

# Hem, Half Acre

I am holding half an acre  
Torn from the map of Michigan  
And folded in this scrap of paper  
Is the land I grew in

Think of every town you've lived in  
Every room you lay your head  
And what is it that you remember

Do you carry every sadness with you  
Every hour your heart was broken  
Every night the fear and darkness  
Lay down with you

A man is walking on the highway  
A woman stares out at the sea  
And light is only now just breaking

So we carry every sadness with us  
Every hour our hearts were broken  
Every night the fear and darkness  
Lay down with us

But I am holding half an acre  
Torn from the map of Michigan  
I am carrying this scrap of paper

That can crack the darkest sky wide open  
Every burden taken from me  
Every night my heart unfolding  
My home