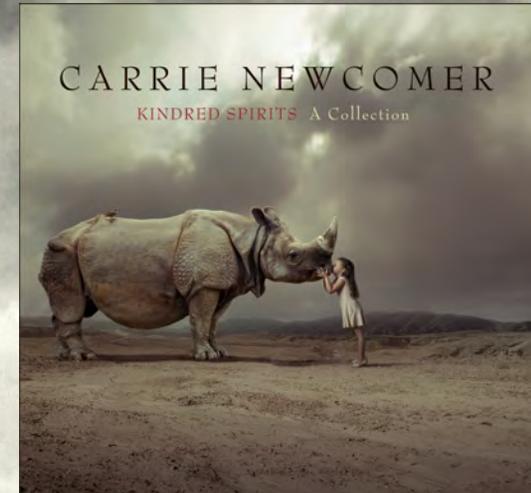


# CARRIE NEWCOMER **KINDRED SPIRITS**: A COLLECTION LYRICS

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## The Speed of Soul

*This song was inspired by Phillip Gulley's essay The March of Progress and a Native American saying, "You should never travel further in a day than your soul can travel." Just because we can, doesn't mean we should.*

I found her sleeping in a Kansas truck stop,  
In the corner booth.  
She'd been waiting there for months,  
And that's the truth.

She looked at me with wary eyes,  
She'd heard all my lies.  
She was not surprised,  
She just looked at me  
And shook her head.

Chorus: Come back, Come home.  
I'm gathering the crumbs and stones.  
Been traveling faster than my soul  
Can go.

One subject line, one click away,  
But at the end of the day,  
I couldn't even say,  
The things that I had done.

So I spent the morning sweeping floors.  
I didn't want much more,  
Then to do just one thing at a time,  
And call it mine.

Chorus

Before songs were grooves and lines

And caught in jars like fireflies,  
The only place a song was held  
Soft and razor-sharp  
Was in the heart.

Mr. Gatling made a Gatling gun  
He said it would end war  
For who could send some mothers son  
Through such a door

But the bullets move at the speed of cold  
Drones do as they're told  
And the men go home at night  
And kiss the wife  
And watch TV  
And never see  
All those souls untethered  
Floating out to sea

Chorus



## I Believe

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer

I believe there are some debts  
that we never can repay  
I believe there are some words  
that you can never unsay  
And I don't know a single soul  
who didn't get lost along the way.

I believe in socks and gloves  
knit out of soft grey wool,  
And that there's a place in heaven for those  
Who teach in public school.  
And I know I get some things right ,  
But mostly I'm a fool.

Chorus I believe in a good strong cup of ginger tea,  
And all these shoots and roots will become a tree.  
All I know is I can't help but see  
All of this as so very holy.

I believe in jars of jelly  
put up by careful hands,  
I believe most folks are doing  
about the best they can,  
And I know there are some things  
that I will never understand.

Chorus I believe there's healing in the sound of your voice,  
And that a summer tomato is a cause to rejoice,  
And that following a song was never really a choice.  
Never really.

Bridge: I believe in a good long letter written on real paper and  
with real pen,  
I believe in the ones I love and know I'll never see again,  
I believe in the kindness of strangers and the comfort of old

friends,  
And when I close my eyes to sleep at night it's good to say,  
"Amen"

I believe that life's comprised of smiles and sniffles and tears,  
And in an old coat that still has another good year,  
Ball I need is here.

Chorus I believe in a good strong cup of ginger tea,  
And all these shoots and roots will become a tree.  
All I know is I can't help but see  
All of this as so very holy.

I believe.

Originally appeared on Carrie Newcomer's Available Light  
Recording *Everything is Everywhere*.



## I Breathe In Breathe Out

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer

*This song was inspired by a beautiful poem written by an American mystic poet named Mary Oliver called, "Blackwater Pond."*

To live we learn what we love most,  
Embrace it all and hold it close .  
Breathe it in and breathe it out, let it go.

To live is to love so many things,  
Fly on beautiful wax wings.  
Breathe it in and breathe it out, let it go.

