven or sit with us

Diedra bites her lip and frowns, she works the Stop-n-Go downtown.
She's pretty good at the crossword page, and she paints her eyes blue black.
Tristan comes along sometimes, small for his age and barely five,
But she loves him like a mamma lion.

Veda used to drink a lot, almost lost it all before she stopped.
Comes in at night with her friend Mike who runs the crisis line.
Michael toured Saigon and back, hair the color of smoke and ash.
Their heads are bowed and hands are clasped, one more storm has passed.

Chorus

Originally appeared on Carrie Newcomer's Rounder Records Recording *Regulars and Refugees*.



Two Toasts

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer and Parker J. Palmer

This song was written from a poem by Parker J. Palmer. We had a wonderful time working on the song together and while creating an evening of poetry, essay and song. Because this song speaks to the mysterious and overlapping places between sound and silence, I seemed natural to include it on this collection

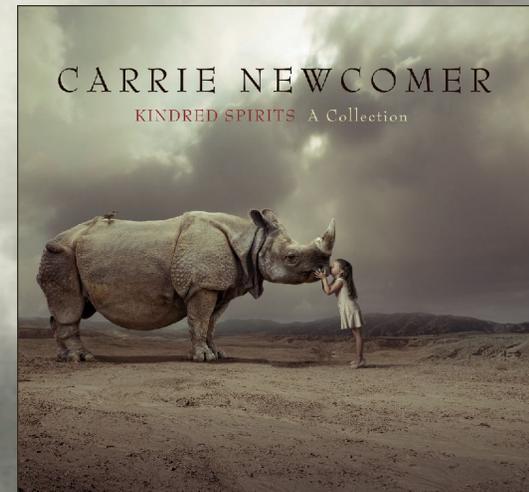
Praise be that this thin mark, this sound
Can form the Word that takes on flesh
To enter where no flesh can go
To fill each other's emptiness.

To Words and How They Live Between Us...
To Us and How We Live Between the Worth...

And in between the sound of words
I hear your silent, sounding soul
Where One abides in solitude
Who keeps us one when speech shall go

To Words and How They Live Between Us...
To Us and How We Live Between the Words...

Originally appeared on Carrie Newcomer's Rounder Records
Recording *The Geography of Light*.



Angels Unaware

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer

He said, "My name is Gabrielle Thomas, I blew in from out of town.
My work keeps me on the road, but it's the best job that I've found.
I don't mind the silence or the Super 8 Motel,
And I've never met a person yet without a tale to tell."
He said, "I know you I heard you say, 'Jen, true love has no pride.'
You gave Angela and Joe a lift that night they didn't have a ride.
Across the room Elaine has drawn your face a hundred times,
And I don't believe blood alone is the only tie that binds."

Chorus: Sit right here rest your bones. No one's ever so alone.
You can take the world down off your shoulders.
I don't know why and how. All I know is here and now.
You can take the world down off your shoulders.

He said, "I'm moved to tenderness by what we cannot bare.
Humbled by the things we can and do and learn to share.
It seems I traveled years and years and yet I'm still sitting here.
And nothing ever seems to change, just the dates and just names."

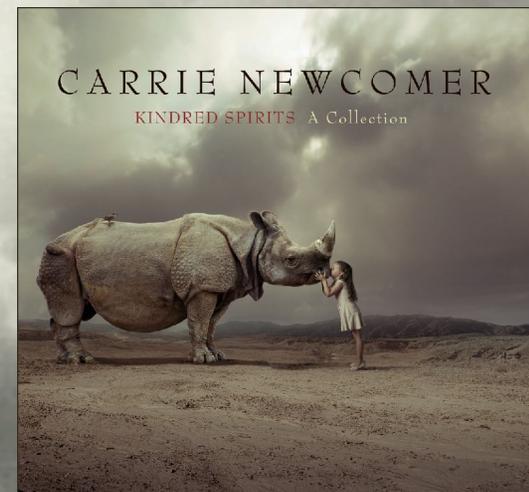
Chorus: Sit right here rest your bones. No one's ever so alone.
You can take the world down off your shoulders.
I don't know why and how. All I know is here and now.
You can take the world down off your shoulders.

