

## 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...