

Kathy Mattea

"A Few Good Things Remain"

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I heard a siren late last night, you must have felt me
shiver

Shaken by a wave of fright, that you calm with a
whisper

And fear gave way to better things
Like a warm summer and sweeter dreams

Like a warm spring rain on a roof above
The way you call my name when we make love
While the world outside my window goes insane
You're here to remind me, a few good things remain

When living leaves my pride bruised up, I'm fragile as
a feather
The storms of life just won't let up, you're like a change
of weather
When dust settles on my dreams, you wash them clean

Like a warm spring rain on a roof above
The way you call my name when we make love
While the world outside my window goes insane
You're here to remind me, a few good things remain

While the world outside my window goes insane
You're here to remind me, a few good things remain
You're here to remind me, a few good things remain

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