Breathe it in and breathe it out, let it go.  
Breathe it in and breathe it out, let it go, let it go.  
Breath in breath out, let it go, let it go.

I held anger like a coal,  
Burning hot but did not let go,  
With the thought that I could throw it at someone.  
Such a hard lesson to learn,  
My own hand was what got burned.  
Breathe it in and breathe it out, Let it go

Breathe it in and breathe it out, let it go.  
Breathe it in and breathe it out, let it go, let it go.  
Breath in breath out, let it go, let it go.

What is won is won,  
What is done is done  
Let it go  
What is real is real,  
What we feel we feel  
Then let go

I saw one candle in the night,  
Become a thousand lights.  
Breathe it in and breathe it out, let it go.  
Life is fleeting this I know,  
Short and draped in marigolds.  
Breathe it in and breathe it out, let it go.

Breathe it in and breathe it out, let it go.

Breathe it in and breathe it out, let it go, let it go.  
Breath in breath out, let it go, let it go.

Originally appeared on Carrie Newcomer's Available Light Recording  
*Everything is Everywhere.*



## There is a Tree

*"I dreamt that the spirit of God passed by close enough to fog the window. I've come to believe that mystery is as near as my front porch. There is a song at the center of all things."*

Last night I dreamt you very near  
Though the night was dark beyond the glass.  
I knew you'd left before I woke  
But you'd fogged the window when you passed.

The air was still and smelled like rain,  
Though I'd never known so dry a spell.  
And what I heard there in the dark,  
Are the secrets I will never tell?

Chorus: There is a tree beyond the world.  
In it's ancient roots a song is curled.  
I'm the fool whose life's been spent.  
Between what's said and what is meant.

I didn't mean what went so wrong.  
Some things I wish I didn't know.  
I've always lived inside my head.  
And often utterly alone

I will be a pillow for your head.  
You can make me promises you can't keep.  
And I'll believe each word you've said.  
And hum to you while you sleep.

### Chorus

You took me by my shaking hand,  
Laughed at me and closed the door,  
Put your hands to my waist,  
And waltzed rue round the kitchen floor.

### Chorus

So I will wander without fail  
In circles that grow ever wide  
The sky expands and then exhales  
With an ache that never subsides

### Chorus

Originally appeared on Carrie Newcomer's Rounder Records Recording *The Geography of Light*.



## Geodes

*"My home in Southern Indiana is a rolling green land abundant in limestone and the mysterious rocks called geodes. Geodes are so copious in this part of the state that we pile them in our gardens and think of them as commonplace. I am fascinated with these unassuming brown and grey stones that contain inside them a sparkling center of quartz crystals. They are surprising beautiful and a wonderful metaphor. They remind me to look deeper, because often within what may appear quite ordinary is a core of beauty and mystery. Sometimes I will take visiting friends on muddy walks along the hills and hollows of my home pointing out the creek beds full of geodes. Often they confess that if I hadn't pointed out these unadorned stones their presence would have been missed entirely. But once familiar with the signature lumpy look of geodes these friends begin to see the stones everywhere. This is how paying attention works. At first I have to look quite deliberately to find the sparkling center of things, but eventually I begin to notice the patterns and come to expect the unexpected." -Carrie*

You can't always tell one from another.  
And it's best not to judge a book by its tattered cover.  
I have found when I tried or looked deeper inside.  
What appears unadorned might be wondrously formed.  
You can't always tell but sometimes you just know.

Round here we throw geodes in our gardens.  
They're as common as the rain or corn silk in July.  
Unpretentious browns and grays the stain of Indiana clay,  
They're what's left of shallow seas glacial rock and mystery,  
And inside their shines a crystal bright as promise,

All these things that we call familiar,  
Are just miracles clothed in the commonplace.  
You'll see it if you try in the next stranger's eyes,  
God walks around in muddy boots, sometimes rags and that's  
the truth,  
You can't always tell, but sometimes you just know.

