

# Alela Diane, Take Us Back

The tops of crags and cliffs, the air is thin  
So we'll find a mountain path on down the hill  
Meet me where the snow mount flows  
It is there, my dear, where we will begin again  
Skipping stones, braiding hair  
Last year's antlers mark the trail  
Take us back, oh, take us back  
Oh, take us, take us back  
I've a friend who lives out by the rivers mouth  
He knows the fiddles cry is an old sound  
A lonesome creeks and moans of empty houses  
Are songs of like fallen rain  
Windblown buildings, muddy ground  
The strength of water can sink a man  
Take us back, oh, take us back  
Oh, take us, take us back  
When the higher hills have turned blue  
And the waves are lapping where the children grew  
All that we have know will be an echo  
Of days when love was true  
Muted voices just beyond  
The silent surface of what has gone