

The Things That We Are Made Of

Mary Chapin Carpenter

I remember driving down the rutted roads late at night
Following the summer moon bright as any pair of headlights
I felt the air on my face and the night pressed inside my palm
A moment captured in a place this memory stays strong Oh my darling oh my love
Oh my darling oh my love
Oh my darling oh my love
The things that we are made of And I remember feeling I'm alive and in no need of saviors
If the past's another country I'm at the border with my papers
Where is your heart if not inside you where is home or are you lost
Where is love if not beside you I had no answers but they let me cross Oh my darling oh my love
Oh my darling oh my love
Oh my darling oh my love
The things that we are made of Like the silence of my shadow when the twilight world is calling
The loneliness that knows me by the cadence of my walking
And the scar upon my elbow and the sound of my own breathing
My reflection in a window and the way I'm always leaving And I remember wishing for some other life than this
one I've claimed
How often have I been convinced how eagerly I'd make that trade
Then all at once I see your face and the summer night and the open door
Dimmer now but not erased and I know what these are for Oh my darling oh my love
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Songwriters

Mary Chapin Carpenter Published by
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