Wind and Spirit

Chris Rice

I hear a sound and turn to see
A new direction on that rusty weather vane
Suddenly the dead brown leaves are stirred
To scratch their circle dances down the laneAnd now the sturdy oaks start clappin
With the last few stubborn leaves that wont let go
I can hear Old Glory snappin
And her tattered rope now clangin against the poleAnd my breath is snatched away
And a chill runs up my spine
Feels like somethins on the way
So I look up to the sky, I look up to the skyAnd from the corners of creation
Comes the Fathers holy breath
Ridin on a storm with tender fierceness
Stirring my soul to holiness, stirring my soul to holinessI see the lifeless dust now resurrected
Swirling up against my window pane
And carried cross the distance
Come the long awaited fragrances of earth and rainAnd out across the amber field
The slender grasses bend and bow and kiss the ground
And in them I see the beauty of the souls
Who let the spirit lay them downAnd it takes my breath away
And a tear comes to my eye
Feels like somethins on the way
So I look up to the sky, I look up to the skyAnd from the corners of creation
Comes the Fathers holy breath
Ridin on a storm with tender fierceness
Stirring my soul to holiness, stirring my soul to ho-holinessAnd like a mighty wind blows with a force I cannot see
I will open wide my wings, I will open wide my wings
I will open wide my wings and let the spirit carry me, yeah, yeahFrom the corners of creation
Comes the Fathers holy breath
Ridin on a storm with tender fierceness
Stirring my soul to holiness, stirring my soul to holiness
Stirring my soul to ho-holinessI hear a sound and turn to see
A new direction on that rusty weather vane

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