

# The Orphan

Ilya Scheps & Sergey Yakovenko

Maybe I push when I meant to be still  
Maybe I take it all too personal  
Jesus, how to reconcile  
The joyful noise, the ancient land  
The tug from some invisible hand  
The dying mother weaving bulrushes along the Nile  
Float her basket over the sea  
Here on a barren shore we'll be waiting for  
A tailwind to carry her orphan's cry  
Don't you worry child, I wrote a lullaby  
I try to settle, but I just pass through  
A rain dog, a gypsy, a wandering Jew  
All those homes where not ours  
Then I slept one night in Abraham's field  
And dreamt there was no moon  
The night he died, counting stars, Selah

Float her basket over the sea  
Here on a barren shore we'll be waiting for  
A tailwind to carry an orphan's cry  
Don't you worry child, I wrote a lullaby  
Building you a home  
Building you a home  
Building you a home  
Building you a home selah  
So, float her basket over the sea  
Here on a barren shore we'll be waiting for  
A tailwind to carry an orphan's cry  
Don't you worry child I wrote a lullaby  
Float her basket over the sea  
Here on a barren shore we'll be waiting for  
A tailwind to bring us your sweet cry  
Don't you worry child I gonna sing you a lullaby

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