

Robbie Fulks

"Bethelridge"

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God help a soul
In troubled dreams some peace to find
The night is long
And those now gone, they haunt my mind

A low voice calls
A shadowed face toward me turns
Her arms unfold
And on her breast my name is burned.

Oh love, the flame of gold
Love left a child to hold
But my love has long turned cold
And my child is a stranger.

Go child, go
From Bethelridge your dreams have flown
Your home's fallen still
And through its halls chill winds have blown.

The earth you ran
Bears no sweet trace of days gone by
But a lone, lost man
Who sees no light nor hears you cry.

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