

My mourning dove sits high above and whispers in the wind

She knows my name, (and) she's seen my shame, and tells me (just) how I've sinned

She gives her love with a feather hug and longing song decrees

I close my eyes 'neath tethered skies and there begin my pleas

(For) the morning light brings her lungs to life and so begins her song

The thunder breaks and the room awakes but the echoes carry on

Without a word, without a beat, the sweetest tune she keeps

Below her breast in thorns a rest sit feathers fast asleep

Her little ones with songs unsung began to spread their wings

(But) the night bird came, (and) took their breath away explains the song she sings

She grieves with those who come and go but quick she never stays

With nothing left besides her nest, on broken bones she lays

My troubles seem small against the call of that dusted dauntless dove

Her words ring deep and my eyes did weep for that tabled cursed love

(But) she listens good as a close friend would, as my words began to flow

She feels my pain in her tender vein ('cause) it's a pain that she did know.

Am F G Am Am

Am F G Am Am

Dm C Em/E Am Am

Am F G Am Am