

# 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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