

Heather Nova, Walking Higher

I carry you with me,
A ghost inside
And in these shattered arms,
You're still alive.
I carry you with me,
A holy shrine
And dogs and angels follow
Right behind.

Could I be walking higher,
Could I be right beside her?

The bones they buried,
Will feed the trees
But every word you ever spoke,
Is still in me.

Could I be walking higher,
Could I be right beside her?

And I will feel for you in the music,
And I will send that river home.
And I will cry for you sometimes,
When the night is down.
And I raise my head up to the mountains,
Talk to the birds and I fly,
'Cause the spirit lives on,
When the body dies.

And could I be walking higher,
Could I be right beside her?
Could I be walking higher,
Could I be right beside her?