

A Willing Heart

Patti Casey

There's a place on this mountain
Where the trees all give way
To one sweet lupine meadow
Where the tall popple sway
In the distance cries a train
So far away it sounds like a toy
Shiny nickel on one rail
Races the heart of a waiting boy
And on that train and in my mind
I can go back to the first time
A willing heart, no history
And I'd given you no reason yet to lie to me
To lie to me
I awake to the memory
Of your face in my hands
Close my eyes and go home to the ache
That's always been
Now looking down from this clearing
Where the world and time stands still
Golden thread winds through the valley
The setting sun riding the rail
And on that train and in my mind
Rides a chance for one last first time
This willing heart with no history
And I've given you no reason yet to lie to me
To lie to me

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