

Chris Rice, Nonny Nonny

Run the earth and watch the sky
Summer warm and lazy
Lemon sun and hazy, remember?
Popsicle red on my chin
Bikes and plastic army men and no sign of September
Something in my seven years was telling me
To thank the Author of such a biography
Nonny nonny odle'ee, river washes over me
Up for air and carry me away
Nonny nonny odle'igh, run the earth and watch the sky
Praying hard and waiting for the day
Nonny nonny odle'ay
My adolescent 70's
Reads just like the Pevensies adventures
'Cause every perfect now and then
I caught a glimpse of Aslan's mane and I longed for His treasure
Something in His mystery was drawing me
To love the Author of my own biography
Nonny nonny odle'ee, river washes over me
Up for air and carry me away
Nonny nonny odle'igh, run the earth and watch the sky
Praying hard and waiting for the day
Nonny nonny odle'ay
All grown up and living fine
Biographies all intertwined with billions
And soon He turns the final page
We'll look the Author in the face then the book really begins
'Cause something tells me all these years of memories
Are only the first sentence of eternity
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Up for air and carry me away
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