

# Guadalupe

## Gretchen Peters

There are ghosts out in the rain tonight  
High up in those ancient trees  
Lord, I've given up without a fight  
Another blind fool on his knees  
And all the Gods that I've abandonedBegin to speak in simple tongues  
Lord, suddenly I've come to know  
There are no roads left to run  
Now it's the hour of dogs a-barkingThat's what the old ones used to say  
It's first light or it's sundown  
Before the children cease their play  
When the mountains glow like mission wineAnd turn gray like a Spanish roan  
Ten thousand eyes will stop to worship  
And turn away and head on home  
She is reaching out her arms tonightLord, my poverty is real  
I pray roses shall rain down on me  
From Guadalupe on her hill  
But who am I to doubt these mysteries  
Cured in centuries of blood and candle smoke  
I am the least of all your pilgrims hereI am most in need of hope  
She appeared to Juan Diego  
She left her image on his cape  
Five hundred years of sorrowHave not destroyed their deepest faith  
But here I am your ragged disbeliever  
Old doubting Thomas drowns in tears  
As I watched your church sink through the earthLike a heart worn down through fear  
She is reaching out her arms tonight  
Lord, my poverty is real  
I pray roses shall rain down on me  
From Guadalupe on her hillBut who am I to doubt these mysteries  
Cured in centuries of blood and candle smoke  
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I am the least of all your pilgrims here  
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Songwriters

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