

Sixpence None the Richer, The Ground You Shook

I never knew you but you seemed to be, to me, a great man
wise as a serpent and gentle as a hillside white lamb
we heard your voice
we saw your choice
it's written on us

I wish I'd know you and learned the way to walk the narrow path
but I am grateful that you left your words to follow like a map
within the dark land you gave us a lamp
by which we might see

we heard your voice
we saw your choice
it's written on us

and we walk the ground that you shook
we read the words in your book
and learn how to break our own ground
all the lambs will roar beautiful sounds