

The Light Of the Face

by Jerry Ratch

We all have our place
But it's always there, isn't it
Streaming throughout our lives
The light of the face
Where most of the soul comes to rest

We see it best when the hard wind blows
Cause in the course of events
The wind will know our names
Even the wind will know our names

The singer and the beggar choose life
The mice in the storm choose life
The men in their boats
The plum and the fig choose life
So, why shouldn't I?
Yeah, why shouldn't I?

