

Heather Nova "Walking Higher"

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I carry you with me,
A ghost inside
And in these shattered arms
You're still alive.

I carry you with me,
A holy shrine
And dogs and angels follow
Right behind.

And could I be walking higher,
Could I be right beside her ?

The bones they buried
Will feed the trees
But every word you ever spoke
Is still in me.

And could I be walking higher,
Could I be right beside her ?
And I will feel for you in the music.
And I will send that river home.
And I will cry for you sometimes
When the night is down.
And I raise my head up to the mountains,
Talk to the birds and I fly
'cause the spirit lives on,
When the body dies

And could I be walking higher,
Could I be right beside her?
Could I be walking higher
Could I be right beside her?

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