

Dogwood

Freedom House Worship

Well my name is not important
You could say I've been around
And my song it has been stolen like all others in this town
I can tell the way I'm headed by the moss upon the trees
I mean every word I've said
And nothing means a thing to me I'm a man without a direction
I'm a ship without a sea
Meet me at the resurrection
Say you'll save a place for me Now the sky is casting over
There's a storm cloud rolling in
I believe it could be months before I pass this way again
Count the scars on the horizon
Count the birds up in the sky
There's a dogwood at the crossing
You can't miss it if you try And if you see me coming through the distant grass
Send a hand to clear the stones out of my path If you see my dear companion
Tell her that I am not lost
I am standing at the station
I am trying to get across
Count the clouds on the horizon
Count the stars up in the sky
There's a dogwood at the turning
You can't miss it if you try

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