

# Thankful

David R. Maracle

It's the first breath of springtime  
And a warm wind picks up the fallen blossom  
And sails in circles down the street  
A lady cycles past with her hair in braids  
As they're pulling down the awning to the train station cafe

I'm alive and I'm thankful  
For this time

Six o' clock, summer afternoon  
Next door's kids are playing in the yard  
I'm doing the dishes at the window and the radio's playing 'Superstar'  
And the sun falls down on the garden next door  
But two young boys are fighting, till a woman appears at the door

And the fires and the fog and the falling leaves  
Under October skies  
You walked me home in the cold after closing time  
As the leaves rushed by

How I want to be loved  
How I need to be loved  
Now that I've found you, I'd do anything for you

In the Forest of Angels that's where we laid you down  
And I can hear whispers  
When the first frost falls on the ground

You're alive, just be thankful  
For this time.

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written by BROWN, STEVE / JOYCE, SARAH  
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