

Ferron

"Proud Crowd-pride Cried"

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I can't call you from this place
To hear you say that I'm not your kind
It's a thin road before us, we're the wake left behind
It's sad and I fail to see what it had to do with you
And me
But I guess that's like wondering what's a point to a
Line
There must be something I wanted more than wanting
your
Love
'Cause you stood in my doorway and I stood in my
glove
Most afraid to follow, a kingdom my stride
It's so telling what won't live with hunger and pride.

I thought of you often but I never could tell you
The 'you' that I cherished, something hurt me so bad
A few had come close, I couldn't take them in either
I guess the distance between us was my love never
had.
And though we live separate I keep two rooms open
One has you in it, the other does not
And I move in the middle, unsure and protected
And I trip on my rope, vaguely sensing I'm caught.

A friend tried to find me and saw through to my wheel
She said you're now on the bottom, it's either that or
The top
You can keep yourself tiny and bang on the big door
Or take the space saved for the queen of the hop
But you know queens have their problems too,
And my size won't stay static
I like to think I never was one for the hoop anyway
And then that night I dreamed again of the far side of
Nothing
And trembling with terror I chose to come back this
Way.

In the streets or the 'after, ' in the churches or in
Memory,
The light that will guide you is the source of the

Flame
While stumbling the back alleys in search of right
Action
I fell and wept darkly and acknowledged your name
And the door to my prison dissolved right before me
But like a young fool I quick looked for a power to
Claim
And my wailing increased with the shock of the
Knowledge
That I often have needed something out there to
blame.

I give up my fisted touch, my thoughts strong like
Fences
My totem-pole stature, body chipped to the bone
I'm nobody's saviour, and nobody's mine either
I hear the desert wind whisper "But neither are we
Alone."
Sure I long to ask how you're doing, if you got to the
Lightness
That you wanted so fiercely when we drifted that way
There's no telephones ringing now, but I feel
something
Calling me
And I'm ready to go, I just need time to say
Hearts are like meadows, with their weathered
potential
With their reasons diluted by reason itself
I may be shivering at the foot of this slow-giving
Mountain
But the tiny spring flowers can look just like you
And I won't ask the purpose of all of my footsteps
And I won't let my eyelids cast down
I am looking for something outside of forgiveness
You might call it the jewel of the crown.

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