

Shine Your Light On Me

Andrew Peterson

I remember once I broke down in the country
I was sixteen with a broken heart in bloom
And I walked home through the pines
Nobody saw me but the moonBy sunrise I could hear the church bells ringing
I got there as the saints were marching in
I sat down on the back row
And heard the story once againAnd the servants of the secret fire
Were gathered there
The embers of the ages
Like a living prayer
And all at once I saw the shadows flee
Shine your light on me, on me
Be a light unto my path
And a lamp unto my feetThey flew us down to Oklahoma City
Yeah, but I could hardly stand there on the stage
So sick I couldn't speak
And the fever wouldn't breakBut when I stepped up to the microphone I heard it
It was the voices of the brothers at my side
They were singing out my song
When the song in me had diedOh, shine your light on meSomebody come and get me when I'm goneTwo years
ago I drove into a darkness
I straightened every curve on Cane Ridge Road
And I could hear the flapping wings
Of every devil I have knownAnd the inside of my car was like a casket
But then it flooded with a blaze of sacred light
She was calling me back home
And as I pulled into the driveI knew the servants of the secret fire
Were gathered there
The embers of the ages
Like a living prayer
She was standing on the porch where I could see
Shine your light on me, on me
Be a light unto my path
And a lamp unto my feet

Songwriters

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