

## The Wailin' Jennys

### "Never Dim"

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I think, I smell the sunset, think, I feel the close of day  
Clean shaven correspondents are all crowded at the  
gate  
Smell the oil from their torches, their voices growing  
more irate  
Shepherd's staves are crooked, leading every crooked  
way

All the sheep lock their doors  
Yeah, they're pulling down their shades  
The faithful looking in their mirrors  
The faithful growing old and gray

But I look at You, Your eyes are clear and bright  
I see Your face, it's an amazing sight  
Your Glory Lord, is still a burning light  
The light that all our faithless hands could never dim

Think I smell the sunset, think, I smell the death of day  
People laughing at a funeral, people dancing at a wake  
All the seasons blend together  
This bird's losing feathers everyday

But I look at You, Your eyes are clear and bright  
I see Your face, it's an amazing sight  
Your Glory Lord, is still a burning light  
The light that all our faithless hands could never dim

And everybody's tired and scared and begging  
unbelief  
But You have yet to break a sweat  
You're not afraid, You're not afraid

I think, I smell the sunset, think, I feel the close of day  
Shepherd's staves are crooked, leading every crooked  
way  
People laughing at a funeral, people dancing at a wake

