

Chris Whitley, To Joy

I made a bid for you, you know
Far as it was in me somewhere to go
She goes, make my presence felt by
By all the innocence you destroy
She know, angels and even devils too
All await to show how far we come to joy
How far we come
She goes, make my presence felt by
By all the revolution you employ
She know, angels and even devils too
All await to show how far we come to joy
How far we come, how far we come, how far we come
Go down to the river with your rod
All that which ain't all good is yet all God
She goes, make my presence felt by
By all the innocence you destroy
She know, angels and even devils too
They all await to show how far we come to joy
She goes, make my presence felt by
By all the revolution you employ
She know, angels and even devils too
All await to show how far we come to joy
How far we come, how far we've come