

Sandi Thom, Soul Mining

When the twilight fades away,
Stars light up a secret place.
Here in the silence all the night,
Wither of hope runs through the night.

There's a clock of the heart that's got perfect timing,
The tree of youth lets your children go climbing.
We are soul mining,
Digging for diamonds in the dirt.
Precious beauty on this earth.
We are soul mining.

Sometimes we don't understand,
All the hurt that this world brings.
In the arms of your sweet embrace,
All the fears just fade a way.

There's a song of hope n' every word is rhythming,
The tree of youth lets your children go climbing.
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