Some say geodes are made from pockets of tears,  
Trapped away in small places for years upon years.  
Pressed down and transformed, 'til the true self was born,

And the whole world moved on like the last notes of a song,  
A love letter sent without return address.

You can't always tell one from another.  
And it's best not to judge a book by its tattered cover.  
Now I don't open them to see folks 'round here just like me,  
We have come to believe there's hidden good in common  
things.  
You can't always tell but sometimes you just know.  
You can't always tell but sometimes you just know.

Originally appeared on Carrie Newcomer's Rounder Records  
Recording *The Geography of Light*.



## The Gathering of Spirits

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer

Chorus: Let it go my love my truest,  
Let it sail on silver wings  
Life's a twinkling that's for certain,  
But it's such a fine thing  
There's a gathering of spirits  
There's a festival of friends  
And we'll take up where we left off  
When we all meet again.

Verse: I can't explain it. I couldn't if I tried  
How the only things we carry  
Are the things we hold inside  
Like a day in out the open,  
Like the love we won't forget  
Like the laughter that we started  
And hasn't died down yet

Chorus

Verse: Oh yah, now didn't we  
And don't we make it shine  
Aren't we standing in the center of  
Something rare and fine  
Some glow like embers  
Or light through colored glass  
Some give it all in one great flame  
Throwing kisses as they pass

Chorus

Verse: Just east of Eden  
But there's heaven in our midst  
And we're never really all that far  
From those we love and miss  
Wade out in the water  
There's a glory all around  
The wisest say there's a 1000 ways

The kneel and kiss the ground

Chorus: Let it go my love my truest,  
Let it sail on silver wings  
Life's a twinkling that's for certain,  
But it's such a fine thing  
There's a gathering of spirits  
There's a festival of friends  
And we'll take up where we left off  
When we all meet again.  
And we'll take up where we left off  
When we all meet again.

Originally appeared on Carrie Newcomer's Rounder Records  
Recording *The Gathering of Spirits*.



## Sparrow

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer

When the evening like a sparrow  
Folds down it's small wings  
All the light bones and the feathers of the day  
Only now in that moment  
Stop the rushing and just hold me  
Lay your hands where it hurts  
And we'll leave it that way

I have often dreamt of angels  
But I very rarely see them  
But I know that they've been there  
Because something smells like sky  
In the rustle of their presence  
It sounds a lot like your breathing  
Sounds a lot like a promise  
But I can't say why

I have searched all the wise and the unwise places  
I have known the price of passion  
And what solitude can buy  
But it was you I was looking for in all those faces  
Always you I was hoping for  
When I closed my eyes

I will gather all the feathers  
That collect up in the corners  
All the rising and the fallings  
In the quiet of the day  
When you speak there's a flutter  
Of some winged thing stirring  
Lay your head on my heart  
And we'll leave it that way

Originally appeared on Carrie Newcomer's Rounder Records  
Recording *Bare to the Bone Live*.



## I Do Not Know its Name

*The opening lines of the Tao Te Ching are translated as "The Tao that can be expressed is not the Everlasting Tao. The Name that can be named is not the Everlasting Name." This song is a little hymn to mystery and the mysterious.*

He leaned and whispered as he turned the page,  
And he said "Make yourself into a flame"  
A crazy old lion with his hair all backlit,  
Grinnin' like a little boy who has a secret.

Chorus: I do not know its name  
'Though it's ever intertwining,  
And I believe it must look like an old man shining

We were eating summer peaches by a roadside stand,  
Juice running down like laughter on our chin and on our hands  
When we were done we looked around and smiled at each other,  
And you said, "Come on Carrie, let's have another."

Chorus: I do not know its name  
No matter how I try  
But I think it must taste like peaches eaten by the roadside

He drove a rental car shuttle to the airport on Sundays  
We chatted that grey morning 'bout the choir he sang with  
Wednesdays.  
He sang a haunting gospel hymn shameless and clear,  
With only me a wandering stranger sitting there to hear.

