

# 2nd Chapter Of Acts, The White Stag

Saw him runnin' thru the Western Wood  
A very rare sight to see  
He can make your wishes good  
If brought into captivity

So hi-ho away we go  
Off to capture our wish  
Hi low the white stag goes  
Slippery as a fish

Dismount your horse and off to where  
We lost him thru the thicket  
We lost our hope and our wish lies bare  
And now we'll never find it

I feel like I've been here before  
This feeling, I can't shake it  
A tree of iron from the world before  
With a lantern on it

Oh lamp post

Narnia, Narnia

Something is happening in me...