

The Cowboy Junkies

"Follower 2"

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My father's stories fell upon us
Filled us with his light
Gospels, fertile minds
Taking root, taking root

His pocket change would jingle
Sacramental bells
Heads tucked low
Sneaking peaks, sneaking peaks

And the rain comes down
It's dark, and the browns
Begin to bite
Here you will always be
Behind me, and you will not go away

There he sleeps, an untamed land
Dark corners yet discovered

His heart yet to be
Trod upon, trod upon

I can't bare to hear his breathing
Simply knowing what's to come

I can't bare to hear your breathing
Knowing what's to come

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