

Coming Alive Again

(by David Lamotte)

When we moved here in the winter
Everything was dry and brown
Never saw the place in summer
No idea what's in the ground

Barren dogwood in the front yard
I wasn't sure if it was gone
Then about the first of April
I saw what was going on

CHORUS

Coming alive again, Coming alive
Coming alive again, Coming alive

We hid out in our houses
'Til the medicine arrived
Now the buds have turned to blossoms
We're stepping to the other side

It's been a long and lonely winter
It's been a long and lonely year
It's gonna take a while to understand
But one thing is getting clear

CHORUS

In the distant days of childhood
There was a story that I heard
About how dying's part of living
But it's not the final word

So the leaves that fell in Autumn
Turned to flowers in the Spring
And the sorrow of our losses
Turns to songs that we can sing

CHORUS

