

## Sacred Harmony

B.J. Thomas

It's not a wall that's holding me here  
It's not a prison and it hasn't been no crime  
I will say it is the pain  
In the faces of them all

It's not the grave standing over me  
It's not the study of the years and the years gone by  
Not the efforts of a flight  
Bent hard against the ground

Sacred harmony  
Blessed mystery  
Won't you sing it  
Sing it in church for me

In the distance a woman and a violin  
A child a home on a raging river bend  
Oh what questions  
What mighty trials you can devise  
To turn my eyes

In the gray and the haunted winter ground  
Lives a singer who has never made a sound  
But a heart was just heard  
Beating loud beneath the snow  
And it wants to know

Sacred harmony  
Blessed mystery  
Won't you sing it  
Sing it in church for me