

# 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  
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