Take Us Back

Alela Diane

The tops of crags and cliffs, the air is thin So we'll find a mountain path on down the hill Meet me where the snow mount flows It is there, my dear, where we will begin again Skipping stones, braiding hair Last year's antlers mark the trail Take us back, oh, take us back Oh, take us, take us back I've a friend who lives out by the rivers mouth He knows the fiddles cry is an old sound A lonesome creeks and moans of empty houses Are songs of like fallen rain Windblown buildings, muddy ground The strength of water can sink a man Take us back, oh, take us back Oh, take us, take us back When the higher hills have turned blue And the waves are lapping where the children grew All that we have know will be an echo Of days when love was true Muted voices just beyond The silent surface of what has gone