He said, "Thank you for the coffee and for the extra cream.
You seem to know instinctively that things are never what they seem.
You never know what might blow through the door like silent prayer
And how many of us entertain angels unaware.

Chorus: Sit right here rest your bones. No one's ever so alone.
You can take the world down off your shoulders.
I don't know why and how. All I know is here and now.

You can take the world down off your shoulders.

Originally appeared on Carrie Newcomer's Rounder Records Recording *Regulars and Refugees*.



Holy As A Day Is Spent

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer

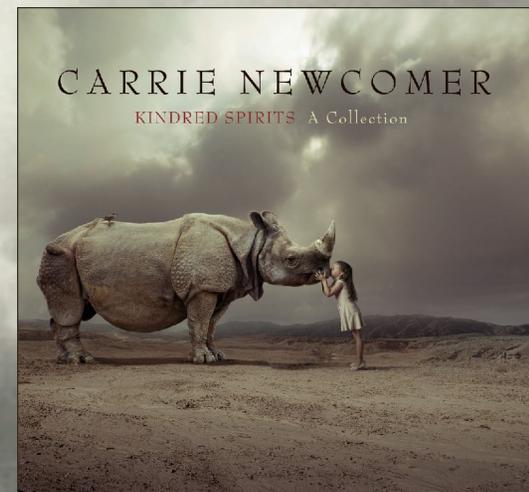
Holy is the dish and drain
The soap and sink, the cup and plate
And the warm wool socks, and the cold white tile
Showerheads and good dry towels
And frying eggs sound like psalms
With a bit of salt measured in my palm
It's all a part of a sacrament
As holy as a day is spent

Holy is the busy street
And cars that boom with passion's beat
And the check out girl,
Counting change
And the hands that shook my hands today
Hymns of geese fly overhead
And stretch their wings like their parents did
Blessed be the dog
That runs in her sleep
The catch that wild and elusive thing
Holy is a familiar room and the quiet moments in the afternoon
And folding sheets like folding hands
To pray as only laundry can
I'm letting go of all I fear
Like autumn leaves of earth and air
For summer came and summer went
As holy as a day is spent

Holy is the place I stand
To give whatever small good
I can The empty page, the open book
Redemption everywhere I look
Unknowingly we slow our pace
In the shade of unexpected grace
With grateful smiles and sad lament

As holy as a day is spent
And morning light sings "providence"
As holy as a day is spent

Originally appeared on Carrie Newcomer's Rounder Records
Recording *The Gathering of Spirits*.



If Not Now

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer

Chorus: If not now, tell me when
If not now, tell me when.
We may never see this moment
Or place in time again
If not now, if not now, tell me when.

I see sorrow and trouble in this land
I see sorrow and trouble in this land
Although there will be struggle we'll make the change we can.
If not now, tell me when.

Chorus

I may never see the Promised Land.
I may never see the Promised Land.
And yet we'll take the journey
And walk it hand in hand
If not now, tell me when.

Chorus

Bridge: So we'll work it 'til it's done
Every daughter every son,
Every soul that ever longed for something better,
Something brighter.

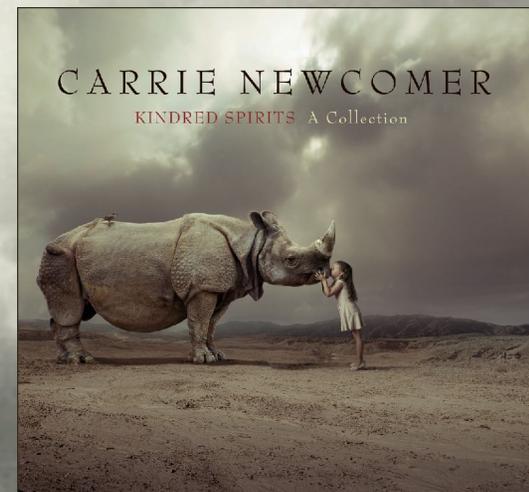
It will take a change of heart for this to mend.
It will take a change of heart for this to mend.
But miracles do happen every shining now and then
If not now, tell me when?

