

Ron Sexsmith, Miracle In Itself

As the fields go hurrying by
In a blaze of earth and sky
My thoughts go racing too
To find their way back home
To you

How do I make myself clear?
I dont speak the language here
Dont know my way around
Im a stranger in the town
You know

Patience says my heart and mind
But my soul knows it must leave in time
As the sun goes solemnly down
In the fields beyond this town
It holds me in its spell
Its a miracle in itself
You know

Patience says my heart and mind
But my soul knows it must leave in time
It holds me in its spell
Its a miracle in itself
You know