

Seashells On The Windows, Candles And A Magic Stone

Mary MacGregor

Your hands are a home to me
Warm me when I'm shaken by the cold
Turning in circles
You touch the frightened child in me
Seashells on the window, candles and a magic stone

Your eyes seem to help me see
Lead me where my path is overgrown
Like light in the forest
You share the darkness when I sleep
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Wishing wells and witch's spells of doubt
With the twilight of evening
Hope becomes a hopeless fantasy
Someone's touch is just enough I would sink
Through the silence of dreaming
I heard your call, I'm calling you to me

Oh, your love gives me all I need
Fills the empty longing in my soul
Of wanting to hold you
Your hands are a home to me
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