

She Moves in Secret Ways

Polly Paulusma

On a river of sighs a boat came toward me.

A flimsy disguise covered the devil who sang from a songsheet of how modern life's a bore.

In his choir boys' attire he sang me the life to which good girls aspire.

Where many white coats give us pills to tame the horses that stamp on our floors and pills for when the horses had bolted out the door.

It's hard to explain; I don't like hanging onto reins in my hands all the time;

I'm running out of trails where paths don't lead to where I need to get to every time.

She moves in secret ways, and there is grace and poise, perfection when she takes the helm.

She moves in secret ways. Now the house is on fire, the rats are all screaming the horses are tired.

They think they're still dreaming 'cause the barn doors are open, the crossbar is hanging in the wind.

So the devils sing tired, "Oh just look at what you're doing,"

Yeah, he's joined by a choir of doctors and statesmen who've planned their sorry lives to the last days end.

But look at all the happy things that happen by accident.

It's hard to explain, I don't like like hanging onto reins in my hands all the time;

I'm running out of trails where paths don't lead to where I need to get to every time.

She moves in secret ways, and there is grace and poise, perfection when she takes the helm.

She moves in secret...

Days gone by I thought I had it all - filed in little boxes.

Now I find I never had control, I just took little chances to move. Now the devil's downstream, he's singing to someone, my horses are free.

They answer to no one, unbridled, untethered, they roam on the unmarked land.

In my house there's a calm, a peace has descended, no need for alarm.

It's as she intended, I'm through with trying to fight the things I don't understand.

Accept my sweet surrender to the greater, better plan.

It's hard to explain, I don't like hanging onto reins in my hands all the time.

I'm running out of trails where paths don't lead to where I need to get to every time. She moves in secret ways, and there is grace and poise, perfection when she takes the helm.

She moves in secret ways. She moves in secret ways. She moves in secret ways.

Songwriters

PAULUSMA

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