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
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