Cowboy Junkies, Follower 2

My father's stories fell upon us Filled us with his light Gospels, fertile minds Taking root, taking root

His pocket change would jingle Sacramental bells Heads tucked low Sneaking peaks, sneaking peaks

And the rain comes down It's dark, and the browns Begin to bite Here you will always be Behind me, and you will not go away

There he sleeps, an untamed land Dark corners yet discovered

His heart yet to be Trod upon, trod upon

I can't bare to hear his breathing Simply knowing what's to come

I can't bare to hear your breathing Knowing what's to come