

Guadalupe

Gretchen Peters

There are ghosts out in the rain tonight
High up in those ancient trees
And I have given up without a fight
Another blind fool on his knees And all the gods that I've abandoned
Begin to speak in simple tongue
And suddenly I've come to know
That there are no roads left to run Now it's the hour of dogs a-barking
That's what the old ones used to say
It's first light or it's sundown
Before the children cease their play
When the mountains glow like mission wine
Or turn gray like a Spanish roan
A thousand eyes will stop to worship
Then turn away and head for home She is reaching out her arms tonight
And, yes, my poverty is real
I pray roses shall rain down again
From Guadalupe on her hill And who am I to doubt these mysteries?
Cured in centuries of blood and candle smoke?
I am the least of all your pilgrims here
But I am most in need of hope She appeared to Juan Diego
She left her image on his cape
Five hundred years of sorrow
Cannot destroy his deepest faith
So here I am, your ragged disbeliever
Old doubting Thomas drowns in tears
As I watch your church sink through the earth
Like a heart worn down through fear

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