

Mike Scott, Church Not Made With Hands

Bye-bye shadowlands
The term is over
and all the holidays have begun
Now she walks in fresh fields
her tracks are on the land

She is everywhere and no place

When it's dark and evening falls
she moves among men
They would seek to have her as a prize
But she is in the shadows
the ocean and the sand

She is everywhere and no place
Her church not made with hands
Not contained by man

She is dancing high as clouds
Faster than the arrow
as straight as any crows that flies
Accross great seas she travels
up through rising lands

She is everywhere and no place
Her church not made with hands
Not contained by man

Isn't that a pretty sun
setting in a pretty sky?
Will we stay and watch it darken?
Will we stay and watch it darken?

The church not made by hands
Not contained by man
That precious place
Unmade by man