

The Orphan

White Wards

Maybe I push when I meant to be still

Maybe I take it all too personal

Jesus, how to reconcile

The joyful noise, the ancient land

The tug from some invisible hand

The dying mother weaving bulrushes along the Nile

Float her basket over the sea

Here on a barren shore we'll be waiting for

A tailwind to carry her orphan's cry

Don't you worry child, I wrote a lullaby

I try to settle, but I just pass through

A rain dog, a gypsy, a wandering Jew

All those homes where not ours

Then I slept one night in Abraham's field

And dreamt there was no moon

The night he died, counting stars, Selah

Float her basket over the sea

Here on a barren shore we'll be waiting for

A tailwind to carry an orphan's cry

Don't you worry child, I wrote a lullaby

Building you a home

Building you a home

Building you a home

Building you a home selah

So, float her basket over the sea

Here on a barren shore we'll be waiting for

A tailwind to carry an orphan's cry

Don't you worry child I wrote a lullaby

Float her basket over the sea

Here on a barren shore we'll be waiting for

A tailwind to bring us your sweet cry

Don't you worry child I gonna sing you a lullaby

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