

# 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  
And you will turn it over  
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