Lisa Fischer "Wildflower"

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Let the rain fall down upon her Sheâ€Â™s a free and gentle flower Growing wild

People used to laugh at me When I was a little girl I guess they didnâ€Â™ t understand But when youâ€Â™ re young and all alone You make up things For the things that are missing

Ooh, how I used to love to dress up In my motherâ€Â™ s clothes It made me feel like somebody Iâ€Â™ d pretend I was the prettiest girl At the dance And all the boys loved me

And I was gonna be a big success But of course I never got that dress For my very own I didnâ€Â™t do half the things I thought Iâ€Â™ d But I guess the good part of my life Is that I did find you

And you know Now when I look into a little girlâ€Â™ s eyes Itâ€Â™s like a mirror And I remember, I remember

She's faced the hardest times You could imagine And many times Her eyes fought back the tears

And when her youthful world Was about to fall in Each time her little shoulders Bore the weight of all her fears And the sorrow no one hears Still rings in midnightâ€Â™s silence in In her ears

Let her cry, she is a lady Let her dream, she is a child Let the rain fall down upon her She's a free and gentle flower Growing wild

Be careful how you touch her For she will wake up And sleep's the only freedom that she knows And when you see life through her eyes

You won't believe The way she's always paying For a debt she never owes And a silent wind still blows That only she can hear $It\tilde{A} \notin \hat{A} \in \hat{A}^{m}$ s all she knows

Let her cry, oh my, 'cause she's a lady Let her sing, sing, 'cause she is a child Let the rain fall down upon her She's a sweet and gentle flower Growing wild

And if by chance you get to hold her Hold her for a time And with your new possession What would you do? I would pick her up from the garden To be mine

Each time her little shoulders Bore the weight of all her fears And the sorrow no one hears Still rings in midnightâ€Â™ s silence in In her ears

Let her cry for she \tilde{A} ¢ \hat{A} \in \hat{A} $^{\text{M}}$ s a lady Let her sing for she is a child Let the rain fall down upon her She \tilde{A} ¢ \hat{A} \in \hat{A} $^{\text{M}}$ s a sweet and gentle flower Growing wild

And I feel the same
Just a sweet and gentle flower
Growing wild
But no oneâ€Â™ s to blame
Sweet and gentle flower
Growing wild

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