

Francesca Battistelli

"Ivan's Song"

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Gazing into a rain-filled night,
Praying he could run instead of fight.
His eyes are frowning with his heart,
But somehow he gets in his car.

And he cries as he drives down the road
'Cause where to go he doesn't know.
How can he know if he never tries?
"Where am I without her" he cries.
As he dries the tears from his precious baby's eyes
Who just doesn't know, how could he know?
She's just not coming home.

As the cards start to fill his mailbox,
He's hoping it's a dream he'll wake from.
Why this chastening, oh Lord?
This trial's too big to face alone.

And he sighs as he drives down the road
'Cause where to go he still doesn't know.
How can he know if he never tries?
"Where am I without her" he cries.
As he dries the tears from his precious baby's eyes
Who just doesn't know, how could he know?
Mama's not coming home.

But blessed are you mourners,
For your sorrow will turn into joy
And do not be discouraged,
Because He's with you wherever you go.
His ways are not our ways.

Now he smiles as he drives down the road
Cause where he goes he's always known
God has a purpose in every plan,
Even when we can't understand.
Now he recognizes how she's still alive in his baby's
eyes,
And he'll be okay, 'cause he'll see her someday.