Chorus: I do not know its name  
Elusive and subtle,  
But I believe it must sound like that man singing in the shuttle.

Standing in the river barefoot in the current,  
I hear a birdcall and try to learn it.  
The water is a wonder, it's cold and fast and deep,  
I saw fish go swimming out too far for me to reach.

Chorus: I do not know its name,  
Swimmer or watcher.  
But I believe that there is always something,  
Moving beneath the water.

If holy is a sphere that cannot be rendered,  
There is no middle place because all of it is center

I do not know its name  
I do not know its name  
I do not know its name

Originally appeared on Carrie Newcomer's Rounder Records  
Recording *Before and After*.



## Before and After

*There are experiences by which we mark our lives. Some of these experiences are large events - the birth of a child, the loss of a parent, a wedding or divorce. Some of these experiences are small moments that we did not realize at the time would effect us so profoundly. There is always another a before and after and because of that, our lives grow deeper.*

The dust settles after a hit and run  
Bewildered by the damage done  
I don't know why we chose the roads we travel  
Or how a life could get so unraveled.

Chorus: We live our lives from then until now,  
By the mercy received and the marks on our brow  
To my heart I'll collect what the four winds will scatter  
And frame my life into before and after.

Once a trick of light made me believe,  
A red fire was blazing from every tree.  
We held hands as the evening gathered.  
I forgave myself for what I didn't ask her.

I once saw the sky filled with falling stars  
Bumped my head in the dark and it left a scar  
Held on too tight before I let it go,  
Then forgave my myself for what I didn't know.

Chorus: We live our lives from then until now,  
By the mercy received and the marks on our brow  
To my heart I'll collect what the four winds will scatter  
And frame my life into before and after.

I've stretched my soul over fifty states,  
I have lived on fumes and religious cornflakes,  
And once I dreamt my shoe had grown thin and battered,  
And forgave myself for what didn't matter.

God said Cain where is your brother,  
And who will tell his grieving mother?  
Jacob dreamt an angel called his name  
And he never was the same

Chorus: We live our lives from then until now,  
By the mercy received and the marks on our brow  
To my heart I'll collect what the four winds will scatter  
And frame my life into before and after.

Originally appeared on Carrie Newcomer's Rounder Records Recording *Before and After*.



## Where You Been

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer

*I come to expect holiness in unexpected places and that it is best not to limit where and within whom we look for the Sacred. A true compassionate and radical love has always been counter culture. Hope has always been an audacious act of belief in the possibility for something better. As Jim Wallis and others have stated, "We are the prophets we've been waiting for."*

He was driving in to Chicago in a borrowed El Camino,  
On a hazeless day in springtime I think the Cinco De Mayo.  
Maybe it was St Paddy's Or the Gay Pride parade,  
But I've never seen nobody light up the street that way.

Chorus:

Brother/ Sister where you been? Hold on if you can.  
Just do your best then  
say, "Amen."

Called in sick and spent the weekend, drinking St Paulies in Wisconsin.  
I'd been fishing with my buddies most of Sunday afternoon.  
And there beneath the halo of the Old Milwaukee sign,  
He said, There's big ones in the shallows I see them all the time.

Chorus

I stopped into the Seven-Eleven, I was buying an Aquafina.  
He was wearing knock-off sneakers I was nursing a hangover.  
He said, "You're worth a lot more baby than you've ever dared to dream of."  
Like he knew all the secret sketchy places I'd been looking for love

Chorus

A tall skinny guy with dread locks said they're giving' out free bagels & lox.  
So I took the kids and all my plastic bags and walked the seven blocks.

There were joggers and commuters, skate board kids and Goths.  
There were drunks and dogs and meter maids in that downtown vacant lot.

He said, "The universe is unfolding and the center still is holding,  
There's enough if we just share it, now ya'all don't forget to pass the basket.

Blessed are all the good hearted, the poets and the dreamers,  
And all us crazy holy hungry ones who believe in something better."

