

Kathy Mattea, A Few Good Things Remain

I heard a siren late last night
You must have felt me shiver
Shaken by a wave of fright
That you calm with a whisper
And fear gave way to better things
And sweeter dreams

Like a warm spring rain
On a roof above
The way you call my name
When we make love
While the world outside my window goes insane
You're here to remind me a few good things remain

When living leaves my pride bruised up
I'm fragile as a feather
The storms of life just won't let up
You're like a change of weather
When dust settles on my dreams
You wash them clean

Like a warm spring rain
On a roof above
The way you call my name
When we make love
While the world outside my window goes insane
You're here to remind me a few good things remain

While the world outside my window goes insane
You're here to remind me a few good things remain
You're here to remind me a few good things remain