

Darrell Scott "Mahala"

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She's the sweetest when she's sleeping
I've watched her many times
She'll wake up and she'll catch me
Looking straight into her eyes
But she never seems too worried
She knows it's just my way
So I hold to her and kiss her
And start another day with Mahala

I've watched her grow to love me
Like a poet would watch a deer
Sometimes she can't get enough of me
Sometimes I can't get near
But we wait for one another
Like a farmer waits for spring
Through the long dark nights of winter
I could face most anything with Mahala
And if you have a broken heart she'll gladly take you in
She'll hold your hand and talk to you and love you like a
friend
She'll show you things you've never known before
And when you're finished healing
You will want to stay some more
With Mahala

I hope she stays beside me
'Til she can make it on her own
And live a life that's worthy
Of the seeds of love she's sown
But 'til then I'll turn the light on just to see that she's still
there
And if I were a praying man, Lord knows I'd say a
prayer for
Mahala

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