

# Dianne Reeves, Better Days

Silver gray hair  
Neatly combed in place  
There were four generations  
Of love on her face  
She was so wise  
No surprise passed her eyes  
She's seen it all

I was a child, oh  
About three or four  
All day I'd ask questions  
At night I'd ask more  
But whenever, she never  
Would ever turn me away  
No, no oh woah  
I'd say how can I be sure  
What is right or wrong  
And why does  
What I want  
Always take so long  
Please tell me  
Where does God live  
And why won't  
He talk to me  
I'd say Grandma  
What is love  
Will I ever find out  
Why are we so poor  
What is life about  
I wanna know the answers  
Before I fall off to sleep  
Woah ho woah ho

She saw the smile  
As she tucked me in  
Then she pulled up that  
Old rockin' chair once again  
But tonight she was  
Slightly, remarkably  
Different somehow  
Slowly she rocked  
Lookin' half asleep  
Grandma yawned  
As she stretched  
Then she started to speak  
What she told me  
Would mould me and hold me  
Together inside  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

She said all the things you ask  
You will know someday  
But you have got to live  
In a patient way  
God put us here by fate  
And by fate that means  
Better days

She said, child we are all  
Moons in the dark of night  
Ain't no mornings gonna come  
Till the time is right  
Can't get no better days lest  
You make it through the night

You gotta make it  
Through the night  
Yes you do  
You can't get to no  
Better days  
Unless you make it  
Through the night (baby)  
Oh ho, you will see  
Those better days  
But you gotta be patient  
Be patient, oh baby  
Be patient

Later that year at  
The turn of spring  
Heaven sent angels down  
And gave Grandma her wings  
Now, she's flyin'  
And slidin', and glidin'  
In better days  
And although  
I'm all grown up  
I still get confused  
I stumble through the dark  
Getting bumped and bruised  
When night gets in my way  
I could still hear  
My Grandma say  
I can hear her say  
I can hear her sayin'

You can't get to no  
Better days  
Unless you make it  
Through the night (baby)  
Oh ho, you will see  
Those better days  
But you gotta be patient  
Child, do you hear me, yeah  
Well, well, well, well  
You can't get to no, no  
Better days  
Unless you make it  
You got to make it  
You got to make it  
Through the night  
Oh Grandma, oh Grandma  
Do you see me now, lady  
Oh oh oh oh oh  
Tender replies