

## **Meredith Brooks**

# **"Out In The Fields"**

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Empty streets like winter cold, feelings cut without a  
trace  
Hands reach out ready to fold, another tear falls into  
place  
Running through a quiet fire, I can see the flames grow  
wild  
I hear a crimson word inside, I am free

Out in the fields, the sky is burning  
I feel the joy returning, out in the fields  
Listen to the winds of heaven  
I feel with a rhyme and reason

Scattered pictures like my thoughts, shattered glass  
watch where I walk  
Unspoken words tear me apart, another hole right  
through my heart  
Looking through an open window, touching all around  
me  
I see a silver rose outside, I am free

Out in the fields, the sky is burning  
I feel the joy returning, out in the fields  
Listen to the winds of heaven  
I feel with a rhyme and reason

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