

# A Few Good Things Remain

Kathy Mattea

I heard a siren late last night, you must have felt me shiver  
Shaken by a wave of fright, that you calm with a whisper  
And fear gave way to better things

Like a warm summer and sweeter dreamsLike a warm spring rain on a roof above

The way you call my name when we make love  
While the world outside my window goes insane

You're here to remind me, a few good things remainWhen living leaves my pride bruised up, I'm fragile as a feather

The storms of life just won't let up, you're like a change of weather

When dust settles on my dreams, you wash them cleanLike a warm spring rain on a roof above

The way you call my name when we make love  
While the world outside my window goes insane  
You're here to remind me, a few good things remain

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