

## **Iris Dement** **"Out Of the Fire"**

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On a gravel back-road, down deep in the Fall  
So long ago, yet how well I recall  
My Grandfather's green truck with the rusted-out rims  
and me on the seat, 'tween my Mamma and him  
How we rattled along, 'till the old Ford, it stalled  
and Momma said "Jump on out, pick you a big cotton  
ball"  
An Autumn leaf scraped its way 'cross the road  
we were headed back home.

See the proud, thrusting, curve of the robin's red  
breast  
out gathering worms to return to her nest,  
the lavender haze at the first light of dawn,  
a woman's clear voice lilting in song,  
and all the fine words our poets have said,  
the sparkling dew upon the spider's silk web!  
Does one matter more? Does one matter less?  
Who of us can say?

The tents are rolled up, the Revival's left town  
all that remains is the fine sawdust ground  
still wet from the tears that fell from the eyes  
of folks too far down to hang back in pride  
And I am here, too, like I always was:  
deep in the pain, strong in the love  
still singing my prayer to Heaven above  
heartfelt and true.

Once you were the dawn, the dusk, and the light  
Without the dream of holding you tight  
my days turned to black, I could hardly take breath  
I stumbled my way thru a fate worse than death  
But like the Phoenix that rose right out of the fire,  
I came back too, from a bed of desire  
and shook from my wings the ash from the pyre,  
and headed back home.

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