My Sanctuary

Marc Cohn

The chosen ones are walking through the new desert
All the way uptown to Riverside
The faces of the fathers
They look a lot like mine
But I watch them from across the great divideToday they have all been forgiven
Washed clean before another year begins
Me I'm playing in the park with my children
And I pray that they forgive my sinsThis is my sanctuary
On this High Holy Day
I lay down the burdens I carry
In my sanctuaryThe forgotten ones
Were screaming from the rooftops
A thousand souls had all been washed away
Everyone was told
The levees wouldn't hold
Now the mourners are marching everydayAnd the music keeps rights on playing
'Cause of all the places water wouldn't fall
It wasn't the churches or the chapels
It was down at the Preservation Hall"This is my sanctuary"
You could almost hear the ghost of some old trumpet player say
"Lay down the burdens you carry
In my sanctuary"The chosen ones are all still searching
Waiting for the savior to appear
While you and me
We congregate in mystery
And I listen to you whisper in my earThis is my sanctuary
Brothers and sisters let us pray
I lay down the burdens I carry
In my sanctuary

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