

# Indigo Girls, White House Blues

Author: Indigo Girls

Album title: Nomads.Indians.Saints

World Falls

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(Amy Ray)

I'm coming home with a stone, strapped onto my back

I'm coming home with a burning hope turning all my blues to black.

I'm looking for a sacred hand to carve into this stone.

A ghost of comfort, Angel's Breath - to keep this life inside my chest.

This world falls on me with hopes of immortality

Everywhere I turn all the beauty just keeps shaking me.

I woke up in the middle of a dream, scared the world was too much for me.

Sejarez said, "Don't let go, just plant the seeds and watch them grow."

I've slept in rainy canyon lands, cold drenched to my skin.

I always wake to find a face to calm these troubled lands.

This world falls on me with hopes of immortality

Everywhere I turn all the beauty just keeps shaking me.

Running - End - Earth - Swimming - Edge - Sea - Laughing - Under - Starry Sky

This world was meant for me.

Don't bury me, carry me.

I wish I was a nomad, an Indian, or a saint.

The edge of death would disappear, leave me nothing to taint.

I wish I was a nomad, an Indian, or a saint.

Give me walking shoes, feathered arms, and a key to heaven's gate.

This world falls on me with hopes of immortality

Everywhere I turn all the beauty just keeps shaking me.

Lyrics reprinted WP/FYC by Trip N. Gregory

Reformatted and extracted to a single lyric file by Doug Henkle