

The Swords We Carried

Mary Chapin Carpenter

Back when I believed in luck
And stones & crosses
I'd put a coin found on the street
Towards cosmic losses
And passing graveyards in a car
Tracing every falling star
Luck was never very far from childhood causes
And pennies kissed with wishes arced into the fountains
And time was said to heal all pain
And hope move mountains
And all that could befall a heart
Or break this perfect life apart
The swords we carried could not do a thing about them
Away I am going, away I am gone
Ghosts and angels are but memories and visions
And revenants are out there taking up positions
But back when I believed in you
You'd raise the sun and set the moon
How could I help but love you holy as religion
Away you are going, away you are gone
But back when I believed in luck and words as spoken
I found a lie could break and split the world clean open
And grief became my company
Pain so deep I could not breathe
All betrayal is like dying in slow motion

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