

Daniel Lanois, Shine

I have wandered far and wide
All the way from Paris to Mexico
'Til I was gone and didn't know

In the end the thing that keeps me walking
Is your shine, your shine in the morning, your shine in the distance,
Your shine inside the laughter and the ghosts

They have spoken of the river forever bending inside the fever
Of the saints that walk all night with no domain

In the end the thing that keeps them walking is your shine
Your shine when they wear no coat, your shine when the feelings low
Your shine when it's too late to turn around

I have frozen up my dreams, thinking I was all alone
Fighting every minute for each turning stone
I have reached the rocket speed
I have touched the ground that feeds
Scaling fences, looking for the healing sun

In the end the thing that keeps me walking is your shine
Your shine in transmissions, your shine in decisions,
Your shine when I labor to the new day,
It's your shine, your shine, your shine, shine, shine on