The Souls of All My Dears

Iris DeMent

The souls of all my dears have flown to the stars
The souls of all my dears have flown to the stars

Memory, your hour returns with each new year
I see, I hear, I touch you drawing near

You step onto the porch and call my name
Your face rests up against the frosted pane

Let from the lids of bronze, unmoving eyes
Snow melt and stream like tears each human cries

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