

# Shine Your Light on Me

Andrew Peterson

I remember once I broke down in the country  
I was sixteen with a broken heart in bloom  
And I walked home through the pines  
Nobody saw me but the moon

By sunrise I could hear the church bells ringing  
I got there as the saints were marching in  
I sat down on the back row  
And heard the story once again

And the servants of the secret fire  
Were gathered there  
The embers of the ages  
Like a living prayer  
And all at once I saw the shadows flee  
Shine your light on me, on me  
Be a light unto my path  
And a lamp unto my feet

They flew us down to Oklahoma city  
Yeah, but I could hardly stand there on the stage  
So sick I couldn't speak  
And the fever wouldn't break

But when I stepped up to the microphone I heard it  
It was the voices of the brothers at my side  
They were singing out my song  
When the song in me had died

Oh, shine your light on me

Somebody come and get me when I'm gone

Two years ago I drove into a darkness  
I straightened every curve on cane ridge road  
And I could hear the flapping wings  
Of every devil I have known

And the inside of my car was like a casket  
But then it flooded with a blaze of sacred light  
She was calling me back home  
And as I pulled into the drive

I knew the servants of the secret fire  
Were gathered there  
The embers of the ages  
Like a living prayer  
She was standing on the porch where I could see  
Shine your light on me, on me  
Be a light unto my path  
And a lamp unto my feet