

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