

## Southland Of The Heart

Maria Muldaur

When the wild-eyed dogs of day to day  
Come snapping at your heels  
And there's so much coming at you  
That you don't know how to feel  
When they've taken all your money  
And then come back for your clothes  
When your hands are full of thorns  
But you can't quit groping for the rose

In the southland of the heart  
Where night blooms perfume the breeze  
Lie down  
Take your rest with me

When thoughts you've tried to leave behind  
Keep sniping from the dark  
When the fire burns inside you but  
You jump from every spark  
When your heart's beset by memories  
You wish you'd never made  
When the sun comes up an enemy

And nothing gives you shade

In the southland of the heart  
Where the saints go lazily  
Lie down  
Take your rest with me

When the preacher lays his insight down  
And claims to lead the blind  
When those you trust just get you hooked  
And trifle with your mind  
When the nightmare's creeping closer  
And your wheels are in the mud  
When everything's ambiguous  
Except the taste of blood

In the southland of the heart  
There's no question of degree  
Lie down  
Take your rest with me

In the southland of the heart  
Everyone was always free  
Lie down  
Take your rest with me