Listening to Singing

Iris DeMent

A woman's voice, like the wind, it rushes
Nocturnal, moist and black
And as it flies, whatever it brushes
It changes and it won't change backIt's a diamond-shine, comes to bathe and bless
Things are draped in a silvery light
It rustles its suggestive dress
Woven of fantasy, silken and brightAnd the power that propels the enchanted voice
Displays such a hidden might
It's as if the grave were not ahead
It's as if the grave were not ahead
But mysterious stairs beginning their flightAnd the power that propels the enchanted voice
Displays such a hidden might
It's as if the grave were not ahead
It's as if the grave were not ahead
It's as if the grave were not ahead
But mysterious stairs beginning their flight

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