

Diane Schuur

"Better Days"

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Silver gray hair
Neatly combed in place
There were four generations
Of love on her face
She was so wise
No surprise passed her eyes
She's seen it all

I was a child, oh
About three or four
All day I'd ask questions
At night I'd ask more
But whenever, she never
Would ever turn me away
No, no oh woah
I'd say how can I be sure
What is right or wrong
And why does
What I want
Always take so long
Please tell me
Where does God live
And why won't
He talk to me
I'd say Grandma
What is love
Will I ever find out
Why are we so poor
What is life about
I wanna know the answers
Before I fall off to sleep
Woah ho woah ho

She saw the smile
As she tucked me in
Then she pulled up that
Old rockin' chair once again
But tonight she was
Slightly, remarkably
Different somehow
Slowly she rocked

Lookin' half asleep
Grandma yawned
As she stretched
Then she started to speak
What she told me
Would mould me and holds me
Together inside
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

She said all the things you ask
You will know someday
But you have got to live
In a patient way
God put us here by fate
And by fate that means
Better days

She said, child we are all
Moons in the dark of night
Ain't no mornings gonna come
Till the time is right
Can't get no better days lest
You make it through the night
You gotta make it
Through the night
Yes you do
You can't get to no
Better days
Unless you make it
Through the night (baby)
Oh ho, you will see
Those better days
But you gotta be patient
Be patient, oh baby
Be patient

Later that year at
The turn of spring
Heaven sent angels down
And gave Grandma her wings
Now, she's flyin'
And slidin', and glidin'
In better days
And although
I'm all grown up
I still get confused
I stumble through the dark
Getting bumped and bruised
When night gets in my way
I could still hear
My Grandma say

I can hear her say
I can hear her sayin'

You can't get to no
Better days
Unless you make it
Through the night (baby)
Oh ho, you will see
Those better days
But you gotta be patient
Child, do you hear me, yeah
Well, well, well, well
You can't get to no, no
Better days
Unless you make it
You got to make it
You got to make it
Through the night
Oh Grandma, oh Grandma
Do you see me now, lady
Oh oh oh oh oh
Tender replies

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