

## **Patti Casey** **"A Willing Heart"**

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There's a place on this mountain  
Where the trees all give way  
To one sweet lupine meadow  
Where the tall popple sway  
In the distance cries a train  
So far away it sounds like a toy  
Shiny nickel on one rail  
Races the heart of a waiting boy

And on that train and in my mind  
I can go back to the first time  
A willing heart, no history  
And I'd given you no reason yet to lie to me  
To lie to me

I awake to the memory

Of your face in my hands  
Close my eyes and go home to the ache  
That's always been  
Now looking down from this clearing  
Where the world and time stands still  
Golden thread winds through the valley  
The setting sun riding the rail

And on that train and in my mind  
Rides a chance for one last first time  
This willing heart with no history  
And I've given you no reason yet to lie to me  
To lie to me

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