

# Heather Nova, Walking Higher

I carry you with me,  
A ghost inside  
And in these shattered arms,  
You're still alive.  
I carry you with me,  
A holy shrine  
And dogs and angels follow  
Right behind.

Could I be walking higher,  
Could I be right beside her?

The bones they buried,  
Will feed the trees  
But every word you ever spoke,  
Is still in me.

Could I be walking higher,  
Could I be right beside her?

And I will feel for you in the music,  
And I will send that river home.  
And I will cry for you sometimes,  
When the night is down.  
And I raise my head up to the mountains,  
Talk to the birds and I fly,  
'Cause the spirit lives on,  
When the body dies.

And could I be walking higher,  
Could I be right beside her?  
Could I be walking higher,  
Could I be right beside her?