

Rheostatics, Loving Arms

Dave Merritt

It takes a trip, a step away from your own home
To see more clearly what otherwise you wouldn't know,
Like what makes a seed--sewn in garden fabric--grow.

Leave it up to the sun to shine, the rain to fall around.
Leave it up to the earth to lie down and lay the ground
For something like love.

It takes a trip, a step away from what you know
To trace your family back as far as time can go,
To see what made it and will forever let it grow.

Leave it up to the loving arms to carry it along.
Leave it up to the beauty of love that's travelled on.
It didn't go it alone.

Leave it up to the smallest pieces everything is made of.
They didn't go it alone. They hang on with loving arms.
Leave it up to the loving arms.