

Dave Carter and Tracy Grammer

"The Power And Glory"

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He sang the power and glory down the hill at evenin
The rain, the river roarin, wild geese at their grievin
All the way to nashville town he strayed
The power and glory did not come to meet him

He worked the midnight diners, washed the weary
dishes
Street poets and vision miners, starry-eyed ambitious
Blew like pilgrim leaves through the sad cafe
The bards and climbers tradin dreams and wishes

Once the famous aphrodite nightingale came callin
Her court, her keepers friday, foes and hopefuls
crawlin
Poor, proud, aging queen, did her eyes betray
The high and mighty know they're only fallin

He came home as before, he had no one to sell to
Kids 'round him on the floor, he sings like silver bells
do
When they ask of the world he will only say
The power and glory ain't all that they tell you

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