

Plain

There are heaving hostile forces
Massed along the crooked courses
That drain the swelling urban stain

But eventually they will lead
To where the Earth no longer bleeds
To the sweet and forgiving Plain

So many buildings scrape the sky
To the point our Mother must cry
And groan and whimper from the strain

Concrete canyons drown out the sound
That finally makes its way down
To the sweet and forgiving Plain

Take me, hold me
Take the wounds away

The tears now glisten in the glare
They roll down to the valley where
The streams of sorrow slowly drain

There's balance and there's comfort round
The bend where you can hear the sounds
Of the sweet and forgiving Plain

Take me, hold me in the
Sweet forgiving Plain

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