

# Sky Full Of Clover

[Beth Hart](#)

Why do you carry, a pocket of stone?  
Body and mind, are tired from the load  
Still searching for shelter, in your own restless thoughts  
Believing in anything, and still you are lost I will be there...  
Just look over your shoulder, baby  
Longing to share  
A sky full of clover And come to the grass where, the orchids run wild  
See how they're laughing, a land full of smile  
And people in clover, are holding up their hands  
Praising the holy one, the wiser of man And I will be there  
Just look over your shoulder, baby  
Longing to share  
A sky full of clover Said I'm not trying, to make no contradiction  
And I'm not trying, to make you go my way  
Said I'm not trying to tell ya, what I think ya need to know - no, no  
I'm still trying, I'm still trying, yeah I'm still trying, to figure out my own Said, I'm gonna be there (gonna be)  
I will be (gonna be)  
I will be (gonna be)  
I will be there So now you say to me, do I still have time?  
To live out these precious things, that swell up my mind  
Well raise me, then lay me down, and humble my soul - yeah  
Yeah wash me in patience I'll, be whiter than snow And I will be there  
Just look over your shoulder, baby  
Longing to share  
A sky full, there's a sky fueling me, a sky full of clover - yeah

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