

# Root of Mercy

Lizz Wright

I remember  
She had a tree  
An oak down Thompson Lane  
She would kneel and pray there  
Till she rose in glory

Leaning limbs and sweeping moss  
Over the dusty road  
They tell me  
How she laid there till she found her peace

At the root of mercy  
In the quiet place

Hear me Lord, hide me  
Hide me  
Hear me Lord, hide me

When the city sends me home  
Weary from dreaming  
I remember  
And I kinda hold my breath  
Trying to hear  
The street has a different name  
But I know this place

At the root of mercy  
In the quiet place

Hear me Lord, hide me  
Hide me  
Remember my children

Hear me Lord, hide me