

Cowboy Junkies

"Follower 2"

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My father's stories fell upon us
Filled us with his light
Gospels, fertile minds
Taking root, taking root

His pocket change would jingle
Sacramental bells
Heads tucked low
Sneaking peaks, sneaking peaks

And the rain comes down
It's dark and the browns begin to bite
Here you will always be behind me
And you will not go away

There he sleeps on untamed land
Dark corners yet discovered
His heart yet to be
Trod upon, trod upon

I can't bear to hear his breathing
Simply knowing what's to come
I can't bear to hear your breathing
Knowing what's to come, what's to come

And the rain comes down
It's dark and the browns begin to bite
Here you will always be behind me
And you will not go away

And the rain comes down
It's dark and the browns begin to bite

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And the rain comes down
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Here I will always be behind you
And will never go away

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