

# She Moves in Secret Ways

Polly Paulusma

On a river of sighs a boat came towards me  
A flimsy disguise covered the devil  
Who sang from a song sheet of how modern lifes a boreIn his choirboy's attire  
He sang me the life to which good girls aspire  
Where men in white coats  
Give us pills to tame the horses that stamp on our floors  
And pills for when the horses have bolted out the doorIts hard to explain  
I dont like hanging on to reins in my hands all the time  
Im running out of trails  
Worn paths dont lead to where I need to get to every timeShe moves in secret ways  
And there is grace and poised perfection  
When she takes the helm  
She moves in secret waysNow the house is on fire, the rats are all screaming  
The horses are tired, they think theyre still dreaming  
Cause the barn doors are open, the crossbar is hanging in the windSo the devil sings higher  
Oh, just look at what youre doing  
Yeah, hes joined by a choir of doctors and statesmen  
Who plan their sorry lives to the last day's end  
But look at all the happy things that happen by accidentIts hard to explain  
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When she takes the helm  
She moves in secret waysDays gone by, I thought I had it all  
Filed in little boxes  
Now I find I never had control  
Just took little chances and wonNow the devils downstream, hes singing to someone  
My horses are free, they answer to no-one  
Unbridled, untethered, they roam on the unmarked landIn my house, theres a calm, a peace has descended  
No need for alarm, its as she intended  
Im through with trying to fight the things I dont understand  
Accept my sweet surrender to the greater, better planIts hard to explain  
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