

The Souls of All My Dears

Iris DeMent

The souls of all my dears have flown to the stars
The souls of all my dears have flown to the starsMemory, your hour returns with each new year
I see, I hear, I touch you drawing nearYou step onto the porch and call my name
Your face rests up against the frosted paneLet from the lids of bronze, unmoving eyes
Snow melt and stream like tears each human cries

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