

Jerry Jeff Walker

"Quiet Faith Of Man"

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Bill Staines

A baby child is born along the highway
A tiny little thing upon the land
An okie with his dreams out on the byway
Lifts the tiny baby in his hand
The woman smiles a little smile of knowing
And whispers something softly in his ear
Perhaps a little prayer to help the growing
Perhaps a word of comfort through the fears.

CHORUS

You trust the moon to move the mighty ocean
You trust the sun to shine upon the land
You take the little that you know
And you do the best you can
You see the rest with the quiet faith of man.

A tractor makes its way along the fence line
And drops the seeds precisely in a row
If the rains are kind and the winds don't take the topsoil

Before too long the crops will start to show.
The farmer sees the fields around him growin'
He whispers something low beneath his breath
Perhaps a little prayer to help the growin'
Perhaps a word of thanks for all the rest.

Repeat chorus

There's a storm tossed ship tonight out on the ocean
There's a soul somewhere adrift out on the blue
There's a dreamer with his eyes upon the heavens
They're all looking for a way to make it through.

Repeat chorus

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