

The Civil Wars

"From This Valley"

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Oh, the desert dreams of a river
that will run down to the sea
like my heart longs for an ocean
to wash down over me.

Oh, won't you take me from this valley
to that mountain high above?
I will pray, pray, pray
until I see your smiling face.
I will pray, pray, pray
to the one I love.

Oh, the outcast dreams of acceptance,
just to find pure love's embrace
like an orphan longs for his mother.
May you hold me in your grace.

Won't you take me from this valley
to that mountain high above?
I will pray, pray, pray
until I see your smiling face.
I will pray, pray, pray
to the one I love.

Oh, the caged bird dreams of a strong wind
that will flow 'neath her wings.
Like a voice longs for a melody,
oh, Jesus carry me.

Won't you take me from this valley
to that mountain high above?
I will pray, pray, pray
until I see your smiling face.
I will pray, pray, pray
to the one I love.

I will pray, pray, pray
until I see your smiling face.
I will pray, pray, pray
to the one I love.

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