

The Age Of Miracles

Mary Chapin Carpenter

The past comes upon you like smoke on the air
You can smell it and find yourself gone
To a place that you lived without worry or care
Isn't that where we all once came from

Green leaves and tall trees and stars overhead
And the sound of the world through the screen
But now you sleep with the covers pulled over your head
And you never remember to dream

You think you're just standing still
One day you'll get up that hill
In the age of miracles
Is one on the way

Greenland is melting, the west is on fire
But don't ever stop praying for rain
It's a curious place between hope and desire
Different gods, but the prayer is the same

And thousand-year storms seem to form on a breeze
Drowning all living things in their paths
And when a small southern town finds a rope in a tree
We're all once again trapped in the past

It seems we're just standing still
One day we'll get up that hill
In the age of miracles
Is one on the way

We can fly through space with the greatest of ease
We can land in the dust of the moon
We can transform our lives with the tap of the keys
Still we can't shake this feeling of doom

But I woke to find monks pouring into the streets
Marching thousands strong into the rain
Now if courage comes dressed in red robes and bare feet
I will never be fearful again

If I'm just standing still
One day I'll get up that hill
In the age of miracles, is one on the way

Seems we're just standing still
One day we'll ride up that hill
In the age of miracles
There's one on the way
There's one on the way
There's one on the way
There's one on the way
There's one on the way
There's one on the way