

# Alison Krauss, Faraway Land

(one...two...three...four...)

When years seem like days to me,  
No time on my hands.  
I run away to a place in me to a faraway land.

When home seems so far from me,  
Heaven's lights grow dim.  
It's just as far as my deepest heart,  
Where my heart's father lives.  
His quiet voice speaking in silence every day,  
If I will only listen to the words he has to say.  
I'll walk in his spirit and see him in my face.  
I will live cause he will live in my place.

When life seem so hard to bear,  
When shadows look real.  
The circumstance is your father's care,  
Don't find faith by what you feel.  
If you have been running too,  
Stop now in your tracks.  
Turn again to the one in you,  
And put your burden on his back.

His quiet voice speaking in silence every day,  
If I will only listen to the words he has to say.  
I'll walk in his spirit and see him in your face.  
I will live cause he will live in my place.

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no time on my hands.  
I run away to a place in me to a faraway land.