

Song About Songs

Iris DeMent

It'll burn you at the start, as if to breezes you were bare
Then drop deep into your heart like a single salty tear
And the heart full of spite will come to know regret
And their sorrow, although light, it will not forget Others will reap, I'll only sow
When the triumphant scythers lay the grain low
Bless them, O Lord
Bless them, O Lord And so that I may lift my eyes in thanks to You above
Let me give the world a gift more incorruptible than love
Let me give the world a gift more incorruptible than love Others will reap, I'll only sow
When the triumphant scythers lay the grain low
Bless them, O Lord
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