

# Burning Star

Pam Tillis

Wind and rain and moving mountains  
Can you feel the shifting ground  
Lay with me in a bed of ashes  
Hold me while the fire rains down

Have I really come this far only to make the same mistakes  
Well the night is long and the night is dark hold me till the morning breaks  
I'm just trying to understand this walk I'm walking  
If this rush stopped long enough to hear when God is talking

Hard to figure why things are the way they are  
All that I know is we're living on a pebble by a burning  
Burning star

Ooh

If the writings on the wall  
Can't say that we were never warned  
Oh what if everything is perfect and all things must die to be reborn  
Is the sky really falling has it all been carved in stone  
Are we all just waiting here for someone to take us home

Hard to figure why things are the way they are  
All that I know is we're living on a pebble by a burning (Burning star)

In the red poor corner country people that lived in a mountain side  
No one knows just where they went why the rain stopped and the corn all died  
Aztec priest and a pyramid painting don't it look like a flying machine  
Bones and stones out in the desert so much for the pride of kings

Hard to figure why things are the way they are  
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