Dear Magnolia

Mark Erelli

(Chris Moore & John McGann)Dear Magnolia, I lend you my ear
Whisper your stories and secrets hidden here
Of a South that rose, of a South that fell
Your days of glory, your days of hellWe'll weep together, praise to the Lord
Raise up our voices and lay down our swords
To the souls we've lost, to the souls we've found
Though they never stop asking us
Did you really have to take us downCHORUS
Heavy-headed blossoms
Fragrant as they fall
I have wandered through the door
Of everything you stand for
Heavy-headed blossoms
Gracefully reveal
That which I had always felt was missing
Like the rolling dreams of a wagonless wheelYour sweet survival has given rise
Unto your wisdom and yet you realize
Though your arms are long, and your reach is wide
Within your deepest scars
There are some snakes still hidingSo Dear Magnolia, I pledge my return
To the hills between us on which fires still burn
There we'll stand our ground 'til the moon above
Comes shining through the smoke
In the name of love

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