

Joan Osborne "Holy Waters"

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On a pitch black highway looking for a road
You're sleeping on a stormy bed honey, who will be
your coat
You came to be my driving wheel, you came to be my
man
Now you're only like a baby boy in the back seat of the
van

Holy waters, holy way, holy waters, sweetest way

Mississippi and Missouri where the sun swims with the
moon
Rainbows run through chapel roofs pouring honey by
the spoon
I came to bring you watermelon, bring you
[Incomprehensible] wine
Now I'm burning up in hot breath and the river's rollin'
out of time

Holy waters, holy way, holy waters, sweetest way

I listened to a sea shell out on a purple shore
I heard a song so wild and sweet, it moved me to the
core
So while the road is dancing, you let your love know
how
Moving like the ocean and the waves from here to now

Holy waters, holy way, holy waters, sweetest way
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