

## Mark Lindsay

# "And The Grass Won't Pay No Mind"

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Listen easy  
You can hear God callin'  
Walking barefoot by a stream  
Come unto me  
Your hair softly fallin'  
On my face as in a dream And the time will be our time  
And the grass won't pay no mind

Sayin' nothin'  
Lyn' where the sun is  
Bakin' down upon our sighs  
My lips touch you  
With their soft wet kisses  
Your hands gentle in reply

And the time will be our time  
And the grass won't pay no mind

Child, touch my soul with your cries  
And the music will know what we found  
I hear a hundred goodbyes  
But today I hear only one sound  
The moment we're living is now  
Na, na, na, na, na, na

Young bird flyin'  
And a soft wind blowin'  
Cools the sweat inside my palms  
Close my eyes and see the flowers growin'  
As you lay sleeping in my arms

And the time will be our time  
And the grass won't pay no mind

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