Chorus
If Not Now, Tell me when.

But miracles do happen every shining now and then.
If not now tell me when.

If not now tell me when.
If not now tell me when.

Originally appeared on Carrie Newcomer's Rounder Records
Recording *Before and After*.



My True Name

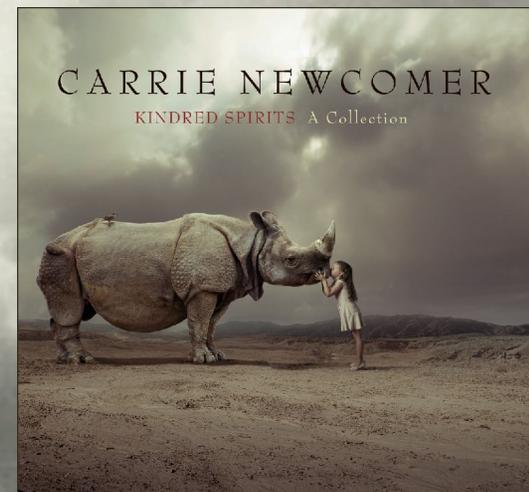
Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer

Let me call you darlin', maybe call you sweetheart
Don't you hate it when they call you Louise
But isn't it scary, when they want to call you Mary
A whore, or a saint, or a tease.
But you came here in summer, you'd been living in Manhattan
You caught me wide eyed and half sane
But you saw to my center past every imposter
And you whispered
My True Name

I have been Betty, Eleanor and Rosie
I've been the shamed Magdaline
And if the truth be known I've attempted Saint Joan
Donna, and Sarah, and Jane
For we all have our heros and we all have tormentors
and we'll play them again and again
But you saw to my center, past every imposter
And you whispered
My True Name

And if you see me standing on the banks of Lake Griffy
Throwing white bits of paper to the wind
I'm just throwing the shards, of all my calling cards
And I'm speaking
My True Name
I'm just throwing the shards, of all my calling cards
And I'm whispering
My True Name

Originally appeared on Carrie Newcomer's Rounder Records
Recording *My True Name*.



A Whole Lot of Hope

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer

Sometimes you just close your eyes and jump
You don't think to long
Or maybe you just won't
Sometimes you just follow your heart
Don't analyze to long
Or maybe it might just be gone

You've got a whole lot of hope
You've been keeping in your pocket safe from harm
A whole lot of dreams
You've been keeping in your pocket safe from harm

I saw you laugh I saw you cry
I saw you leave the bar and run outside
I got off late and packed up tight
And walk into the cool and secret night
Wondering if you got home alright

You've got a whole lot of hope
You've been keeping in your pocket safe from harm
A whole lot of dreams
You've been keeping in your pocket safe from harm

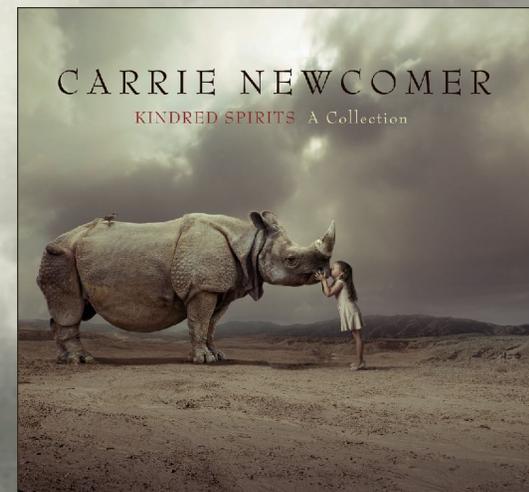
I light a candle in my window every night
Been looking for a sign
As yet, I haven't seen in
Maybe I will, maybe I won't
Maybe I don't care if I do or don't
Maybe it's just enough
To try

I've got a whole lot of hope
I've been keeping in your pocket safe from harm
A whole lot of dreams
I've been keeping in your pocket safe from harm
I whole lot of faith

I've been keeping in my pocket safe from harm

Sometimes you just close your eyes and jump
You don't think to long
Or maybe you just won't

Originally appeared on Carrie Newcomer's Windchime Records
Recording *Visions and Dreams*.



