

Out In The Fields

Meredith Brooks

Empty streets like winter cold, feelings cut without a trace
Hands reach out ready to fold, another tear falls into place
Running through a quiet fire, I can see the flames grow wild
I hear a crimson word, inside, I am free

Out in the fields, the sky is burning
I feel the joy returning, out in the fields
Listen to the winds of heaven, I feel with a rhyme and reason

Scattered pictures like my thoughts
Shattered glass watch where I walk
Unspoken words tear me apart, another hole right through my heart
Looking through an open window, touching all around me
I see a silver rose, outside, I am free