

Evensong

The Innocence Mission

The day is over and still so heavy on the mind
In flew glowing, smiling mother, butterfly in yellow
To join the frowning cactus crowd
Finding flowers even there to flutter round I thought, isn't mother grand? The way she flies and flies
Into the sting of the cold and the prick of the barbed wire
Isn't mother grand to gladly fly and swiftly fly
Into the sting of the cold and the prick of the barbed wire The day is over and still goes passing through the mind:
In came glowing, smiling mother, sure and kind
To rouse us, to give ourselves out and to cry
Birth to warm intentions, worthless otherwise Oh, the lives that brush against us, pass us by and by
The friends who may or may not come if we would first invite
Oh, to open doors, to always gladly fly and fly
Into the sting of the cold and the prick of the barded wire

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>