

# Mary Chapin Carpenter, Someone Else's Prayer

(Mary Chapin Carpenter)

Tonight the brightest moon in a hundred years  
Floods the streets of Rome and I am standing here  
Wondering where the ghosts of antiquity  
Hide on nights like this once a century  
Where do shadows fall when there's only light  
Why'd you follow me halfway 'round the world tonight  
What I'd give right now not to even care  
And then this could be someone else's prayer

And on a sleepless night by St. Stephen's Green  
Oh I turned and tossed with my Irish dreams  
And when the morning shone through the burned off mist  
I could sense you still just as close as this  
Just as close as lips brush against a cheek  
It's your voice I hear and it's your name I speak  
But when I look around there's no one there  
How I wish you were someone else's prayer

And now the twilight comes as a silent guest  
And of all its gifts I like stillness best  
Except for tin roof rains that commence with spring  
It's a lullaby when that tin roof sings  
Now you can look for me on the streets of Rome  
Or in Dublin town but I've gone back home  
I would always be just a stranger there  
And now you're free to be someone else's prayer