

Oh, The Joy

Trixie Whitley

Oh, oh the joy..
Of that shines..
Through your soul..
Like a source of a child's lullaby and

And I were, I were a mountain top thoughts..
Can weigh heavy, on our hearts..

But it's carved, in stone, yeah
I was born to listen to the, oldest voices..
But when a world turns..
Silent
And it's filled with things
That speak of be-wilderness..

Got no pages..
No pages unspoken..
But a thousand dreams within
Within they softly burn
Why the show can't..
Rise to the level, of our defeat..
The outward turns though
Knowing the shade of our speech

But it's carved, in stone, yeah
I was born to listen to the, oldest voices..
But when a world turns,
Silent
And it's filled with things
That speak of be-wilderness..

I turned to the song.. of
One hundred candle lights..
All that Joy for, for that shines
For all that shines..
For all that shines..

Lyrics submitted by Trip Watson.

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