

Brooks Meredith

"Out In The Fields"

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Empty streets like winter cold, feelings cut without a
trace
Hands reach out ready to fold, another tear falls into
place
Running through a quiet fire, I can see the flames grow
wild
I hear a crimson word, inside, I am free

Chorus:

Out in the fields, the sky is burning
I feel the joy returning, out in the fields
Listen to the winds of heaven, I feel with a rhyme and
reason

Scattered pictures like my thoughts
Shattered glass watch where I walk
Unspoken words tear me apart, another hole right
through my heart
Looking through an open window, touching all around
me
I see a silver rose, outside, I am free

Chorus (repeat)

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