

And Still

Laura Cantrell

Your father said
We'll leave the land and love behind
Have no regrets
Our life is on the other side
But words have a cost words'll bring grief
Words you have lost, words you believed
And still...

Your father said
The poorest man should love his life
With no regret
There but for the grace go I
But he'll light the fire and leave you the ash
He'll have the last word and leave you the lash
And still...

I hear voices speak again
I hear voices echoing

Your children said
We'll never learn this compromise
But what they meant
They want you here to share their life
Here where the sun is distant in light
Here where the sadness fills up my night
Here for the bells, here for the gold
Here where the children are suddenly old
And still...

I hear voices speak again
I hear voices echoing

And still...