

Ken Stringfellow "The Lover's Hymn"

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It's true—I pray for you
But where it goes nobody knows
I pray for me too and we two
And anything that's gonna help it grow

Now I don't think for a minute that I know how these
things work
But it don't matter it doesn't change
That I believe if God's a He or a She or a What
That it wants us to feel, feel what it feels
Every flower coming through your skin
Every breeze crossing your face
Every life being born in your arms
That's what they're calling love
That's what they're calling bliss
That's what they're calling joy and ecstasy

In perfect miniature—a world on a grain of sand
Called a woman, called a man
That's why they call it love that's why they call it bliss
That's why they call it joy and ecstasy

And that's why I pray I want that to come our way
I want to know it every day that's why I pray

Now I'm not a fool I know bad things can happen
They usually do
But what choice to I have? Give up and give in?
Do all the things that all the broken people do?
If I reach out with my thoughts even if I think there's no
one there
They're gonna land some time they're gonna land
somewhere
And if they free me from the darkness, that's all they
gotta do
It's not a service like paying a taxi fare

Are you there? Can you hear me? Are you with me?
Let me know if you're still listening
'Cause the best part's yet to come
'Cause I'm not giving up—if you do I'll hold you up
We're gonna get there if we crawl or if we run

It might be this life or the next or whatever fate thinks
best
But there's something here that just can't be undone

And that's why I pray...

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