

The Innocence Mission, One For Sorrow, Two For

Today is a winter Sunday.
We wear our heavy coats.
The soul of my brother
is pure, though he doesn't think so.
Oh one for sorrow,
Oh one for sorrow, two for joy.

We walk the whole two miles to Holly.
I want to hold his hand but I don't.
The thoughts of my brother,
Where and when they fly I don't know.

Oh one for sorrow,
Oh one for sorrow, two for joy.

Everything is going to be
Much better in the spring.

Today is a winter Sunday.
We wear our heavy coats.
The soul of my brother
is pure, though he doesn't think so.
Oh one for sorrow,
Oh one for sorrow,
Oh one for sorrow,
One for sorrow, two for joy.

What is coming down from the north road,
what is coming up from the ground?
Going up, going down.
Though we don't know much at all,
stand ever firmly, love,
we'll stand ever firmly, love.