Fortune (Alternate Version)

Midlake

Down to the valley where the fortunes grow
Down to the free
That gathered holy 'round the fire that grows so wellOn with the laughter when the work is done
It is what it is
A passing work of human hands where faults aboundWhile the rains would come
While the end was unknown
Nothing had proved too much
No path was solely my ownMost of the daylight nothing filled my mind
Quiet was I
And I was held away from evil that spoke my name

Songwriters
PULIDO, ERIC / ALEXANDER, PAUL / NICHELSON, ERIC / SMITH, TIM / SMITH, MCKENZIEPublished by
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