

# Mary Chapin Carpenter, We're All Right

Let's go down to the fields tonight  
Where the grass grows round our knees  
Lay down in the silver light  
Dripping through the trees  
Broken halo in my hands  
And distance in your eyes  
The past is gone, good luck, so long  
Cross ourselves and hope to fly

No roadmaps, no signposts  
No north star, no lifeboats  
No cavalry coming in sight  
But we're all right

Let's feel small in the world tonight  
Beneath a giant sky  
Forget for once who is wrong or right  
Just let it all go by

Close our eyes when we grow tired  
And dream of where we'll be  
When night gives way to another day  
Have we ever woken up this free

I never had a talisman, I never wore a charm  
But it's not too late to believe that fate  
Was always keeping us from harm

No roadmap, no signposts  
No north star, no lifeboats  
No miracles coming in sight  
No voices to guide us, no angels beside us  
No shaman, no mystical light  
No omens, no compass, no seer, no prophet  
No cavalry coming in sight  
But we're all right  
We're all right  
We're all right  
We're all right