

Silent Thunder

Lila Downs

There's a blade of grass that's growing
in the garden of your path
every morning when you walk beside
i feel it swaying

in the silence of my thoughts
there's a little open book
with the names, the times that passed its light
surrounding you

silent thunder, can we make it to the end
you keep telling me to listen to the wind
those who know I can't hear you
busy running back and forth, just can't hear you

have a cruiser in your name
i was raised on seeds of corn
in the yearning of a dream
i was traded beads for threads of gold