

# Daniel Lanois, The Maker

Oh, Oh Deep water  
Black, and cold like the night  
I've stand with arms wide open  
I've run a twisted line  
I'm a stranger  
in the eyes of the maker

I could not see  
For the fog in my eyes  
I could not feel  
for the fear in my life  
From across the great divide  
In the distance I saw a light  
Jean Baptiste  
Walking to me with the maker

My body is bent and broken  
By long and dangerous sleep  
I can't work the Fields of Abraham  
And turn my head away  
I'm not a stranger  
In the hands of the maker

Brother John  
Have you seen the homeless daughters  
Standing there  
With broken wings  
I have seen the flaming swords  
There over east of Eden  
Burning in the eyes of the maker  
Burning in the eyes of the maker  
Burning in the eyes of the maker  
Burning in the eyes of the maker

Oh river rise from your sleep....