

To Be Still

Alela Diane

Have you been wearing holes in your boots out there?

Have you been kicking bones in the desert sand?

There's a wolf inside the cave and another in the clouds

I've seen them chewing on, on the shadows in your eyes And it's here at home I wait for your wanders to be still

Oh, it's here at home I wait for your wanders to be still

And I won't drag my feet in whatever dirt you track in

No, I won't drag my feet in whatever dirt you track in Will you look at me when your face shows the lines of
years?

While you've been away I have needed your strong hands

California hills could surely welcome us back home

But the way toward the crop of gold is not far from the snow

No, the way toward the crop of gold is not far from the snow And it's here at home I wait for your wanders to be
still

Oh, it's here at home I wait for your wanders to be still

And I won't drag my feet in whatever dirt you track in

No, I won't drag my feet in whatever dirt you track in

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