

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