

Jars Of Clay, The Chair

she always knew the things to say
she had a smile to end a frown
sometimes it seems she didn't notice
and sometimes she dreams
sometimes she tries to dance

she calls out "hi ho silver" from her chair
she dreams of somehow saving the day

the chair a pressing door left open
her heart the key she always turns
a locking peace, no understanding
it was all she knew
and what she held on to

she calls out "hi ho silver" from her chair
(she calls out "hi ho silver")
she dreams of somehow saving the day
(she dreams)
she rides out west into the sunset
she knew she could, she'd somehow find a way

upon the legs that wouldn't carry
fly away around the sun
and leave the misery for heaven
and sometimes dream again the dance
and as the grass grows through the concrete
life embraces bitter land
she learned to trust, she learned to love
she walked the dream, she walked the dance