

Mary Chapin Carpenter, Bright Morning Star

Last night I dreamed my head was in a fever
Last night I dreamed it never was so far
To reach a shore of safety and redemption
And to gaze upon a bright morning star

I dreamed I was by friends all but abandoned
I dreamed I was alone but for my scars
And blinded by the tears that fell like water
No more to see my bright morning star

The streets of dreams never looked this lonely
The streets of dreams never felt this hard
I heard my voice barely of a whisper
As the clouds denied a bright morning star

Sometimes this life is no more than a moment
And sometimes the light is lost unto the dark
But courage hears the sound of dawn approaching
And each our own bright morning star

I woke to find every window open
I woke to find the heavy door ajar
And I walked outside and stood upon the hilltop
And gazed once more on a bright morning star

I walked outside and every bird was singing
As I found again my bright morning star