

# 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