# Minstrel's Daughter

## Jennifer Leonhardt

i have a broken down chair set out on the porch just for weather
a raging winter storm last year has taken what was left of the birchwood
and if god has a plan in lovin then the hills are going to overflow with young
yeah yeah yeah

i am a daughter out of minstrels even though they may appear not to be
a jagged city sidewalk crook'd flower is the only living witness to the
snippets of the old songs they sing to hearten on a lonely 'nother hour, i tell you,

chorus
i don't really care about perfection
o no no no no no no
but i sing because the singing's here to get sung
of a season

in my dreams you visit me like a husband
and i am healed of every little wrong
we already are living private moments
you have caught my eye and though i'm sleepin
every fiber in me recognizes
and i am no longer among the spellbound

and the skies'll gather in conclusion
day goes into night right back to day
a flower's only purpose is just to flower
and beauty is the 'i' in each beholder
just like it is in my nature to die

chorus
i don't really care about perfection
o no no no no no no
but i sing because the singing's here to get sung
of a season
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Lyrics submitted by JS.

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