

## **Polly Paulusma**

# **"She Moves In Secret Ways"**

Visit "[She Moves In Secret Ways](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

On a river of sighs a boat came towards me  
A flimsy disguise covered the devil  
Who sang from a song sheet of how modern life's a  
bore

In his choirboy's attire  
He sang me the life to which good girls aspire  
Where men in white coats  
Give us pills to tame the horses that stamp on our  
floors  
And pills for when the horses have bolted out the door

It's hard to explain  
I don't like hanging on to reins in my hands all the time  
I'm running out of trails  
Worn paths don't lead to where I need to get to every  
time

She moves in secret ways  
And there is grace and poised perfection  
When she takes the helm  
She moves in secret ways

Now the house is on fire, the rats are all screaming  
The horses are tired, they think they're still dreaming  
'Cause the barn doors are open, the crossbar is  
hanging in the wind

So the devil sings higher  
'Oh, just look at what you're doing?  
Yeah, he's joined by a choir of doctors and statesmen  
Who plan their sorry lives to the last day's end  
But look at all the happy things that happen by accident

It's hard to explain  
I don't like hanging on to reins in my hands all the time  
I'm running out of trails  
Worn paths don't lead to where I need to get to every  
time

She moves in secret ways  
And there is grace and poised perfection

When she takes the helm  
She moves in secret ways

Days gone by, I thought I had it all  
Filed in little boxes  
Now I find I never had control  
Just took little chances and won

Now the devil's downstream, he's singing to someone  
My horses are free, they answer to no-one  
Unbridled, untethered, they roam on the unmarked  
land

In my house, there's a calm, a peace has descended  
No need for alarm, it's as she intended  
I'm through with trying to fight the things I don't  
understand  
Accept my sweet surrender to the greater, better plan

It's hard to explain  
I don't like hanging on to reins in my hands all the time  
I'm running out of trails  
Worn paths don't lead to where I need to get to every  
time

She moves in secret ways  
And there is grace and poised perfection  
When she takes the helm  
She moves in secret ways  
She moves in secret ways  
She moves in secret ways

Visit [Polly Paulusma](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.