

# Still Believing

Mary Black

Night owns my white bones but  
What's left is still saying  
Strange prayers in high places  
Wild airs with wilder graces  
Birds fly with no motion  
What draws me draws the oceanChorusDown on my knees again,  
Still believing  
In the time of reason no more  
Down on my knees again  
Still believing  
Peace of mind is worth any choreGreat dreams and laid schemes  
Just blown down by high winds  
And strong signs from old forces  
Wild dogs run trackless courses  
Night changes sweet mountain  
Vain hopes need cold fountainsChorusNight owns my white bones but  
What's left is still sayingChorus...

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