

A Few Good Things Remain

Kathy Mattea

I heard a siren late last night,
You must have felt me shiver,
Shaken by a wave of fright,
That you calm with a whisper.
And fear gave way to better things,
Like a warm summer and sweeter dreams.

Like a warm spring rain, on a roof above;
The way you call my name, when we make love.
While the world outside my window goes insane,
You're here to remind me, a few good things remain.

When living leaves my pride bruised up,
I'm fragile as a feather.
The storms of life just won't let up,
You're like a change of weather.
When dust settles on my dreams,
You wash them clean.

Like a warm spring rain, on a roof above;
The way you call my name, when we make love.
While the world outside my window goes insane,
You're here to remind me, a few good things remain.

While the world outside my window goes insane,
You're here to remind me, a few good things remain.

You're here to remind me, a few good things remain.