Chorus

I saw Jesus on talking shop, with Buddha at the Starbucks,  
I saw Gia and Ganesh, doing double Dutch in the park,  
And Mohammad was throwing popcorn to the pigeons and the sparrows.  
And all us crazy holy hungry ones still believe in something better,

Chorus:

Originally appeared on Carrie Newcomer's Rounder Records Recording *The Geography of Light*.



## Betty's Diner

Words and Music By Carrie Newcomer

Miranda works the late night counter, in a joint called Betty's Diner.  
Chrome and checkered tablecloths and one steamy windowpane.  
She got the job that shaky fall, and after hours she'll write till dawn.  
With a nod and smile she serves them all.

Chorus: Here we are all in one place, the wants and wounds of the human race  
Despair and hope sit face to face when you come in from the cold.  
Let her fill your cup with something kind, eggs and toast like bread and wine.  
She's heard it all so she don't mind.

Arthur lets his earl grey steep, since April it's been hard to sleep.  
You know they tried most everything, yet it took her in the end.  
Kevin tests new saxophones, but swears he's leaving quality control.  
For the Chicago scene, or New Orleans, where they still play righteous horns.

Chorus

Jack studies here after work, to get past high school he's the first.  
His big hands look comfortable with a hammer or a pen.  
Emma leaned and kissed his cheek, and when she did his knees got weak.  
Miranda smiles at Em and winks.

Chorus

You never know who'll be your witness  
You never know who grants forgiveness  
Look to heaven or sit with us

Diedra bites her lip and frowns, she works the Stop-n-Go downtown.  
She's pretty good at the crossword page, and she paints her eyes blue black.  
Tristan comes along sometimes, small for his age and barely five,  
But she loves him like a mamma lion.

Veda used to drink a lot, almost lost it all before she stopped.  
Comes in at night with her friend Mike who runs the crisis line.  
Michael toured Saigon and back, hair the color of smoke and ash.  
Their heads are bowed and hands are clasped, one more storm has passed.

Chorus

Originally appeared on Carrie Newcomer's Rounder Records Recording *Regulars and Refugees*.



## Two Toasts

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer and Parker J. Palmer

*This song was written from a poem by Parker J. Palmer. We had a wonderful time working on the song together and while creating an evening of poetry, essay and song. Because this song speaks to the mysterious and overlapping places between sound and silence, I seemed natural to include it on this collection*

Praise be that this thin mark, this sound  
Can form the Word that takes on flesh  
To enter where no flesh can go  
To fill each other's emptiness.

To Words and How They Live Between Us...  
To Us and How We Live Between the Worth...

And in between the sound of words  
I hear your silent, sounding soul  
Where One abides in solitude  
Who keeps us one when speech shall go

To Words and How They Live Between Us...  
To Us and How We Live Between the Words...

Originally appeared on Carrie Newcomer's Rounder Records  
Recording *The Geography of Light*.



## Angels Unaware

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer

He said, "My name is Gabrielle Thomas, I blew in from out of town.  
My work keeps me on the road, but it's the best job that I've found.  
I don't mind the silence or the Super 8 Motel,  
And I've never met a person yet without a tale to tell."  
He said, "I know you I heard you say, 'Jen, true love has no pride.'  
You gave Angela and Joe a lift that night they didn't have a ride.  
Across the room Elaine has drawn your face a hundred times,  
And I don't believe blood alone is the only tie that binds."

Chorus: Sit right here rest your bones. No one's ever so alone.  
You can take the world down off your shoulders.  
I don't know why and how. All I know is here and now.  
You can take the world down off your shoulders.

He said, "I'm moved to tenderness by what we cannot bare.  
Humbled by the things we can and do and learn to share.  
It seems I traveled years and years and yet I'm still sitting here.  
And nothing ever seems to change, just the dates and just names."

Chorus: Sit right here rest your bones. No one's ever so alone.  
You can take the world down off your shoulders.  
I don't know why and how. All I know is here and now.  
You can take the world down off your shoulders.

He said, "Thank you for the coffee and for the extra cream.  
You seem to know instinctively that things are never what they seem.  
You never know what might blow through the door like silent prayer  
And how many of us entertain angels unaware.

