

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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