

Caedmon's Call, 40 Acres

(Aaron Tate)

Out on these Texas plains
You can see for a million lives
And there's a thousand exits
Between here and the state line

About the last time that I saw you
You said call me Pandora, call me a fool

And I'm thinking this view
It could do you some good
So drop these scales and take a look

There's 40 acres
And redemption to be found
Just along and down the way
There is a place where
No plow blade has turned the ground
And you will turn it over
'Cause out here hope remains
'Cause out here hope remains

Out here the Texas sky
It's as big as the sea
And you're alone in your room
Like an island floating free

Your spirit's hanging
In a bottle out on a tree
You say that you're the black sheep
I say you're still family

Throw that bottle to the waves
They'll bring you in to me
From the shore you will see

There's 40 acres
And redemption to be found
Just along and down the way
There is a place where
No plow blade has turned the ground
And you will turn it over
'Cause out here hope remains
'Cause out here hope remains
'Cause out here hope remains

Out here the Texas rain
Is the hardest I've ever seen
It'll wash your house away
But it'll also make you clean

Now these rocks
They are crying too
And this whole land is
Calling out for you

40 acres
And redemption to be found
Just along and down the way
There is a place where
No plow blade has turned the ground
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