

Skylark, Wildflower

She's faced the hardest times you could imagine
And many times her eyes fought back the tears
And when her youthful world was about to fall in
Each time her slender shoulders bore the weight of all her fears
And a sorrow no one hears
Still rings in midnight silence in her ears

Let her cry, for she's a lady
Let her dream, for she's a child
Let the rain fall down upon her
She's a free and gentle flower growing wild

And if by chance I should hold her
Let me hold her for a time
But if allowed just one possession
I would pick her from the garden to be mine

Be careful how you touch her, for she'll awaken
And sleep's the only freedom that she knows
And when you walk into her eyes, you won't believe
The way she's always paying for a debt she never owes
And a silent wind still blows
That only she can hear, and so she goes

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She's a flower growing wild
She's free