



## Higher Ground

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Seven years ago, the dove flew out the door  
And down the road and round the bend  
Never to be seen again.  
I turn my eyes up to the sky  
To where the crow flies in the wind,  
Seek a bearing for my plan.

Silence wakes inside my skin  
And I begin to mend the fences  
Of the ones who long to know my chances.

Years of troubled times, trapped behind the boundary lines  
Define the crimes of who I am supposed to be.  
But I am shedding off this skin  
And I throw it to the wind.  
Time to begin again.

Silence quakes inside my skin  
And I begin to mend the fences  
Of the ones who long to know my chances.

Twenty miles to go, gotta set a course of action.  
Taking in the view, what a sweet distraction.  
Twenty miles to go, dig our heels in for some traction.  
Finally taking in the view, as we head for  
Higher ground, Higher ground.

Tides of changing times  
Trapped behind blue skies, a disguise of who we're supposed to be.  
But we're shedding of this skin  
And we throw it to the wind.  
Time to begin again.

Silence quakes inside my skin  
And I begin to mend the fences  
Of the ones who long to know my chances.

Twenty miles to go, gotta set a course of action.  
Taking in the view, what a sweet distraction.  
Twenty miles to go, dig our heels in for some traction.  
Finally taking in the view, gonna head for  
Higher ground, Higher ground.