

Alela Diane, Age Old Blue

The sea beneath the cliff
Is the blue in my mother's eyes
That came from the blue in her mother's eyes
Thrown on down the line
By our family who worked the field
On borrowed land above the ocean
My family worked the field on borrowed land
Higher hills do not provide
For hearts born of coral and moss
Where rain won't flow beyond our stream
And water is captive to the well
There was a gentleman
I've always known his children's songs
Blue eyes were hardened by the war
But still he went on singing
Night can't hide a man
When his eyes are tearing
The night can't hide his cries
There's only a few of us left
Higher hills do not provide
For hearts born of coral and moss
Where rain won't flow beyond our stream
And water is captive to the well
I've known that age old blue
Lies in home with sirens tombs
He's left a deep desire
For a home beside the water
Shady rhythm calms the night
And that voice is never still
You know a voice is never still
And a voice is never silent
Shady rhythm calms the night
And that voice is never still
You know a voice is never still
And a voice is never silent
Higher hills do not provide
For hearts born of coral and moss
Where rain won't flow beyond our stream
And water is captive to the well