## Chris Rice "Nonny Nonny"

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Run the earth and watch the sky

Summer warm and lazy
Lemon sun and hazy, remember?
Popsicle red on my chin
Bikes and plastic army men and no sign of September
Something in my seven years was telling me
To thank the Author of such a biography

Nonny nonny odle'ee, river washes over me Up for air and carry me away Nonny nonny odle'igh, run the earth and watch the sky Praying hard and waiting for the day Nonny nonny odle'ay

My adolescent 70's
Reads just like the Pevensies adventures
'Cause every perfect now and then
I caught a glimpse of Aslan's mane and I longed for His
treasure
Something in His mystery was drawing me
To love the Author of my own biography

Nonny nonny odle'ee, river washes over me Up for air and carry me away Nonny nonny odle'igh, run the earth and watch the sky Praying hard and waiting for the day Nonny nonny odle'ay

All grown up and living fine
Biographies all intertwined with billions
And soon He turns the final page
We'll look the Author in the face then the book really
begins
'Cause something tells me all these years of memories
Are only the first sentence of eternity

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Up for air and carry me away
Nonny nonny odle'igh, run the earth and watch the sky
Praying hard and waiting for the day
Nonny nonny odle'ay
Praying hard and waiting for the day
Nonny nonny odle'ay
Praying hard and waiting for the day

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