

Follower 2

Cowboy Junkies

My father's stories fell upon us
Filled us with his light
Gospels, fertile minds
Taking root, taking rootHis pocket change would jingle
Sacramental bells
Heads tucked low
Sneaking peaks, sneaking peaksAnd the rain comes down
It's dark and the browns begin to bite
Here you will always be behind me
And you will not go awayThere he sleeps on untamed land
Dark corners yet discovered
His heart yet to be
Trod upon, trod uponI can't bear to hear his breathing
Simply knowing what's to come
I can't bear to hear your breathing
Knowing what's to come, what's to comeAnd the rain comes down
It's dark and the browns begin to bite
Here you will always be behind me
And you will not go awayAnd the rain comes down
It's dark and the browns begin to biteAnd the rain comes down
It's dark and the browns begin to biteAnd the rain comes down
It's dark and the browns begin to biteHere I will always be behind you
And will never go away

Songwriters

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