

Lightfoot. by Brittany Jean and Allan James

The minstrel came to call almost every single night
From the corner of the room in the candlelight
He told stories, like a needle and a thread
Spinning golden pictures in my head...

Capturing the iron road and those who tied the steel
In colors deep beneath a time no longer real
Over prairie and the muskeg—the unknown distant trail
A fair land's memories all rendered on the rail

Waiting to sail aboard his smilin' "Silver Heels"
A summer breeze to feel high seas along her keel
Setting course the world one time for a place to lay my head
And sense the peace of an ocean-bottom bed

Have you shared the danger in the rounding of the Horn
To reach the quiet comfort of her floor?
With a warming wind and a turning of the tide
Will you join the children in their midnight ride?
The troubadour has claimed you and once again you'll find
Prairie lights and stealin' stars are sailing through your mind

Remembering the captain's men who were lost in freezing rain
A prayer for children then and now who still remain
I will climb blue rocky mountains, her shadowed moon abeam
And wander through the changes that lead to summer dreams

Hoping to find that old, winding river mill
And rolling hills of bitter green that linger still
Then across the rippling sea to the midnight meadowland
To listen oh so closely once again...

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