

# Wishing Chair, Handmade

We'll build our small house  
With our own hands  
We'll plant apple trees in the orchard  
The hay will stay dry  
The woodpile stacked high  
You'll sleep in my arms  
Till the morning

Horses and corn  
The new calves are born  
In the barn on a late winter morning  
There's planting in spring  
And the trust that time brings  
When two people work for each other

This life will be handmade  
With patience and love as our mortar  
Learning old ways  
We'll struggle and save  
I swear we are rich beyond measure

When everything's done  
We'll kiss in the sun  
On a blanket laid down by the river  
We'll swim and we'll dry  
Watch the hawks fly  
While the coyotes cry in the distance

We'll learn all we can  
Protect the land  
Honor and cherish the Mother  
Dance under the stars  
Count meteors  
Growing this love for each other  
While we grow in this love for each other

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With patience and love as our mortar  
Learning old ways  
We'll struggle and save  
I swear we are rich beyond measure