

Cold Grey Ground

Diana Jones

When I die don't bury me
in the cold grey dirt of the North Country.

Cold grey ground, cold grey ground,
don't leave me here in the cold grey ground.

I can't fly to Heaven above
if I am bound here in this mud.
Take me south, carry me there
to the red clay that my soul can bear.

Cradle me, cradle me
in the warm hills of my family.
Blood red stains upon my hands;
my Saviour knows me where I stand.

From these hills I will fly
when my earthly tears have dried.
Mother's face I will behold
shining on the streets of gold.

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Ah ah ha ha...

Lyrics submitted by jaybelle.

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