

Secret Wine

Joan Osborne

Whatever God may still exist
Please look down on your daughter
And fill her with your secret wine
That washes her like water

If she don't know me anymore
If all her past is lost
Then fill her with your secret light
That sparkles on the frost

Once she was my everything
Her body was my home
If she can't remember me
Don't let her be alone

Take away her terrors too
And leave her mind at ease
Fill her with your secret song
That whispers through the trees

I don't want to let her go
But if must I must
Please take her hand and comfort her
And show her who to trust

Out of her six lives have come
And out of those eight more
Show me how to take us back
To how it was before

If confusion's raining down
If on the waves she's tossed
Oh fill her with your secret wine
To help her sail across