

Deliver

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If I could rule the world I'd lay it at your feet Just throw my weapons down And bow out in defeat

And no hearts would be broken, And revelry would kiss the sky

If I could change the rules I'd throw them all away Banish them forever to an island in the sea And the spell would be broken And there'd be plenty of hope For you and me

And all that I know And all that I've been Would make perfect sense And I'd know that I can

Deliver The World To You

If I could hold it in my hands Have it just to hold I'd hand it off to you Just like a gift of gold

And no hearts would be broken And revelry would kiss the sky

And all that I know And all that I've am Would make perfect sense And I'd know that I can

Deliver The World To You



Love and Live

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Take the fast train to somewhere, so you think Keep a quick pace to get there, the ring's just out of reach

Take a breath, my love, take a breath Just stop and drink The life and love you have Right here with me

Just love and live, love and live

Glass horses and trinkets, collections to keep But visions of glamour and dreams of grandeur Won't let you sleep

Take a breath, my love, take a breath Just stop and drink The life and love you have Your family

Just love and live, love and live



Tumbleweed

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Waltz with the Wind It's what she does best He's her only friend Spins her in his arms until she lays to rest

And she is so misunderstood About the paths that she chooses But rolling with the Wind Is your only choice when you've got no roots

Brush of juniper tangled in her hair Symbol of someone who lives without a care For the vagabond, it's treasure for her cart It's meaning locked away deep down in her heart

Scrapes from the road or a barbwire fence Marks of honor of a life well lived Leaving pieces of herself behind We won't forget her soon but she won't be looking back

And oh, it's not easy being free But for the Tumbleweed It's the only way she can be

Dusty smile and sunburned cheeks Who needs water when you've got the sunshine? She's been on the road for weeks and weeks Rolling from town to another

Hard to say when the journey ends She's the only one who says when it's over Living life with fair-weather friends But only the Wind really knows her

And oh, it's not easy being free But for the Tumbleweed It's the only way she can be

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So don't go saying she's just no good Honey she's just doing the best she could Until you've walked a mile Until you've walked a mile Don't go throwing stones

And oh, it's not easy being free But for the Tumbleweed It's the only way she can be



A Place of Our Own

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Smell the rain, September's coming Better button up my love Turn your collar to the wind Copper leaves scrape along street Change of season's coming Bundle up or you'll catch cold

Worked our fingers to the bone Digging in the dirt and breaking down the stones In the end we built this little home Up from the ground, a place of our own A place of our own A place of our own

In the big bad world Beware of liars and thieves Cloaked in a color wheel They're very hard to see Listen to the trees Listen to the sea Follow the sun And the fading summer breeze

Worked our fingers to the bone Digging in the dirt and breaking down the stones In the end we built this little home Up from the ground, a place of our own A place of our own A place of our own



End of the Day

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At the end of the day when the world's gone away And I can sit quietly with my thoughts I feel sun on my face; it's God's given grace And I know I don't need more than what I've got

At the end of the day when the world's gone to sleep A lover's dream crawls from the sheets Feel a kiss on your face, a heart skipping pace These are all just moments you can keep

Not only after a hero's capture Does a prayer rain down to our lips At the end of the day

At the end of the day I want you to stay Throw down your keys and sit with me for a while Watch the sun sink away while the animals play A temporary glimpse of a fading torch

Not only after a hero's capture Will a prayer rain to our lips Not only after nothing matters Can meaning fall into our grips At the end of the day, the end of the day