Chorus: Sit right here rest your bones. No one's ever so alone.  
You can take the world down off your shoulders.  
I don't know why and how. All I know is here and now.

You can take the world down off your shoulders.

Originally appeared on Carrie Newcomer's Rounder Records Recording *Regulars and Refugees*.



## Holy As A Day Is Spent

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer

Holy is the dish and drain  
The soap and sink, the cup and plate  
And the warm wool socks, and the cold white tile  
Showerheads and good dry towels  
And frying eggs sound like psalms  
With a bit of salt measured in my palm  
It's all a part of a sacrament  
As holy as a day is spent

Holy is the busy street  
And cars that boom with passion's beat  
And the check out girl,  
Counting change  
And the hands that shook my hands today  
Hymns of geese fly overhead  
And stretch their wings like their parents did  
Blessed be the dog  
That runs in her sleep  
The catch that wild and elusive thing  
Holy is a familiar room and the quiet moments in the afternoon  
And folding sheets like folding hands  
To pray as only laundry can  
I'm letting go of all I fear  
Like autumn leaves of earth and air  
For summer came and summer went  
As holy as a day is spent

Holy is the place I stand  
To give whatever small good  
I can The empty page, the open book  
Redemption everywhere I look  
Unknowingly we slow our pace  
In the shade of unexpected grace  
With grateful smiles and sad lament

As holy as a day is spent  
And morning light sings "providence"  
As holy as a day is spent

Originally appeared on Carrie Newcomer's Rounder Records  
Recording *The Gathering of Spirits*.



## If Not Now

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer

Chorus: If not now, tell me when  
If not now, tell me when.  
We may never see this moment  
Or place in time again  
If not now, if not now, tell me when.

I see sorrow and trouble in this land  
I see sorrow and trouble in this land  
Although there will be struggle we'll make the change we can.  
If not now, tell me when.

Chorus

I may never see the Promised Land.  
I may never see the Promised Land.  
And yet we'll take the journey  
And walk it hand in hand  
If not now, tell me when.

Chorus

Bridge: So we'll work it 'til it's done  
Every daughter every son,  
Every soul that ever longed for something better,  
Something brighter.

It will take a change of heart for this to mend.  
It will take a change of heart for this to mend.  
But miracles do happen every shining now and then  
If not now, tell me when?

Chorus  
If Not Now, Tell me when.

But miracles do happen every shining now and then.  
If not now tell me when.

If not now tell me when.  
If not now tell me when.

Originally appeared on Carrie Newcomer's Rounder Records  
Recording *Before and After*.



## My True Name

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer

Let me call you darlin', maybe call you sweetheart  
Don't you hate it when they call you Louise  
But isn't it scary, when they want to call you Mary  
A whore, or a saint, or a tease.  
But you came here in summer, you'd been living in Manhattan  
You caught me wide eyed and half sane  
But you saw to my center past every imposter  
And you whispered  
My True Name

I have been Betty, Eleanor and Rosie  
I've been the shamed Magdaline  
And if the truth be known I've attempted Saint Joan  
Donna, and Sarah, and Jane  
For we all have our heros and we all have tormentors  
and we'll play them again and again  
But you saw to my center, past every imposter  
And you whispered  
My True Name

And if you see me standing on the banks of Lake Griffy  
Throwing white bits of paper to the wind  
I'm just throwing the shards, of all my calling cards  
And I'm speaking  
My True Name  
I'm just throwing the shards, of all my calling cards  
And I'm whispering  
My True Name

Originally appeared on Carrie Newcomer's Rounder Records  
Recording *My True Name*.



