

Was it in your higher wisdom  
that you turned your light from me  
Or was it just your sense of humor  
that for a moment I should see  
In that darkness was I weeping  
In that silence sadly free  
Now I'm waiting in your valley  
to be standing on your mountain  
That I might tumble down your hillside  
to a place that waits for me.

From a time I dare to mention  
I was shown the broken line  
In this world of good intentions  
the cruelest love can seem so kind  
And you may harbor quiet sorrow  
but to speak it is the crime  
And so I'm waiting in your valley  
to be standing on your mountain  
That I might tumble down your hillside  
to a place that waits for me.

I am soldier without country  
having laid my guns to rest  
I am Time without the notion  
You could say I floundered with the best  
I have followed after hunger  
and I watched my wants infest  
Now I'm waiting in your valley  
to be standing on your mountain  
That I might tumble down your hillside  
to a place that waits for me.

I have asked so many people  
what the spark of life might be  
But they bade me not to ask for  
more than the muted heart could be  
And though they posed me many faces  
all but one I could not see  
And so I'm waiting in your valley  
to be standing on your mountain  
That I might tumble down your hillside  
to a place that waits for me.