Nonny Nonny

Chris Rice

Summer warm and lazy
Lemon sun and hazy
Remember?
Popsicle red on my chin
Bikes and plastic army men
And no sign of September
Something in my seven years was telling me
To thank the Author of such a biographyNonny Nonny Odle'ee
River washes over me
Up for air and carry me away
Nonny Nonny Odle'igh
Run the earth and watch the sky
Praying hard and waiting for the day
Nonny Nonny Odle'ayMy adolescent 70's
Reads just like the pevensies
Adventures
'Cause every perfect now and then
I cought a glimpise of Aslan's mane
And I longed for His treasure
Something in His mystery was drawing me
To love the Author of my own biographyNonny Nonny Odle'ee
River washes over me
Up for air and carry me away
Nonny Nonny Odle'igh
Run the earth and watch the sky
Praying hard and waiting for the day
Nonny Nonny Odle'ayAll grown up and living fine
Biographies all intertwined
With billions
And soonHe turnsthe final page
We'll look the Author in the face
Then the book really begins
'Cause something tells me all these years of memories
Are only the first sentence of eternityNonny Nonny Odle'ee
River washes over me
Up for air and carry me away
Nonny Nonny Odle'igh
Run the earth and watch the sky
Praying hard and waiting for the day...

Nonny Nonny Odle'ay

Songwriters
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