

Barley

Lizz Wright

The wind that shakes the barley will not shake me
The wind that shakes the barley will not shake me
The wind that shakes the barley won't shake me
Like my grandma told me this I sew though that I see

The fire that takes the kindling will not take me
The fire that takes the kindling will not take me
The fire that takes the kindling it won't take me
Like my grandma told me this I sew though that I see

And the rain that floods the valley will not drown me
The rain that floods the valley will not drown me
The rain that floods the valley won't drown me
Like my grandma told me this I sew though that I see

The hawk that stoops the sparrow will not strike me
The hawk that stoops the sparrow will not strike me
The hawk that stoops the sparrow it won't won't strike me
Like my grandma told me this I sew though that I see

The dark before the dawn breaks will not bind me
The dark before the dawn breaks will not bind me
The dark before the dawn breaks it won't bind me
Like my grandma told this I sew though that I see

The wind that shakes the barley will not shake me
The wind that shakes the barley will not shake me
The wind that shakes the barley no it won't shake me
Like my grandma told me this I sew though that I see