

Walls of Time

Bill Monroe & Peter Rowan

The wind is blowing cross the mountains
And out on the valley way below.
It sweeps the grave of my darling
When I die that's where I want to go. Lord send the angels for my darling
And take her to that home on high
I'll wait my time out here on earth love
And come to you when I die. Our names are carved upon the tombstone
I promised you before you died
Our love will bloom forever darling
When we rest side by side.
I hear a voice out in the darkness
It moans and whispers through the pines
I know it's my sweetheart a calling
I hear her through the walls of time
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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