

# Emmylou Harris, My Father's House

(Bruce Springsteen)

Last night I dreamed that I was a child  
Out where the pines grow wild and tall  
I was trying to make it home through the forest  
Before the darkness falls

I heard the wind rustling through the trees  
And ghostly voices rose from the fields  
I ran with my heart pounding down that broken path  
With the devil snappin' at my heels

I broke through the trees, and there in the night  
My father's house stood shining hard and bright  
The branches and brambles tore my clothes and scratched my arms  
But I ran till I fell, shaking in his arms

I awoke and I imagined the hard things that pulled us apart  
Will never again, sir, tear us from each other's hearts  
I got dressed, and to that house I did ride  
From out on the road, I could see its windows shining in light

I walked up the steps and stood on the porch  
A woman I didn't recognize came and spoke to me through a chained door  
I told her my story, and who I'd come for  
She said "I'm sorry, son, but no one by that name lives here anymore"

My father's house shines hard and bright  
It stands like a beacon calling me in the night  
Calling and calling, so cold and alone  
Shining 'cross this dark highway where our sins lie unatoned