

Lyrics to Songs on *The Pilgrim*, by Kathy Greenholdt

WAITING

Cornflowers, blue in the late August hours—
those weren't your eyes.
Those weren't your eyes.
Trees of October drop leaves from their boughs.
In shades of brown,
they dance their way down.
And, I've been waiting
to see your eyes again.
Now, I am gazing
into you
through them.
Small sparrows chirp as they peck at the ground.
That's not your sound.
It's not your sound.
Church bells ring out to the edges of town—
the loudest joys.
The biggest voice.
And, I've been waiting
to hear you laugh again.
And, I am listening
harder now
than then.
Young girls are foolish and pine after love,
but there's never enough.
If I could travel through time and on air,
then you'd know I'm
there.
And, I've been waiting
to touch your face again.
So, I am sending
kisses on the wind.

NOW THAT YOU'RE GONE

I'd fallen back down.
So, you picked me up,
then dusted me off
and said you were proud.
But, who can save me
now that you're gone?
You knew I was weak
and thought you were strong.
But, I didn't see your torch
couldn't burn long.
So, who can save me
now that you're gone?
Now you're gone, and
gone is part of my soul.
And, I'm so small I
don't know how I'll fill that hole.
But, there has got to be
a way to take back control
and stand alone.
I'm fallin' again
and thinkin' of when
you were the only one
I called a friend.
But, who can save me
now that you're gone?
Yes, who can save me
now that you're gone?

BLUE GIRL

I'm gonna wear a blue dress,
the color of my soul.
But, I'll step out in red shoes,
so everyone will know
that I intend to dance with
every boy in town.
I may be a blue girl,
but that ain't draggin' me down.
I drank a shot of Maker's,
so don't offer me wine,
'cuz I want to remember
how I am feelin' fine,
just laughin' at the dark night
and twirlin' 'round and 'round.
Yeah, I may be a blue girl,
but that ain't draggin' me down.
It's been a long time comin',
like a part of me was dead.
There is more to life than livin'
just inside your head.
So, let the band keep playin'
'til they kick me out.
Then, when I'm in the silence,
I'll hear things good and loud.
'Cuz I may be a blue girl,
but that ain't draggin' me down.

FROM MY WINDOW

From my window,
I can see a bird fly
to the mountain
and disappear in clear sky.
And, I go there, too,
lifting up into the blue.
Hear the children
laughing as the bells ring.
Down below me,
they don't know my heart sings.
I sing for them.
I laugh again with them.
Inside this little room
is a world that's spinning, too.
From the sidewalk,
you will never see me.
But, I know you
and maybe what you're thinking.
So, I pray for you.
And, I'm wishing, too,
you would look up here and see.
Inside this little room
is a world that's spinning, too.

DIG OUT

Snow falls hard on Heaven's ground.
My mouth opens. There's no sound.
Angels come to my defense,
singin' like they've got no sense.
So, maybe it's time to dig out
and chip away the ice 'round my heart.
If Hell's a burning hole,
then why am I so cold?
Maybe it's time to dig out.
I've been trying to break free
of the Devil's grip on me.
But, my sins are hard to know
when I feel numb to the bone.
Yeah, maybe it's time to dig out
and chip away the ice 'round my heart.
If Hell's a burning hole,
then why am I so cold?
I keep on prayin' for a candle—
a warming light to help me see.
But, how to make it through the winter
is up to me.
So, maybe it's time to dig out
and chip away the ice 'round my heart.
If Hell's a burning hole,
then why am I so cold?
Maybe it's time to dig out.
Oh, yeah, maybe it's time to dig out.

DESIRE: THE ECSTASY OF SAINT TERESA OF ÁVILA

Low embers burn
through your disguise.
I can't stop looking in your eyes.
Lord, I won't blink
until a spark
leaps from your heat into my heart.
'Cuz I am a child who plays with fire.
And, there's just no hiding my desire.
I came to you
pious and true.
Now, you're the Beast who wants me, too.
Who holds the torch
deep down in me?
Love, light the flame of ecstasy.
'Cuz I am a child who plays with fire.
And, there's just no hiding my desire.
Some say that tears
wash clean a soul.
But, heaven's a blaze I can't control.
'Cuz I am a child who plays with fire.
And, there's just no hiding my desire.
Yes, I am a child who plays with fire.
And, there's just no hiding my desire.

IN THIS GARDEN

Two roses bloom with the goldenrod,
one final show before they nod
off to sleep, so deep.
I've been wondering why you said,
"After we go, there's nothing left
but your make-believe."
So, come, rest in this garden.
It sure looks real to me.
I know it will die every autumn
to wake in spring.
Two roses bloom with the goldenrod,
one final show before they nod
off to sleep, so deep.