

## **Bill Miller**

### **"Brave Heart"**

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Some are born to wealth, and given shelter from the storm  
Some were always held and had a fire to keep them warm  
Some are born to poverty with no roof above their head  
Some are facing suicide and wishin' they were dead

There are those with flowing rivers right outside their door  
Refugees in boats who may never reach the shore  
Some pray for rain and the pay for it in blood  
When it rains for forty days we are all victims of the flood

Somewhere a brave heart must survive  
Yes someday the truth will bury the lie  
Yah somewhere a brave heart must survive

Too many here been prisoners deserving to be free  
Too many in the darkness and they have no eyes to see  
In the middle of the night they are taken from their homes  
And they dig a common grave to cover up their flesh and bones

But a new day in dawning for the beggars and the blind  
For those who have suffered and were always left behind  
But the chains will be broken and the fences will come down  
And we will walk as brothers once again on the sacred ground

Somewhere a brave heart must survive  
Yes someday the truth will bury the lie  
Yah somewhere a brave heart must survive

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