

Across The Fields

10,000 Maniacs

Well they left then in the morning,
a hundred pairs of wings
in the light moved together
in the colors of the morning
I looked to the clouds
in the cirrus sky and they'd gone.

Across the marshes,
across the fields below.
I fell through the vines
and I hoped they would catch me below.

If only to take me with them there,
tell me the part that shines
in your heart on the wind.

And the reeds blew in the morning.
Take me along to the places
you've gone when my eyes looked away.
Tell me the song that you sing
in the trees in the dawning.
Tell me the part that shines
in your heart and the rays of love forever,
please take me there.