A Long Christmas Dinner

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer

Cal made the long table for his bride June
When the first child was born and they needed more room
Cal was one of four sons, and there was too little farm
And the railroad had work so they move into town
First came Emmet and Clara, William and Grace
Around the long table they all took their place
Every year that would gather sing carols and hymns
With canned peaches and shortcake and four wide grins

Chorus: but it feels like it's been one long Christmas diner
One unending prayer one unbroken line
Singing "Be Thou My Vision" by day or by night
All is calm and all is bright.

Eating strawberry jam from our victory garden
June kept giving Emmet more food than he wanted
As if she could fill him with enough food and faith
To last him through Europe and bring him home safe
Clara moved back at Christmas with her two children
When her husband ran off, with girl who was willing
When Grace's small daughter offered up her shortcake
Clara leaned on Will's shoulder and covered her face

Chorus

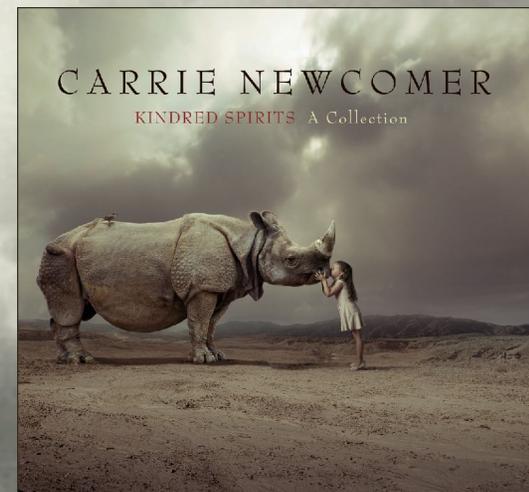
Long ago Emmet came home, now he carves the ham
But since then he's needed a leg brace to stand
He and Grace visit often help mom with yard work
Who still can't believe the folks wear to church
Cousin Ann's in Chicago and she slives in South Bend
And William's boy Michael is a young handsome rogue
Cruisin' town with an eight track of Abby Road

Chorus

There's been so many joys and so many cradles

But there was one who spent only one year at the table
It must have been grandma who gathered her close
So she'd have no fear when they both passed across
So put out the canned peaches in honor of June
For Michael's grown daughter who's coming home soon
For all we've lost or haven't found yet
All who come to the table and clasp hands around it.

Chorus



Bare to the Bone

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer

Here I am without a message
Here I stand with empty hands
Just a spirit tired of wandering
Like a stranger in this land
Walking wide eyed through this world
Is the only way I've known
Wrapped in hope and good intentions
And Bare to the Bone

There is nothing I won't show you T
Nothing I can hide
I've risked it all and dreamt it all
And seldom questioned why.
You took me in when I was hungry
When my spirit ached and groaned
Laid wide open and defenseless
And Bare to the Bone

Chorus: When I rise I rise in Glory
If I do I do by grace
Time will wash away our footprints
And we'll leave without a trace
Between here and now and forever
Is such precious little time
What we do in love and kindness
Is all we ever leave behind.

When the light is slowly fading
And my eyes are softly waning
and the evening sun is setting
And the world is barely breathing
Then your voice will call me
And your hand will lead me home
Like a newborn awed and naked
And Bare to the Bone

Chorus: When I rise I rise in Glory
If I do I do by grace
Time will wash away our footprints
And we'll leave without a trace
Between here and now and forever
Is such precious little time
What we do in love and kindness
Is all we ever leave behind.

Here I am without a message
Here I stand with empty hands
Just a spirit tired of wandering
Like a stranger in this land
Walking wide eyed through this world

Originally appeared on Carrie Newcomer's Rounder Records
Recording *Bare to the Bone Live*.

