

## **Mark Erelli**

# **"Call You Home"**

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(Mark Erelli)

There are seven sisters weeping  
Down by the old oxbow  
As the coffee colored river  
Swells with melting snow

Soon a bittersweet new season  
Will turn the gray to green again  
And I'll have to find a way  
To say goodbye to you, my friend

CHORUS

I'm gonna miss you this I know  
Though I'll be just another memory when I go  
Will you forgive me all my sins  
And gather me back in  
Like the prodigal son no more to roam  
Will you let me once again call you home

The sky is open like a chalice  
All along the river road  
Where the patchwork field tobacco barns  
Shiver in the cold

I could drink it in for hours  
And never take my fill  
I tell myself that I'll forget  
But I know I never will

(CHORUS)

The wild birds take their passage  
Across the vernal sky  
Like an arrow loosed from God's own bow  
So swift and true they fly

Lord, draw me from your quiver  
Take away my tears  
Shoot me o'er the seven sisters  
Somewhere far away from here

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