## A Whole Lot of Hope

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer

Sometimes you just close your eyes and jump  
You don't think to long  
Or maybe you just won't  
Sometimes you just follow your heart  
Don't analyze to long  
Or maybe it might just be gone

You've got a whole lot of hope  
You've been keeping in your pocket safe from harm  
A whole lot of dreams  
You've been keeping in your pocket safe from harm

I saw you laugh I saw you cry  
I saw you leave the bar and run outside  
I got off late and packed up tight  
And walk into the cool and secret night  
Wondering if you got home alright

You've got a whole lot of hope  
You've been keeping in your pocket safe from harm  
A whole lot of dreams  
You've been keeping in your pocket safe from harm

I light a candle in my window every night  
Been looking for a sign  
As yet, I haven't seen in  
Maybe I will, maybe I won't  
Maybe I don't care if I do or don't  
Maybe it's just enough  
To try

I've got a whole lot of hope  
I've been keeping in your pocket safe from harm  
A whole lot of dreams  
I've been keeping in your pocket safe from harm  
I whole lot of faith

I've been keeping in my pocket safe from harm

Sometimes you just close your eyes and jump  
You don't think to long  
Or maybe you just won't

Originally appeared on Carrie Newcomer's Windchime Records  
Recording *Visions and Dreams*.



## A Long Christmas Dinner

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer

Cal made the long table for his bride June  
When the first child was born and they needed more room  
Cal was one of four sons, and there was too little farm  
And the railroad had work so they move into town  
First came Emmet and Clara, William and Grace  
Around the long table they all took their place  
Every year that would gather sing carols and hymns  
With canned peaches and shortcake and four wide grins

Chorus: but it feels like it's been one long Christmas diner  
One unending prayer one unbroken line  
Singing "Be Thou My Vision" by day or by night  
All is calm and all is bright.

Eating strawberry jam from our victory garden  
June kept giving Emmet more food than he wanted  
As if she could fill him with enough food and faith  
To last him through Europe and bring him home safe  
Clara moved back at Christmas with her two children  
When her husband ran off, with girl who was willing  
When Grace's small daughter offered up her shortcake  
Clara leaned on Will's shoulder and covered her face

Chorus

Long ago Emmet came home, now he carves the ham  
But since then he's needed a leg brace to stand  
He and Grace visit often help mom with yard work  
Who still can't believe the folks wear to church  
Cousin Ann's in Chicago and she slives in South Bend  
And William's boy Michael is a young handsome rogue  
Cruisin' town with an eight track of Abby Road

Chorus

There's been so many joys and so many cradles

But there was one who spent only one year at the table  
It must have been grandma who gathered her close  
So she'd have no fear when they both passed across  
So put out the canned peaches in honor of June  
For Michael's grown daughter who's coming home soon  
For all we've lost or haven't found yet  
All who come to the table and clasp hands around it.

Chorus



## **Bare to the Bone**

Words and Music by Carrie Newcomer

Here I am without a message  
Here I stand with empty hands  
Just a spirit tired of wandering  
Like a stranger in this land  
Walking wide eyed through this world  
Is the only way I've known  
Wrapped in hope and good intentions  
And Bare to the Bone

There is nothing I won't show you  
Nothing I can hide  
I've risked it all and dreamt it all  
And seldom questioned why.  
You took me in when I was hungry  
When my spirit ached and groaned  
Laid wide open and defenseless  
And Bare to the Bone

Chorus: When I rise I rise in Glory  
If I do I do by grace  
Time will wash away our footprints  
And we'll leave without a trace  
Between here and now and forever  
Is such precious little time  
What we do in love and kindness  
Is all we ever leave behind.

When the light is slowly fading  
And my eyes are softly waning  
and the evening sun is setting  
And the world is barely breathing  
Then your voice will call me  
And your hand will lead me home  
Like a newborn awed and naked  
And Bare to the Bone

Chorus: When I rise I rise in Glory  
If I do I do by grace  
Time will wash away our footprints  
And we'll leave without a trace  
Between here and now and forever  
Is such precious little time  
What we do in love and kindness  
Is all we ever leave behind.

Here I am without a message  
Here I stand with empty hands  
Just a spirit tired of wandering  
Like a stranger in this land  
Walking wide eyed through this world

Originally appeared on Carrie Newcomer's Rounder Records  
Recording *Bare to the Bone Live*.

