

Wings (Acoustic)

Josh Ritter

At night we crossed the border following a Black robe
To the edge of the reservation-to Cataldo Mission
Where the saints and all the martyrs look down on dying converts
What makes the water holy she says is that that it's the closest thing to rain I stole a mule from Anthony I helped
Anne up upon it
And we rode to Coeur d'Alene-through Harrison and Wallace
They were blasting out the tunnels-making way for the light of learning
When Jesus comes a'calling she said he's coming round the mountain on a train It's my home-last night I dreamt
that I grew wings
I found a place where they could hear me when I sing
We floated on to Hanford on a lumber boat up river
Past the fisheries and the mill-towns like a stretch of future graveyards
She was driven to distraction-said I wonder what will happen
When they find out they're mistaken and the land is too changed to ever change We waded through the
marketplace-someone's ship had come in
There was silver and begonias-dynamite and cattle
There were hearts as big as apples and apples in the shape of Mary's heart
I said inside this gilded cage a songbird always looks so plain
It's my home-last night I dreamt that I grew wings
I found a place where they could hear me when I sing. And so they came with cameras-breaking through the
morning mist
Press and businessmen-tycoons-Episcopal philanthropists
Lost in their appraisal of the body of a woman
But all we saw were lowlands-clouds clung to mountains without strings And at last we saw some people
huddled up against
The rain that was descending like railroad spikes and hammers
They were headed for the border-walking and then running
Then they were gone into the fog but Anne said underneath their jackets she saw wings

Songwriters

RITTER, JOSH Published by

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