

# To Be Still

[Alela Diane](#)

Have you been wearing holes in your boots out there?  
Have you been kicking bones in the desert sand?  
There's a wolf inside the cave and another in the clouds  
I've seen them chewing on, on the shadows in your eyes And it's here at home I wait for your wanders to be still  
Oh, it's here at home I wait for your wanders to be still  
And I won't drag my feet in whatever dirt you track in  
No, I won't drag my feet in whatever dirt you track in Will you look at me when your face shows the lines of  
years?  
While you've been away I have needed your strong hands  
California hills could surely welcome us back home  
But the way toward the crop of gold is not far from the snow  
No, the way toward the crop of gold is not far from the snow And it's here at home I wait for your wanders to be  
still  
Oh, it's here at home I wait for your wanders to be still  
And I won't drag my feet in whatever dirt you track in  
No, I won't drag my feet in whatever dirt you track in And it's here at home I wait for your wanders to be still  
And I won't drag my feet in whatever dirt you track in

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